Feral Hearts

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Feral Hearts

by candyriot

Summary

In a world that twists the knotting of the Omegaverse with something more sadistic: barbs, Will is an Alpha whose empathy for the Omega burden of pain alienates him from his Alpha peers and his natural urges.

Hannibal is an Omega who's refused to breed not because he's afraid of the pain but because secretly he knows he'd lose himself to it, protected by the privilege of the Lecter fortune, which won't be shared with an unpledged Alpha and risks going to his first Alpha heir.

Notes

Composed on Twitter with Willsblackstag, the latest chapter will be capped with a link to the lastest tweet for those following the ongoing thread!

Chapter 1

The sun is low over Will Graham's isolated home as the Bentley Arnage T rolls up the driveway, gravel crunching. Hannibal looks at the small home with interest. It's the first time he's been anywhere so humble... on social business.

Despite the Alpha he's driving trying to leave with some kind of gruff, muttered "Thanks" and dodging out the passenger door, he opens his own driver's side door, stepping out and straightening his coat, ready to wing it if his politely expectant face doesn't win him an offer of coffee.

He is supposed to ignore the sound of the driver door opening and shoes stepping onto gravel. Instead, he makes the mistake of hesitating after climbing the step up to the veranda. He doesn’t normally have qualms about being abrupt to Omegas, especially ones he’d helped out. Cowering, they always mistook his help for an Alpha coming to steal the kill, as they referred to an Omega in the ‘hunt’. It was easier to just watch them leave safely than to offer assistance and explain he wouldn’t hurt them like the others. Because that wasn’t entirely true.

He has no business inviting an Omega into his home. Certainly not one of high caste. It matters not whether the man considers him rude. It’s better to maintain distance like he’s always done. So he carries on walking to the front door.

Hannibal is no less than genuinely appreciative for the Alpha's help with the situation he found himself confronted by: a gang of thrill seeking Alphas who might have gotten a very different thrill from the one they were after, but only if Hannibal tipped his hand to something even his high status might fail to protect him from.

Being appreciative doesn't mean he's going to let this strange little Alpha who got his tires slashed for his good deeds defer his interest. He has no need to hide his smile from the Alpha's retreating back -- a retreating back that's no unpleasant view.

He masters and vanishes the smile before raising his voice across the distance between them.

"I'm sorry, may I use your restroom?"

He inhales at the sound of that accented voice, hand already on the door knob.
“There’s a gas station back the way we came,” he says loudly without turning from the door. If it was anyone else, he’d suggest the man pissed against some tree further down.

By all accounts, Hannibal thinks the Alpha is very lucky he strikes him as an object of such interest -- and not because even from his disadvantaged position he could ruin him socially. But then, if he hadn't already taken an interest he never would have stalked him to the parking lot in the first place.

It's a complicated mix of feelings, being the thing that he discovered himself to be. Every instinct that would urge him to submit is overmatched by his troublesome curiosity and the confidence he's earned.

"I'll really only be a moment."

He runs his hand quickly through his curls. Exhales inwardly.

“Alright,” he grunts before unlocking the door and stepping back to hold it open. Standing there, he looks down towards the polished car sat on the gravel. Slowly moves his eyes onto the man stood beside it.

Overcoat. Black three piece suit, ostentatiously striped red. Pressed white dress shirt. A white tie with muted crimson and black paisley and a silk pocket square. He's large for an Omega, his sharp, intelligent eyes fixed on Will's face, and he's much, much too expensive to be in this rural setting.

But gaze too long, and he expects the Alpha will change his mind. He moves briskly and purposefully from the car to the house, calmly passing through the door to find the whole place, unsurprisingly, an atrocious mess. He shrugs off his overcoat and searches the entryway for a coat rack -- utter pretense.

He’d rather wait outside while the man does his business. He couldn’t help taking in the Omega’s scent as he walked past him into the house. The notes of his expensive aftershave lingering in the air. When he saw the man dawdling, he stepped inside hesitantly. Reluctantly let the front door swing to a shut behind him before he half snatched the overcoat from the man’s hands.

Immediately feeling like a brute, he clears his throat and takes a step back.

“Bathroom’s upstairs,” he utters, glancing at the staircase to avoid meeting his eye.

It's fantastic, being treated this way by this rude little Alpha. Not the kind of crassness he despises. Instead, a complete absence of social pretensions when, in his circles, he's drowned in them. This time he doesn't hide his smug and charmed smile.

"Thank you..."

He leaves the words hanging, glittering eyes fixed on the Alpha, waiting for a name. He wonders if the man will even have the proficiency to produce one. He's pleased, for once, to be able to enjoy the faint ache the man's scent arouses in him despite his awful taste in fragrances.

The man doesn't move. What is he waiting for? He turns his gaze from the staircase onto that face. Watches that smile from the corners of his eyes as he stands there, still holding on to the garment.

"It's Will," he says woodenly. Then walks on to the coatrack.

"Will," Hannibal says, as if it's the natural completion of the long-delayed sentence. "Hannibal Lecter," he states to Will's back, covetous to know more. It's strange, he thinks, that the whole messy place smells of dogs, but there are none. He marks it as a potential hook as he goes to avail himself of the upstairs restroom. Hardly all he avails himself of -- the very last thing, in fact -- silently letting himself into seemingly long-abandoned rooms to have a quick glance.

If he looked, he'd find rooms crammed with various things collected over the years. Things people had given him. Bequeathed him. Things he never knew what to do with, yet couldn't bring himself to throw out, either. From record collections to photo albums covered in dust. Decorations carved lovingly out of wood. His mother's old easel and all her paints. Her dress mannequin. Both his parents' clothes still in the suitcases pushed to one side of the room. Spare dog beds here, there, and everywhere. Space mostly occupied by other peoples' things.

Downstairs, Will hangs up the coat and steps back with a folding of his arms. Frowning at the expensive looking garment looking utterly out of place on his coatrack, he tells himself it doesn't mean anything. He just doesn't want to handle it between his dirty hands that he still needs to wash after the scrap with the Alphas. It doesn't mean the man is staying.

Uncrossing his arms, he makes his way to the kitchen.

Hannibal filed it all away, walls rapidly appearing, rooms rapidly being filled within the sprawl of his eidetic memory. In absolutely no hurry, he washes his hands and dries them upon the towel before returning downstairs to, to his utmost pleasure, find Will in absence.

He drinks in the commonness of this Alpha's little life. Books. Will's or some dead other's? A basic bed. Chairs, hideous and mismatched. For god knows what reason there's a boat motor in the house. He fishes, that's obvious from the accumulation of poles. He has a wet bar half the size of Hannibal's.

Hannibal wonders how he ended up in this sad isolation, picking fights with other Alphas for strangers' honor and quite possibly drinking himself blind. There's been no other Omegas in the house. Hannibal would smell it.

Eyes sliding to the piano, he decides to announce himself, crossing the floor to pick out a tune one handed.

He had listened to the other coming downstairs. His expensive shoes climbing down the steps. Had been slow to put down the tea towel as he listened to those footsteps. He was supposed to have been waiting for the Omega at the bottom of the stairs. Help him back into his coat. Send him on his way. Watch that car roll out of his life. Instead, he's listening to a stranger play his piano. Folding his arms, he ventures out from the kitchen. Follows the sound to stand there across from the other.

"It needs tuning," he utters, eyes on those long fingers upon the keys. The voice of reason keeps telling him to get the man's coat. But the voice of nature is making it difficult to listen as he looks the Omega over.

He withdraws his hand from the keys as the other speaks, straightening and turning his attention to him.

Hannibal is more than used to sporting with Alphas. Bold, entitled bastards and bitches desperate for the fortune in his sole possession. Simple to manipulate. In almost all other worlds, it's Omegas desperate for security.

"I could have it tuned for you. I prefer the harpsichord, but I'm aware of several excellent technicians," he offers demurely.

He intends to enjoy this interlude. Savor it. He begins to let himself imagine this surly Alpha tearing his guts. Let the thought pulse inside him. Even if it would be unwise not to retreat.

"No need," says Will quietly, averting his eyes. It never gets played anymore anyway. "Do you... want a coffee or something?" he asks, glancing back at the Omega who doesn't seem to be in a rush to leave, for whatever reason.

His smile reappears, tucking itself into his cheeks, as pleasant as his eyes are acute, as completely out of place he is in his ostentation -- side swept hair and smooth shaved jaw.

"Please." He displays unfeigned curiosity as he surveys the room. "This is all a novelty to me."

“Novelty?” Will scoffs quietly, brow knitting. “Alright,” he utters instead of saying what’s on his mind: is it entertaining for you, seeing how the less privileged live? Does it amuse you, being in an Alpha’s dirty den? You in all your finery. So beautiful. Inhaling through the nose, he stirs himself from the spot. Unfolds his arms to put his hands on his hips.

“I only have instant,” he states flatly. “Not sure how much of a novelty that will be to you.”

Hannibal's interest and instincts prick, his eyes sliding back to Will, and if he betrays a vanishingly fleeting hunger at the Alpha's unfolding body language, he recognizes with pleasure that more of it is erotic than carnivorous.

It's a novelty he must decline to explain. He otherwise remains entirely pleasant.

"I've never had it," he confesses, genuine again, rapt on Will's stormy eyes, his inner nature whispering potentials.

Will looks the man over as though he has just said something strange and feels that defensive weight on his shoulders easing a notch. He’s not being rude on purpose, he tells himself. For a moment, he just watches the Omega. Not quite believing he is here, in his home.

“You’ll probably wish you never tried it,” he scoffs, turning on the spot. Indicates for the man to follow with a glance over his shoulder before walking to the kitchen.

Hannibal suspects that the coffee will be an eternal regret, but some sacrifices have to be made. The beans will not be hand ground Arabica, there's certainly not going to be a balancing siphon coffee maker on hand -- he can hardly imagine what he'll actually be subjected to.

Will, on the other hand, isn't looking anything like a regret, brusque though he may be, and Hannibal follows with obedient interest. He likes the Alpha's square shoulders; he's robust, though lacking height. He wonders if god was as generous in the front as in the back, a ripple passing up his spine at the thought of pain.

With the man watching, he fills the kettle with water. Puts it on to boil. Folding his arms, he leans back against the edge of the kitchen top. “Don’t you have somewhere to be?” he asks with a furrow in his brow still. “Someone waiting for you back home?” he adds lowly.

He didn't expect much from the kitchen, yet the wallpaper and curtains are a real low. There are at least enough implements on the shelves by the island that the possibility exists the man

can cook. He glances over these things only briefly, more interested in the actions of Will's arms.

A provocative question. He keeps his tone placid.

"I'm at my own complete liberty. Fate conspired to make me the sole Lecter heir."

Unpleasant memories filter through his thoughts. He banishes them.

He senses he has perhaps touched upon a touchy subject. Something about the way he answered. The words he chose.

“All that liberty and you end up here,” he scoffs quietly, watching the kettle. He doesn’t ask further about the Omega’s obligations. Nothing to do with him.

He had just wanted to help. Now he has an Omega under his roof. An Omega who wouldn’t choose to be here in what must appear a dump to someone of his social status.

“Are you avoiding fate, being here?”

Feeling the pieces fall into place, a waited-for opening unfold, blooms as a pleasure that has nothing to do with the arousal he's allowed himself to feel.

He hasn't discovered what he intends with this Alpha -- it's a game he's playing with himself.

It's important, at these moments, to withhold as much as he gives and draw out what he wants, despite the intensity that touches his voice and the overfamiliar cant of his head.

"I avoided fate when you endangered yourself, Will. For an Omega that isn't yours. And you tried to escape me. How could I not be curious?"

The kettle interrupts with its noisy rumble and Will straightens to remove two mugs from the stand. Sets them down in front of him as he grabs the jar of instant coffee.

“I’m not well liked,” he says, eyes on the worktop as he twists open the lid. “Because I help Omegas.”

Pulling open a drawer, he roots around for a spoon.

“Reckon I would appreciate the help if I was one myself, so,” he explains monotonously. It bores him having to say the same thing every time he meets someone new. They always want to know why. His parents had wanted to know why. His therapist before he stopped going, having accepted his predisposition to feel empathy for Omegas. He’d have thought most

would oppose the rising culture of ‘hunting’. Gangs of Alphas setting off in the night to rape and ruin as many Omegas before dawn. Bloodsport.

He glances over at the man. What was his name? Lecter. Hannibal. “How do you take your coffee?” he asks.

A harsh, burnt smell assaults Hannibal the moment the lid is prised open. His nostrils flare. Whatever is in the jar does not smell like coffee, and it's a good job Hannibal doesn't sneer at the sudden shock to his impossibly acute nose. He's grateful to have schooled himself out of most reactions.

Normally, he would say "black," to enjoy the savor of the beans. But this isn't coffee.

"Milk," he says in a tone that says 'Please', and if it took him a beat to settle on the word, well, it's an affront to himself he's planning to drink it.

He should be grateful for the stuff. The fact that Will occupies only a few rooms of the home means it's thick with his scent, already, and Hannibal's body is aware of their proximity, arousal having taken on a persistent quality.

It's only natural. Sexual self defense. An Omega could be done real harm, dry, and so any normal perscription doesn't afford total inhibition -- although the blockers are better paired with fear than interest, and he himself is interested to see what could happen if biology carries him too far.

The act of spooning coffee into the mugs is a good front for his flaring nostrils. He can scent it in the air between them. The first faint whiff of an Omega’s excitement. Next to nothing, really, yet enough to get an Alpha going. Having thrown himself into hunts many a times to spoil the fun, he has been working on that elusive self-control when he finds his own head being swamped by the haze of an Omega’s fear. Sometimes excitement. Usually if they are young and yet to understand the true scope of the brutality that awaits them. In the early days he had struggled. But now, he takes small pride in being able to stay put long enough for an Omega to run. The key is to maintain just enough distance so he doesn’t lose his will and snatch at the victim himself. He’s working on it. This, right now, is just further training.

Once the man tastes the instant coffee, he may just put on his coat and leave, he thinks to himself as he steps over to the fridge.

The coffee is ready.

“Here,” he utters, placing the mug down for the other on the worktop before leaning back with his own.

Lifting the mug to his lips, he takes a sip, watching the man stood across him over the rim. He doesn’t suggest they sit down. Would rather the Omega remained in the kitchen as

opposed to making himself comfortable on his upholstery. Potentially leaving his scent.

Having had time to accustom himself to the sting of the coffee in his nostrils, Hannibal can offer a composed and again-pleasant "Thank you" as he picks up the offered mug, a hint of a smile at the corners of his lips before he sips, and -- although the milk makes the stuff no less truly terrible -- drinks with his composure intact.

He's no pampered house pet. He hasn't been for a very long time. But in the culinary area of his life, he exercises strict control. His smile twitches a little wider as he thinks of how closely he's come to associate the scent of Alphas with kitchens, but they are, after all, so frequently unruly. Moreso of recent.

This one isn't. Blunt, awkward, but aware of boundaries.

"You're not well liked, so you've removed yourself from society," Hannibal recounts. Even the way the man addressed it suggested he would rather be completely done with the entire thing, with whatever strange obligation he feels. "I'm widely resented, but I prefer to inflict myself on society," he shares conspiratorially over the rim of his mug, pleased with his own multiplicity of meaning.

“Spoken like an Alpha,” Will scoffs, lowering his mug. Looking at the man, it’s easy to imagine him as one, he supposes. All that confidence. “Resented by whom?” he asks, trying not to sound curious. Resentment for both the privileged and the depraved isn’t exactly new.

Rude... But permissible. Will simply has no context, and Hannibal's amusement doesn't flag. More importantly, he has his interest.

Mug lowered, he holds it wrapped in his long fingers. The distraction of the smell of the stuff is partly illusory, no part of him is confused Will's body chemistry is any less potent, but he can appreciate having the option to focus on.

"I wasn't intended to have money. Or liberty. I have both, and because of my storied family name they have to permit me to speak to them as an equal. You'll have to forgive the lack of humility that preserves me."

There's no harm, no risk, in telling this rustic these things. There's appeal in the obvious fact Will won't go rushing to the tabloids. He resists dwelling on when, exactly, he last had a single remotely honest conversation, enjoying the moment.

“I’m used to it,” he utters with brows lofted as he watches the space past the other’s shoulder. Pausing when he realises he has inadvertently agreed to the man’s lack of modesty. “I mean, I’m used to dealing with assholes,” he adds, thinking of the Alphas. Wait.

Taking a breath, he clears his throat.

“Not that you’re one,” he continues to utter before quickly lifting his mug. Eyes looking askance as he gulps the coffee. In all fairness, he tells himself, he could be. Not that he plans to find out.

If Will was saying these things to his face, they might have a real problem. But he isn't, gaze constantly shunting away, social inexperience and something more than that, some explanation for his erratic behavior that Hannibal hasn't pinned down but that drives him away from eye contact. (Traditional autism, maybe, but he isn't prepared to commit to the assessment.)

For the moment, the fact that there's a set of knives on the counter is mostly irrelevant, and he allows himself a soft chuckle.

He has other ways of dismembering Will, and though he sips his own coffee slowly, his brown eyes remain fixed on Will's avoidant blue.

"You asked me if there was anyone waiting back home, but I'm the first Omega in your home."

Information he shouldn't have, but thoroughly does.

Will swallows a bit too fast and his face pinches faintly with discomfort both from the coffee and everything to be suggested by the man’s words.

“I don’t make it a habit to invite traumatised victims back to my house,” he says tonelessly, looking the Omega in the eye as he tips the mug back, draining it of its contents while holding that gaze. He puts the empty mug down a touch too hard. Puts his free hand on his hip.

“It’s just me and the dogs,” he says, eyes dropping to that checked front of the man’s waistcoat. “Well. It was,” he adds quietly.

For all the intensity of his gaze, Hannibal's eyes, for the time Will holds them, are soft. Inquisitive. Inviting Will to be drawn in. His curiosity is, after all, genuine.

His smartly tailored suit tucks in tightly at the waist, accenting the trim shape of him. He thinks, wistfully, of unfastening the button. Of just what it might do to an Alpha to see him less than perfectly dressed, and that his waistcoat fits him even more tightly.

He drops his eyes briefly to the milky surface of his coffee in its plain mug. He decides it best to divert attention from the fact he is not in any way a traumatized victim, despite being cornered by nasty men who sought to do him harm.

His eyes flicker up. Fix again on the Alpha's.

"What happened to the dogs, Will?"

It sends a funny sensation rippling through him, somehow. The way he'd spoken his name just now in that accented voice. Like they're not strangers. Swallowing, he watches that face a beat longer before picking up his mug and turning to place it into the sink.

"As I said. I'm not much liked," he mutters. "You don't have to drink that if you don't want to." He glances over his shoulder and reaches back with his arm. Gesturing for the mug.

Not drinking the cooling coffee would, at this point, be a relief. It's even worse tepid. He can't say he didn't make an effort, and chooses to strategically pass the half full mug to Will.

"I apologize for wasting your coffee," he says, allowing for the slightest pause for emphasis. "And for your dogs."

He utters a thanks and takes the mug. Doesn't mean to graze the backs of the other's fingers with the tip of his own. It was barely a brush. Yet even so. He had felt it as keenly as one would feel an electric shock. And though he pretends not to have noticed, deep down, he is becoming restless. He needs to get this Omega out of his house.

He inhales deeply at the warmth of the Alpha's touch, drawing his scent in deep to unify his senses in a way that stirs liquid heat in his cock and that receptive part of him that's ache is growing slick.

He understands the drastic lack of safety not to his person but to things he should think clearly about. Usually thinks clearly about. But he is sick to death of always thinking of his estate, as much a yoke as a liberty, and no ruler of his worse impulses.

He thinks about the possibility of pain. Of everything he's inflicted on himself, and the fact it's not possible for any manner of device to fulfill him.

He watches Will, eyes alive and alert, willing to see exactly what he'll do. How far his queer morality reaches.

He can smell him now. With sudden clarity. Half dropping the mug into the sink, he stalks past the other, giving the Omega as wide a berth as he can manage in the small space of the kitchen as he makes his exit. Hurrying to the coatrack, he grabs the coat. Uses it to obscure his burgeoning arousal as he turns around with a frown on his face.

He allows him to pass, though he lifts his chin and takes another long, slow breath in. Excitement passes through him in a wave. He thinks about the fierce, scrappy violence the Alpha defended him with, though the smaller man, and what he might capable of.

Indulging his earlier whim, he unbuttons his suit jacket one handed before he turns and follows Will, unconcerned with the fact that the situation they've found themselves in is in no way under either of their control.

When he stands in the living room, he makes no move to take his coat, eyes narrowing but not with malice, discerning.

"You're desperate not to inflict yourself on me. Why?"

“Why?” Will echoes, frown deepening. “Why are you here? To prove I’m just the same as the rest of them?”

He throws the coat at the man. Tears his eyes from that trim body before turning to stalk his way to the front door. Blood pumping into his loins with each step.

Catching the coat, he folds it neatly over his arm. If he moves two steps toward the door, it's only to close a little of the space Will has put between them and not to indicate he has any intention of leaving.

"No. If you were anything like the rest of them I assure you this would have gone very differently."

A hint of amusement. His eyes flicker over the room. Chairs. Bed. The floor, of course. He's been with other Omegas, but those experiences have been more frustrating than pleasuring himself.

His blood races with the thought of rough use.

He could stop this. Leave. He has the ability to exercise mercy in the face of the Alpha's distress but feels none.

A part of him, deep down, tells him this haughty Omega has no business standing in his home, toying with him. Who does he think he is? He ought to be put in place. And yet. Such thoughts would go against everything. Would render his feud with the other Alphas utterly pointless.

His dogs would’ve died for no better reason than their owner’s stubbornness in the face of biology. He stops when he reaches the door. Puts his hand on it to ground himself despite the

discomfort of his trapped arousal.

“What is it you want?” he utters lowly without turning.

He can barely draw in enough of the musk of the Alpha thick on the air. Any Omega's body would respond, despite the knowledge that their bodies have no solution that would satisfy anyone but a masochist to the cruel burden evolution has placed on them.

Hannibal weighs his words carefully.

"Imagining an Omega being torn to the ground, screaming, should excite you. I believe it does."

Of course it does. The problem obviously isn't that Will is different from the rest of his breed in that respect. Whatever tortures him, it's all too obvious he wants to do him harm.

Hannibal wets his lips, knits his brow, an unpleasant thought capturing his full attention as that attention turns inwards.

"I've never considered the fact I wouldn't scream might make me unappealing."

A particularly bitter realization, that he might be unable to advantage himself of this isolation. That he could be made so thoroughly wrong.
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It's a confession with the weight of a threat.

He thinks, if only briefly, of satisfying himself the single violent way at his disposal. Of screwdrivers for boat motors and of knives in the kitchen.

Except to sate himself, he needs the Alpha to deserve it.

He hadn’t asked for this insight into the man’s personal life, and he wants to be able to claim that having it serves him no purpose whatsoever. All he has to do is stop listening and open the door. Send the Omega on his way. He just needs to stay true to the cause even if his biology contests it with a vehemence that puts all his practised will power to the test. He can’t just throw all that away because he’s /curious/. And yet.

“How do you know you won’t...” he utters to the door. Facing the Omega still with his back.

He begins to refocus, lured out of himself by Will’s voice, a physical demand to be attentive to an Alpha he’s largely unaccustomed to. If he puts himself alone with them, he maintains his distance. Although by holding himself sexually aloof, he’s never had to consider the repulsive idea his fearlessness would be as exciting to an Alpha as a dead fish.

“We’re capable of seeking out stimulation without the participation of your breed,” he says with cool removal, although no longer actively, vividly imagining driving something into Will’s shoulder so deep the shock drops him to his knees. “Most would prefer it.”

The choice is simply not available, for Omegas with no means of subsistence.

Despite his self-ostracisation, the Alpha pride residing deep within him nonetheless takes secret offence at the notion of being made redundant. If the man had spoken this way to a hot-headed Alpha prowling the night in his pack, the latter would endeavour to prove him wrong.

Perhaps, as they took their turn with his pinned body, he would find the voice he claims not to have. Hand still on the door, he brings its twin up to run slowly over his face. /What is he thinking?/

“You prefer it?”

/What is he saying?/

Erotic anticipation slices his worst impulses separate from his active thoughts.

Will has been turned away from him, but he’s spent so long riveted to his face he sees him perfectly. Large eyes, thick brows, a crooked nose that adds only charm, patchy stubble, mobile ears, and a jaw more square than Hannibal’s own. His beauty would be feminine if not for the haunted fierceness undergirding him. His unkempt curls lend a wild look, contrary to their employment as a staple of youthfulness in classical art.

Hannibal would like Will to look at him.

“I haven’t had the opportunity for comparison,” he says, voice reclaiming its subtle enticement. “Although we can know when an experience is lacking while only suspecting what might bring us satisfaction.”

Will is fairly sure he is being propositioned. He turns his face to the side. Watches the Omega from the corner of his eye.

“Sorry, not interested,” he lies, deliberately being rude to try and get the man to leave. Opening the door, he lets the evening air diffuse some of the Omega’s scent as he moves to hold it open without meeting the other’s gaze.

The air drifting across Will's body has exactly the opposite effect on the man standing behind him, and, overcoat still folded over his arm, Hannibal shifts to a further relaxed stance.

Hannibal understands that if Will hadn't paused, hadn't shown a defusing moment of interest, soothing an ego he doesn't now want to admit to himself was bruised, he would have taken this opening to push the conversation in a very different direction than he's inclined to now.

But he wants to push the conversation. The man will have to leave his own home to avert that -- admittedly an idea is so privately entertaining it might actually cause him to release him -- or ruin himself.

Every possible outcome has its own appeal.

"Putting your body in harm's way. Refusing to so much as look at me." A beat, tasting the word on his tongue before he articulates it: "Lying." He considers the information he has. "You take our perspective personally, despite your every stereotypical urge. Have you lost more than your dogs, Will? Or is it something else?"

Get out. That’s all he has to say. But the anger surges seemingly from nowhere and he slams the door shut instead. Turns and stalks his way over with his arms out at his sides. Gets close enough to breach the other’s personal space with a flaring of his nostrils.

“You want me to fuck you, Omega, fine,” he utters lowly through his teeth. Their faces close enough for them to feel one another’s breaths. “But don’t talk like you know me,” he adds with a narrowing of his eyes.

The words and Will's scent slam through him, his pulse jumping, and he's certain the dangerous idea he's having is the best he's had in years.

He savors Will's face open to him, the way it twitches, the angry Alpha over-animated with small flinches that betray the extremes of his passion.

The world bleeds away in the intensity of his scent, but Hannibal becomes aware of the coat on his arm. Eyes flickering down, he drags it off his arm with his other hand and carelessly casts it aside -- a brief action that barely separates his steady gaze from Will's.

/Omega./ He desires it, this aggression. He wonders if the fierce thing in front of him has any idea what it's doing -- would like to find out it does.

"How do you want me?"

It's harder than he anticipated to speak through the heady haze of hormones surging through his body, but he can't so easily be cowed.

It’s hard to know why tonight. Why this Omega. But deep down, a part of him knows it was a long time coming. And that attempting to suppress the natural urges only ever make it worse. Keeping his distance after helping them had been his best bet. Never has one persisted like

this Hannibal Lecter. Deliberately antagonised him. Provoked him. Sought to bring out the worst in him. The man’s question merely confirms his game, and the awareness of being toyed with speeds the exorcism of empathy as the blood rushes fast. Beats like a drum in his ears.

Without warning, he tackles the Omega down onto the empty dog beds still lying in front of the fireplace.

It flashes past him like a fight, world out of tempo, and every opening deferred so that when he lands with the man on top of him the fall is awkward -- uncontrolled. The empty dog beds are in disarray on the floor make an uneven landing, both hard and soft. His head hits ast, the impact not hard enough to stun.

It stinks of dog. Will's musk is many times more potent.

Already unbuttoned, his suit jacket lays open, waistcoat revealed, riding up to show the white of the shirt tucked at his waist. He's disproportionately aware of the tie noosing his neck.

Breath knocked from him in the fall and Will's weight on him, his whole body burns hot. He's never been slicker or more softly swollen inside than now outside his heats.

He's never been under an Alpha, throbs with the thought of rough penetration. Draws his long legs to the sides willingly as he recovers his breath, the compact body atop his heavier than it might look. If he drags his fingers through the rough fabric of Will's shirt as his head hangs back, it's an appeal, not an embrace.

Though he has never had an Omega beneath him, it would be a lie to say he has not thought about it. Always, he would begin by imagining a face that doesn’t twist in pain as he moves. Hands holding on instead of pushing away. A voice panting his name in pleasure. But the concept is ultimately alien to his baser nature, and he can never find true release until his thoughts have degenerated last minute into a cesspool of unadulterated lust. Afterwards, he would feel shame for indulging. But this is different. This Omega does not appear to know shame.

As instinct crowds the forefront of his mind like a bleed in his brain, concern for the other’s reckless consent and it’s possible repercussions begins to pale, and he bats the man’s hands away before grabbing that expensive waistcoat. With a loud grunt, he pushes Hannibal over onto his stomach amongst the dog beds. Catches his head in the crook of his arm as he weighs down upon the Omega.

The shock of being handled violently and not returning violence, of permitting submission, punches him with desire so that his body drags against cushions and carpet in a wave beneath Will, stroking pleasure through his cock.

The greater pleasure is Will's weight, the threat of the thick arm that could arrest his breath if it flexed, and the promises implied the more generous cock pressed hard up against him from behind.

He certainly didn't cry out, answered only with his own grunt, but fleetingly wishes his body hadn't become inured to sudden changes in momentum. Because he's wanted to know this use for decades. Over half his life.

Inhaling through the nose, he breathes in the Omega's scent. Flexes his jaw as he shoves his free hand under that trapped body to grasp and tug open the man's belt. Fisting the length of expensive leather, he pauses as its taut edges dig into his skin. Is he really going to do this? Unleash himself on this stranger? His trapped arousal is becoming uncomfortable. He can feel himself catching in the material of his shorts. The barbs waiting to catch more.

It flickers through his thoughts that the person he is using may need further motivation. He has no illusions he isn't using him.

It's not that he's cold to him. He has Will at his pleasure now, or he's at Will's, but some minutes ago it pleased him just to speak with someone with no ulterior motive, the taste of that horrible coffee still in his mouth.

He cranes his neck forward, pressing his forehead into the cushion beneath him, swamped in the scent of those once-beloved canines that have been murdered on account of the same compassion stalling Will. Exposing the back of his neck above his jacket collar. Knowing the potent attraction the cervical spine affords a predator.

Through the haze of his need and the fierce heat of the aroused flesh pounding with his pulse, the still-clever part of him no less wants to know the Alpha's mind.

At the sight of his bared nape, the remaining echo of the voice of reason is smothered by just one word pushing against his skull. Breed.

Releasing the belt, he yanks down his trousers and underwear. Leaves them bunching at his thighs as he clasps the Omega's sex with his hand. Pushes his thumb into his hole the same time he bears down hard, hangs his head, and snaps at that smooth column. His teeth squeezing as relentlessly as his hand squeezes between Hannibal's legs.

He pushes his forehead harder into the cushion, mouth falling open, breathing in heavy, pushing his hips up into Will's touch, soft and soaked with slick and that won't be enough to keep Will and his natural girth from ripping into the vulnerable flesh within him. Except he

craves it in the same way the teeth cutting into his neck stoke ecstasy in a body that can't separate sensual pain from pleasure.

His pleased exhalation is the relief of years and he knows, somewhere, that the Alpha needs to hear him and he groans, low and glad. He can fight him, if he needs a fight, but his first instinct to fuck himself on his thumb, begging with his body, because for all the times he's been touched there's never been the threat of real satisfaction.

And still he can't betray his nature. Knows if Will wants to hear something very different from his throat he'll have to take it from him, if he even can.

He feels that body butting against his hand and replaces his thumb with three fingers. Pushes them straight in without warning. Releases a shaky breath from between his teeth at the glide of that silken passage. Bites down harder still as he spreads his digits inside him.

The resistance makes him throb and groan lowly against Hannibal's nape. Those wet yet narrow walls of an unbred Omega, no matter what the man has been using to satisfy himself. This part of him has not known the touch of an Alpha sinking in his hooks and reeling in the kill.

He feels the skin of his neck tear. A bite that brutally demands submission. Will still has him around the throat, every tightening of muscle threatening to cut off his air, but every violent impulse is outmatched by the promises Will's plunging fingers are making to a body that craves abuse.

"Don't you have something better?" he purrs, breathless voice recklessly taunting.

It's not impossible to be killed, against the Alpha's every other instinct, blurring lines when he should only be trembling. The fact exhilarates him.

Will wants to force his get on him. For any other Omega, that fulfillment would be its only respite in the violence of the act. Not so, for Hannibal. Secondary.

A first mating is almost never successful. Only the stimulation of penetration makes an Omega fertile. But if Will's instincts want him as close to heat as he can bring him, Hannibal could care less.

The taunt falls on deaf ears as Will savours the sensation of an unmarked, unharmed Omega against his fingers. Like the handling of a rare piece of tenderloin before one tears through it raw with their teeth.

Perhaps under different circumstances, he would allow himself the time to learn the flavour of his virgin flesh before the ravaging. The thought of which makes the saliva well and seep past his open jaws as he imagines delving his tongue deep inside, and in turn, he feels his sex

straining against the confines of his garments. Its spiny girth threatening to rip through his shorts.

Exhaling noisily against the nape pinched between his teeth, he pulls out his wet fingers and fumbles impatiently with his own belt. Tugs it free before jerking down the zipper of his trousers and pulling on the waistband of his underwear. The monstrous length springs free, heavy and armed. Its barbed underside grazing the damp cleft of Hannibal's buttocks. He squeezes the man's throat with his arm. Brings his other hand round to push his slicked fingers into the other's mouth the same time his hips rock back and forth. Rubbing his dick abrasively between the plush globes of the Omega's ass.

As Will scrapes across his skin, like dominoes collapsing in sequence and with a rush of adrenaline Hannibal realizes, for the first time in his life, he has truly lost control of a situation even as Will's strength arrests his breath and, eyes falling closed, he lets him push past his lips, forcing him to taste himself. His arousal spikes, a deep and throbbing ache, and the pain at the nape of his neck and the scratch across his buttocks spreads into his consciousness, thoughts winking out.

He wants exactly what Will is willing to give him more than the insurgency in his nature can mount any defense against. He understands in silent clarity that the body he inhabits is irresistibly made for use, although the pressure on his carotid arteries keeps the realization spiraling beyond articulation. Will's scent, his heat, his weight and the threat of him and the three thick fingers he's drooling around are their own vise on his otherwise agile mind. The sudden limits of his perception. He can only shift his hips, seek sensation, and even that impaired by the tight cloth hobbling him at his thighs. The fear-tinted exhilaration he feels he's never known before.

He feels that willing body nudging against him and can hold back no longer. Removing his fingers, he wraps his arm around the Omega's upper body and arches his spine. Blindly lines his cock up while maintaining his hold on the back of Hannibal's neck. The underside of his shaft rubs once, twice along the divide, sinking deeper each time until his massive head is butting against that slippery hole. With a sudden growl, he tightens his grip on the man lying trapped beneath him upon the dog beds. Bears down hard with a grunt and starts to push his fat crown inside. Can almost feel the tiny spines of the thick ridge flexing in anticipation as he digs his knees into the ground and forces Hannibal open.

At first there's only the wide stretch, the incomparable difference between an Alpha's cock and an Omega's, and the arresting fact of having his body breached by the force of the hips of a creature made to do him violence — one that's doing him violence and has every motivation to fuck him until he's spent himself inside him, something no play compares to.

It's when Will's hips pull back that small amount to mount the force to thrust deeper that his barbs catch the soft skin stretched around him.

The pain: like a flashbulb going off behind Hannibal's eyes. And he was right, right for the decades he neglected his body, that he doesn't scream. He hoarsely hauls in air. His pleasured groan demands more. But he doesn't scream. Though his eyes roll behind closed lids. Though his stomach jumps. Though the world continues its collapse so that now the chokehold on his neck and teeth in his skin are mere background sensations.

His legs spasm. The close-tailored suit trousers around his thighs trap them, relief beyond reach, so that his body only jerks, causing the needle-sharp points to score his vulnerable flesh again. And for a moment it's that way, every new flash of agony a spasm and every spasm a new flash of pain and his body no longer under his own power, fucking itself on Will's cock even as it moves within him.

Any control he could take he lets spool through his fingers like satin strands so that, in this moment, he's fully unburdened of the dangerous dances governing every face he wears and he's blindly certain he's never wanted more than to have this Alpha reduce him to the vessel of its pleasure and its spend.

It feels even better than he had imagined. All those nights spent lying awake after saving an Omega. Fingertips teasing his own barbs until he could take it no more. But this. This is new to him. And never before considered.

Hannibal is rocking back, trying to impale himself onto him. His hot cunt trying to swallow more of his spines. Sucking wetly at his girth, but unable to move further. His passage is still too tight. His clenching walls still adjusting to his hooks.

Curiosity gets the better of Will, and he does the unthinkable. With a sharp inhale, he releases the Omega's neck from both teeth and arm. Straightening with a lick to his blood smeared lips, he drops his eyes to the dense globes of the man's ass. Grabs a cheek in each hand. Spreads him wide. The sight of his half-buried cock makes him breathe in deeply through the nose. Fingers digging into skin, he pulls hard to open that twitching hole. Withdraws to the head. And plunges back in to the hilt.

He's aware, as oxygen rushes back into his mind, bringing with it euphoria, that he's not in any situation he ever anticipated before today. Face down, eyes stinging with dog dander, far from his own world being fucked by a no-name, dishonored Alpha — however virile.

A sting of regret: that he can breathe freely, think at all, that Will's teeth are no longer buried in his bleeding skin, that he's out of heat and short of fully receptive.

But his dizzy mind is step behind, so that while he's still caught in his regrets, panting into the filthy cushions underneath him, the sudden shredding sensation of Will sharply withdrawing startles him, makes him buck helplessly against the hands arresting him.

And then he's full. He does cry out. A sound torn from his throat but no scream of pain, a choking sound of surprise that elides into a greedy, suffering groan as much of pleasure as

pain.

His body, stretched brutally wide around Will's cock, shudders, his tight walls violently contracting, driving themselves into barbs half dagger and half needle, and if an Omega should be slick enough for its flesh not to rip the pain that sears through him, a bright white fire, warns him he's in this moment exquisitely vulnerable. Slick enough to be fucked but only just. And when Will moves, it will all but eviscerate him.

Buried fully inside Hannibal's body, Will makes his first mistake since he first discovered his empathy. Growling in pleasure, he pushes his chest down flush against the Omega's back. Hooks his arms under the ones below him and fists handfuls of the man's hair - tugs to bring that head back, chin up. Lying on top of the other, his hips begin to move on their own accord, lifting with a delicious dragging of his barbs before slamming suddenly back down into that twitching heat. A husky groan escapes the depths of his throat as he sheaths himself back inside Hannibal's raked passage. His entire length pulsating with the need to keep ploughing the Omega until a scream indicates the deed is done, whether or not he had intended it. But right now, the body beneath his is driving him insane. And, having loosed the animal and rooted himself deep in an Omega for the first ever time, Will drops his empathy to rut Hannibal into the dog beds like a thing possessed.

For all the pain he's inflicted on himself, every torture he invented that each failed to leave him fulfilled, or filled, he never approached the callous use he endures now that coerces indignity and renders his body an object humiliated to the single purpose of being transformed by an Alpha into an amphora for as many progeny as wishes him to bear.

Every suffering groan, every unfamiliar moan wrung from his throat by the abuse that compels a great and terrible agony, that causes his powerful body to tremble and shudder, gives voice to his own possession — none of them the sound the Alpha seeks to tear out of him.

The uncontrollable spasms of the too-narrow passage brutalized open that force Will deeper into its rapidly but too late slickening and opening walls drive his mind to estatic heights that he's only before approached in his violence.

If he could think beyond the surging muscle around him and the cock violently distending him he might know that a virgin Alpha driven out of his mind is seeking cues of submission he's not adapted to provide. More likely he wouldn't give a damn, immersed in a hell indistinguishable from delight.

There is no sign with this one. He should have known, given how defiantly provocative the Omega has been since coming under his roof - that it would be a fruitless, and therefore pointless engagement. But it's the first time he has done this. After so long of keeping his distance. It feels so good. He can't get close enough. Inevitably, the pleasure gets the better of

him. Holding on to the body beneath him, he pushes back inside and presses his face into Hannibal's shoulder to stifle a shout as he empties himself.

Hannibal is aware after Will thrusts the last of his orgasm inside him, as he lies in his ruined suit, bathed in sweat and stinking of canine and a trouser seam ripped by his trapped legs, that he came, at some point, on the dog beds and the carpet, the intensity of the pain such that he can't mark the precise moment. He can smell himself even before his mind begins to make sense of his satisfaction. He can only just smell Will, spent so deep within him, Hannibal still stretched around his thick girth. His hips make a few small, post-coital pushes, as if he could coax Will to remain hard and inside him, though his suffering body is rendered otherwise slack.

But if he could trap this Alpha, then he would.

He has no memory of being sated in all the decades since his puberty. He hasn't known even a fraction of this peace since death stole Mischa from him.

Catching his breath, he realises he is still holding on to the other's hair and slowly lets go. Untwines their arms to plant his hands upon the ground and push up off the man's back. As he moves, however, he feels a tug. The spines on his still erect penis catching on the Omega. He holds still, watching down at the back of Hannibal's mussed head.

Hannibal's head, released, falls forward, his once carefully coiffed and sprayed hair sweat wet and straying in all directions, and he's left panting in the cushions again, the scent of the (dead) dogs so familiar to him he can't find offense to take at the informality of their bed even as the heady cocktail of sex and adreneline begins to lose its edge.

He hisses through his teeth at the sudden, sharp sensation of the spines dragging backwards on his raked and chafed skin, a body not yet brought under his control jerking underneath Will as Hannibal presses his forehead deeper into the bedding, fingertips digging into carpet and cushion, thickly veined and masculine hands flexing. The pain, while still a pleasure, is thin-edged now, cutting instead of consuming.

Having felt the man jerk from the pain of the barbs, Will waits until his erection has waned enough for him to try withdrawing again without getting stuck. He moves slowly, lips pressing together. It would probably be easier if he just pulled out in one quick movement.

But the old empathy is sinking back into place with every passing second, and he begins to feel bad seeing the other lying on the floor. With an apologetic grunt, he finally slips out, his hands keeping those cheeks parted. Glancing down, he sees how swollen Hannibal is.

Swallows involuntarily at the sight before hurriedly putting himself away and deliberating over whether or not to help the Omega up.

Chapter 2

In their silence Hannibal lies cooly calculating, listening to Will breathe above him. For all the ferocity with which the Alpha took him to the ground, it's obvious sex was a true miscalculation. Hannibal considers the evidence of Will's absolute virginity, the apparent fact he had never dared to approach his desires.

He sighs as Will withdraws, though it isn't from relief. He has firm command of the fact that though only painful stimulation induces fertility, even in a heat, that same pain brings on both for an Omega out of heat.

He acknowledges somewhere within that he should probably do something about that. But, for now, he only pushes himself up enough to roll over, feeling Will sluicing out of his incomprehensibly sore body, and finally breathes clean air, his whole carefully cultivated persona wrecked with his hair disheveled and jacket creased and ruined pants still pushed down to his thighs.

He wipes cooling drool off his chin with the back of his hand, giving a nod to Will in compliment.

"Quite a performance."

Absent of mockery, aroused and still regaining his breath.

The man paints quite a picture in the aftermath. Somehow, he still seems to command a degree of composure despite the state of him, and Will feels the divide as sharp as a knife's edge - the instinctive desire to quash said composure by throwing himself back on top of the Omega versus the rising empathic regret and shame that makes him feel embarrassed for the other and his torn trousers. And yet, he shouldn't be. This Hannibal Lecter had provoked him deliberately and, he suspects, possesses some kind of medicinal aid privy to someone of his class. Some invention that turns reckless ventures into entertainment. The opposite of an Alpha in a hunting pack. He imagines somewhere in this world, some wealthy Omegas have paid well for the power trip. Imagines there is very little that money cannot buy in their playing field, hence this Omega referring to what just happened as a performance. It's just a game to him. There's no need to comment.

Despite not wanting to touch the Omega, he sticks out his hand, offering to help the man up. Watching his mussed hair and dark eyes to avoid his own straying south. Because he can still smell him. And he really ought to do something about that before he becomes too affected again.

All things considered, as far as he is from being affected by bodily excretions, sitting in a mess of semen and slick isn't a tasteful situation. He accepts the hand, a fleeting annoyance

crossing his expression as this necessitates grabbing his suit pants in the other hand and it feels, for a moment, beneath his dignity.

The risk he's most aware of is, as sleek and angular as his suits are on the eye, the tell of his considerable weight. The girth of his chest and strength of his arms are difficult to read, less difficult to weigh.

He stood by. He watched him fight. (Enjoyed it, knowing he'd clean up if Will died. A dead Alpha to blame would give him legal security.) He didn't contest Will's assault, now. He is guilty of, if nothing else, willful negligence.

Rather than looking guilty at all, he wills himself steady and goes about sorting himself, pulling his trousers up, for what it's worth, and resecuring his belt -- worth more.

He isn't as discreet as Will, or the possibility of discretion he purposefully flaunted is now becoming more difficult, allowing his eyes to glance over the unfortunate fact Will never gave him a glimpse of the cock that's torn him so that he aches hot and deep even in stillness.

For a moment, he just stands there, watching the other. Not knowing what to say.

"Are you...going to be okay getting back?" he utters, hand slipping onto his nape and beginning slowly to knead. "Assuming you've taken something," he adds after an uncomfortable beat.

His brows rise with all his previous geniality, despite the dilation of his eyes and slight but unmistakeable gravitation of his body.

"I've imposed on your hospitality, and I understand I may not be permitted to impose further, but that may not be completely safe for me." He alludes to the fact it's not a hopeless situation by the drift of his eyes in the direction of his car, beyond the wall before his gaze returns to Will. "Yet."

Allowing Will to draw conclusions seems the more tactful gambit.

A pause.

"Should I go?" he says, meaning to the car. Assuming the man is referring to some form of emergency medication. They shouldn't waste time if this means the Omega had allowed himself to be bred without some manner of protection. Turning his own gaze to the window, Will starts to slip his fingers up into his hair. Pulls discreetly to counter the rising alarm.

He can't help his amusement, although he's digging in his jacket pocket for his keys.

“You didn’t seem concerned about the repercussions of your actions, earlier.”

He can resist the urge to take the smaller man by his shirt, slam him into a hard surface, and use his mouth and hands to demand more of what he wants until Will is driven by pride and instinct to subdue him. He regrets he has the capacity to resist.

Restraining himself, perhaps for the first time, he extends the keys, willing to simply drop them in Will’s hand.

“In the glove box.”

The man’s words sound accusatory in his ears. Pointing out the Alpha wearing an empath’s skin. A skin he had shed all too easily when taunted. Suddenly, he feels uncomfortably exposed, and wants even more for this Omega to drive off in his fancy car. Snatching the keys with a touch too much force, Will throws the other a look from the corners of his eyes.

“You were asking for it,” he grunts. “I assumed you were on something, you were that reckless.” Turning, he starts to walk towards the front door.

He waits on words of self defense, deciding to hold them until the Alpha comes back inside. It would be an error in tact and tactics to antagonize him too aggressively when he truly doesn’t dislike him.

When the door swings shut, he reaches a hand up to carefully touch the tender edges of the torn skin at the back of his neck, grimacing at the unevenness of the wound. Like most Omegas, he won’t be able to hide it, and while he saw and accepted the many ways things might play out when he invited Will into his car in the moment, willingly surrendered to excitement, this particular detail hadn’t seemed important.

He glances around the room, furnishing sparse, and chooses one of two chairs sitting together by the window and wet bar. The flat and modest one. The other, scooped deep, looks not unlike a hammock and sorely tempts and his eyes remain fixed on it until he hears Will re-enter his house behind him.

He’s been acutely aware of the damp soaked into his trousers.

“I use the same blockers and suppressants as any other Omega, identically conditional,” he says mildly, glancing back but not all the way over his shoulder.

He hadn’t expected to find the Omega seated. Making himself comfortable in the chair. Walking over, he stops in front of his guest. Holds out his hand to offer back his keys together with a small plastic tube. He doesn’t know what to make of the man’s comment. Just wants to watch him take the medication.

He takes both, and feels he's truly behaved himself exceptionally by not touching him in the process. Which, he's sure, utterly satisfies any obligations he has as a guest.

He turns the bottle over between his fingers, weighing the contents in his mind, mood bright again.

"I've never been in this situation and can't promise you this will be as effective as intended. The blockers and suppressants were only so effective. All these mechanisms were no doubt refined on more anxious subjects."

He comes to a decision, eyes sliding to Will, alive and playful.

"I'm only taking the one dose, Will. One trespass isn't worth dying from pyometra over."

He dares a cheeky smile. There's no changing their situation. He refuses to be contrite about something that brought them both off.

He makes a fair point. Will can't complain. After all, this is mostly his fault. He just couldn't keep it in his pants. Frowning deeper at that playful smile, he folds his arms and walks over to sit down on the edge of the bed.

Watches the Omega sat in the chair across from him. "And if it's not enough?" he says with a furrowing of his brow.

He unscrews the cap, tapping a pill from the tube and dry swallowing it, although he glances toward the array of liquor on the shelf to his right. He could reach a bottle, but under the circumstances it's likely best not to mix.

"An ordinary heat." He doesn't pretend to be completely sure, the words speculative. His experience, at this point, is only theoretical. "If you're concerned about what we've done, remember the chances are vanishingly slim the first time an Omega's mated."

He can't guess how much Will has bothered to know.

He speaks with teasing smugness, not cruel. These critical expressions are charming. However absurd the idea, Will actually cares. That burden should truly be Hannibal's.

"You shouldn't look so worried. After all, the only reproductive instinct integral to your nature is insemination. Not forgetting me with time would be unique."

(This Alpha seems, if nothing else, unique.)

"Society at large is in rapid retreat from the modern conceit of possessing a single Omega," he adds. Their afternoon was an exercise in that fact. It's no surprise, Alphas returning to

some archaic time before economic demands enforced a new social order.

It's now the dark of night outside.

It bothers him, the way the other talks. Like he has him all figured out. For a moment, Will just sits there without saying anything. It's dark now inside the house, and he gets up to turn on a lamp before clasping his own arms restlessly.

"...now what," he utters without looking over.

He watches him move, Will simply standing sending a thrill through his veins, as if he might lunge for him again at any moment.

"The last time I pushed you to take control of the situation… that was unfair of me."

He glances toward the defiled dog beds across the room.

Nothing except Will commands his attention so much as Will's semen. And if he can already smell it on both of them, what spilled out of him into the open air has permeated the whole room.

His Adam's apple bobs as he swallows, lower body shifting subtly against the leather. His sore passage has somewhat constricted, but as the pain uncurls through him his thoughts inevitably flicker to penetration. His tongue skates across his lips as his eyes return to Will's body, illuminated in relief.

"I /am/ unique and I'm in a poor position to make that decision."

Hands moving to his hips, he faces Hannibal with a perplexed expression. Was that an apology? Exhaling, he turns his face to the side. Brows still knotted.

"...how long before we know if it's working?" he asks.

He looks distractedly at the bottle, but doesn't read it. He's becoming preoccupied with Will, again, in a way that makes Will's proximity to the bed look something like an invitation -- not from Will, but to his own capacity for force and violence.

A slyer smile crosses his lips as he enjoys the idea of pinning the smaller man under his weight until Will fights. He's sure he wants what he deserves.

"It's not working yet."

The chances of it turning the inrushing tide of hormones that all his senses are fueling seems slim, but the fact he should have already gone out for fresh air is barred from his lips. It feels like a choice and he doesn't know if it is. That must, he thinks, be exactly how his victims of his society (not his violence) feel around him.

/Yet/ just means more time is needed, Will thinks to himself as he continues to stand there, frowning. Unable even to interrupt the awkwardness of the moment with an offer of more coffee. Exhaling inwardly, he steps back to the bed.

Sits on the edge and hunkers down with elbows on knees. His hands clasping in front of him. For a moment, silence hangs in the air between them.

"I'm sorry," he says eventually, voice quiet. His eyes on the dog beds. Ultimately, he had forced himself on the other. "About your trousers."

He supposes to himself that as well as this particular suit suits him the most glaring problem with his trousers is he can't say the sex wet mess of them is a comfortable one. Good, then, that each breath inflicts its own little bit of agony to distract.

The sweat soaked into his dress shirt beneath the suit jacket and waistcoat distracts, too, and he regrets that there's unlikely much in this house that will fit him.

Leaving his hair in disarray is a conscious, humanizing choice.

He traces his fingertips on the arm of the chair and tries not to think about returning the physical favor that put him in this state.

"I enjoyed our conversation in the kitchen. You, calling me an asshole. Quite by accident, I think."

He wonders if, under different biological circumstances, some possibility of friendship could exist.

"Don't think I quite used that word," Will mutters, bringing his gaze back to the man and his dishevelled state. It can't be comfortable, he thinks to himself. Sitting in those clothes. Especially when... His nostrils flare before he can help himself, and he glances askance, hunching over his knees the more. He shouldn't, but he does. Think about the Omega's hole. Clearing his throat, he slips his hand onto his nape. Kneads slowly to help him focus on anything but the sensation of being inside the other.

"...how are you feeling now?" he utters.

In the light of the bedside lamp, Hannibal can see all the small, nervous changes of the Alpha's expressive face while his body speaks a language of desires deferred.

"Do you want my honest answer or a placating diversion?"

It's an answer, in its own way, already. An offer, too.

He's aware, now, that the drug is attempting to act on his body, and that it would be inadvisable to immediately pursue sex. Yet he finds himself extremely motivated not to deter the future possibility.

"Honest answer," says Will, lifting his eyes.

Subtle changes in Hannibal's expression betray an intensification of interest, honey brown gaze rapt on Will's. Then, his eyes slide away from the Alpha, toward the window, as he lets his thoughts take form.

"That the cruelty of nature is unimaginable. Obligating us to the carnal," he says, at the same time returning his eyes to Will's, intensity and hunger unmasked, something far more terrible than an animal inside him. An intelligent hunter, fixed on its prey.

"The short term effects of the medication seem unlikely to return me to my right mind because you're sitting in an easily compromised position all my thoughts are on assaulting you until you overcome my violence and breed me. More times than it takes. Despite knowing that in this minute it would hospitalize me. And if you couldn't overcome me, I might do you real harm."

The factual, clinical cadence of his words twines easily with his lust.

An inhalation, a silent sigh that relinquishes a measure of the immediate threat. It's liberating simply to speak it. Reifies it, in one way, and warns the Alpha off the threat, in another.

It's liberating to be nowhere, with no one, completely free of every need for pretension.

"I feel perverse."

Unrepentantly and in the etymological sense that his own existence is discordant with any known order.

Will lofts his brows, pretending he hasn't just felt a deep twinge from the thought of inflicting enough damage on another to require medical assistance.

"What was the placating diversion?" he scoffs quietly. But the cat's already out of the bag. And it's a mixed feeling, sitting across the man after listening to his candid speech. Both

attracted to and repulsed by the invite to violence. In truth, the large part of him is more inclined than not towards it, despite his trying to claw back some of that old composure, even if it does currently hang in tatters.

It's likely misguided, but he gains a tiny modicum of comfort in learning he is not alone in his conflicted position. Like him, this Omega doesn't seem to belong amongst his kind. And unlike him, the other appears to have no qualms about pursuing what he wants. At least, not right now.

"You say all this because you're not thinking straight," he says, eyes on the pattern of that waistcoat. "And that's my fault for inflicting myself on you."

"I question if we can fully be in control of our faculties when faced with the realities of our biology. Even an Omega which by its faculties of reason rightfully fears repeated penetration wants to bear the child only an Alpha can provide it."

In any near species the pain produces just as violent and negative a reaction at mating as typical for an Omega, but that the modern Omega mind permits anticipation and recoils in advance from the pain is, he thinks, some unfortunate side effect of being disallowed from choosing one's mate over the course of evolution.

"I won't contest that I am far from being myself. I can't say how much is the incontestable influence of hormones and how much is simply having been removed to a novel environment."

He slowly wets his lips, enjoying examining each facet of the situation as he turns it in his mind.

"I introduced a novelty into your environment, and you responded with commensurate self control. But we can know that after the fact the psychic consequences are greater for me."

Whether the Alpha blames himself, blames him, or judges them blameless, he isn't being driven into heat.

The defensive spines are back. He doesn't enjoy hearing his home being referred to as a novel environment. Doesn't feel the novelty of their situation as much as the other appears to be doing.

"I imagine that's how you would refer to bringing a child into this world," he says flatly. "Introducing a novelty into my environment." For a moment, his person suit successfully repairs a seam even whilst the beast continues to push against it as it breathes.

His eyes carelessly, intimately rake Will's strong body. His own remembers being just now being beneath it and his hips forced open by a plunging cock while the Alpha fiercely

restrained him. A situation that, while he invited it, he isn't sure he could have gotten out of.

"Do you want a child?"

He didn't think the question was an invitation, but is swamped with sudden, unfamiliar uncertainty.

"—despite the way you live your life."

No matter how much it feels like his ordinary, impersonal curiosity, he can't separate himself from a sudden, abstract idea of the contentment of being full and free from yearning.

"Alpha or Omega, they would likely be hounded by their own father into adulthood," Will scoffs, eyes dropping to the floor. "Don't think they'd want that."

It wouldn't be fair to burden young minds with his own flawed - most would argue - way of thinking. He'd have to let nature take its course. The same way they would've come into being. Making him a hypocrite. And their mother... Slowly, he lifts his gaze to those hooded eyes beneath the haphazard mat of hair. Considers how between them, they'd make a litter bound straight for the loony bin.

The lighting is low, and so he can't see the stormy blue of Will's eyes as he could under the sun, but he remembers them, as out of the ordinary as the Alpha himself, large and clear and larger-seeming still without the limbal rings encircling most.

He can't read the Alpha's mind, but can't avoid the maddening knowledge that Will is unquestionably thinking of the consequences of breeding him and Hannibal watches him for a hypnotized moment, plush lips slightly parted, until his own gaze flickers away as he finds the determination to order his unruly thoughts.

"That you'd even consider their feelings is admirable," he says, mind capable of continuing the conversation at an almost-ordinary pace, the cadence unremarkable, despite his too-obvious distraction.

It's been several decades since he's been in even remote proximity to an Alpha with a heat coming on. He's not completely familiar with the part of himself looking to seize on the opportunity.

Would like to get to know it, to discover himself -- but he can't let it simply take control.

Sensing a growing restlessness in the other, Will decides it's time to act.

"I take it the medicine hasn't worked," he utters, standing up. "Guess you'll be staying over," he adds reluctantly, hands moving habitually onto his hips as he thinks about the sleeping

arrangements.

The burden-relieving acceptance he immediately experiences at Will's words is discordant with his typical self-perception of his own nature.

The way his breathing, his pulse picks up at Will putting him in order when he's at ends warns him that he may be a stranger to the person he wakes up as.

"I don't think it's safe to drive," he agrees.

Certainly not at night. And while most of the upper class keep servants, his habits have dissuaded him from having anyone in his full time employment.

He refocuses on the Alpha, but doesn't trust his tongue. His still-playful nature wants to ask if he'll be spending the night under Will, except that's also exactly where he wants to be.

He's going to have to put a wall between them at the very least, he thinks to himself, eyes lifting to the ceiling as he considers the rooms upstairs. Thinks there's an old sofa bed somewhere, buried under everything.

"If you give me a moment, I can get a room ready for you," he says, looking back at the other.

He saw the rooms upstairs. Saw them littered with paraphernalia and covered in dust. Knows it would be tactless to reveal his snooping, but is sure he would prefer not to sleep there.

He's just as certain that he mistrusts his state of mind and, being extremely unfamiliar with the feeling, should give the prospect of driving an hour the same consideration as he would if he were intoxicated.

The fact that he simply wants to stay is only a reason for further mistrust.

"That would be more than amenable," he consents. He glances down his body, frowning at the state of his suit. "If there's anything I could wear…"

Politely intoned. Not a presumption. He's sure anything that fits the Alpha's robust lower body can fit him, even if his upper body is more robust.

He wonders if he needs to make the point he's likely to be in heat by morning.

Will looks down the other's body. Glances back up at that face before turning his eyes askance. He clears his throat.

“Yeah, I’ll find you something,” he utters, lifting a hand to itch at his nape. “I have clean towels if you need to shower.” Pause.

“I can show you how to use it,” he adds, eyes finding the Omega’s. Implying he should come with him now.

For someone seemingly calm, he has a face that ebbs and flows with subtle shifts of intensity, and his interest peaks, now, eyes brightening.

He pushes himself up from the chair, inhaling at the delicious sensations spreading through muscles just exercised in unusual ways and the rekindling of the inner anguish that delights him.

A smile.

“Please, lead on.”

Turning, he heads for the stairs. Stops at the bottom of them and looks briefly over his shoulder before starting his climb.

Upon reaching the landing, he continues onto the bathroom. Turns on the light and steps inside to remove a folded towel from the shelf.

“Here,” he says, coming close to press it into the other’s arms before moving to the shower stall and demonstrating how to use it.

“You can use it now if you want,” he says afterwards, wiping his damp hands on his trousers and brushing accidentally against his own arousal. “I’ll just get the room ready,” he mutters, hurrying past Hannibal out of the room.

Running his hand absently over the towel, his eyes avidly follow the retreating Alpha until Will has disappeared into the hallway and Hannibal steps up to shut -- though with a twitch of amusement on his lips, not lock -- the door.

It’s a tense line to walk, still wanting to explore Will’s boundaries but understanding that if he wants to enjoy any degree of comfort he needs to cultivate the right relationship with someone he might, however briefly, be dependent on.

He takes his time bathing himself, letting the hot water pour over his body as, eyes shut, he strokes his own skin, exploring his sore scalp and the bite wound on his neck, again, the places Will wrenched him and his disappointingly dry but abused entrance. The soap and shampoo are cheap and harsh, and the shower isn’t an escape from the Alpha’s sexual presence, the scent of semen in the grout as well as light mildew.

The towel, when he dries himself, is comparatively thin. But the foreignness of the experience excites, although none of the individual elements do, and he idly explores Will's self-grooming tools on the counter.

Standing at the threshold with his hands on his hips, he looks upon the makeshift path he's managed to clear on the way to the modest sofa bed pushed up against the wall. He'd removed the dusty blanket covering it. The mattress itself is clean enough. Comfortable enough, if not for a man used to luxury. But it's only supposed to be one night.

He doesn't have spare pillows and duvets. Will have to give Hannibal one of his own together with a blanket. As he makes his way back to the stairs, he can still hear the shower on the other side of the bathroom door. Tries not to think about the Omega's body.

Standing back once more, he looks upon the pillow and blanket. The former he'd changed into a fresh case. The latter he'd taken off his own bed because it's the largest he has.

Leaning out, he peers down the landing towards the bathroom. Doesn't hear the shower anymore, so walks over. Waits a moment before lifting his hand to rap on the door.

Hannibal silently sets down the toy he found and closes the door to the cupboard beneath the sink, roiling in his own amusement. He's thankful, despite the constant need to control his heats and the inherent threat of violence, that he doesn't need a durable rubber masturbator -- textured on the inside to stimulate an Alpha's barbs -- in order to bring himself off.

Surely it's a horrific fate to be trapped alone and aroused and in danger of maiming the thin skin of the palm with countless tiny incisions.

Towel slung around his narrow hips, and feeling maliciously bold, he opens the door a crack, innocuously glancing down and then up.

"Sorry, I thought you were bringing something to wear."

If there's one thing apparent from his immaculately groomed body -- dense but trim chest hair a gradient from grey to dark and softly furring the midline of his abdomen -- it's that it's more than muscular enough for him to shut the door in Will's face if the Alpha became aggressive.

Upon seeing that bared chest, the first thought that crosses Will's mind is how such a body would endure a good deal of violence before its owner would be inclined to protest. He hadn't noticed as much when they were amongst the dog beds. The only skin he'd focused on being the plush globes of the man's ass. Concealing the untouched bud of his-

When Hannibal speaks, he stirs himself from the spot.

“Right,” he utters, realising he had completely forgot about clothing the Omega.

“Was just checking,” he adds vaguely before looking away and hurrying down the stairs. His dick rubbing with each step.

He smiles to himself, listening to Will’s feet on the stairs. The appeal of being appealing has never struck this chord in him, invigorated in this way.

Sex with other Omegas hasn’t been completely tedious, there’s been partners he’s enjoyed, but the whole thing is damned no matter what sort of synthetic hormones they might play with or what toys. And now he knows, however brief the encounter, that the suspicion he needed to experience an Alpha to be satisfied had been absolutely correct. His partners just weren’t motivated.

He purses his brow in the cool draft of air coming in through the cracked door and thinks that, to be fair to them, most of the genteel Alphas he knows would probably end up thrown around and broken by the end of a night.

Standing at the open drawer, he looks at the folded tees. Doesn’t need to shake one open to know it likely won’t fit that torso he was just secretly measuring up. Not taking one with him, though, could be read wrong - or right, he supposes, if he takes into account the raging hardon trapped inside his trousers. As soon as the spare room door can be closed on the Omega, he shall deal with it in the bathroom.

Climbing the stairs again, he reaches the landing and approaches the gap in the door with the lounge pants, tee and shorts.

He stands waiting, obstructing the doorway in the same way Will left him, tall and broad and calm. He opens the door a little further to take the clothes on offer.

As solidly built and muscular as he is, his legs, while muscled, are almost impossibly long. They’re graceful compared to the mass of him, despite the fact that there’s little doubt he could remain steady on his feet against force.

And that despite the fact he didn’t, earlier.

He doesn’t mask his mischievous admiration.

“If you try those on, I’ll show you the room,” he says, trying not to stare. For a man, Hannibal sure has elegant, almost womanly legs. Slim and long. Maybe if he shaved, they would feel just like a woman’s wrapped around him as they- “Don’t feel you have to wear anything,” he continues to utter, pausing when he realises how that must sound. “That doesn’t

fit," he quickly adds before folding his arms and falling into 'waiting stance' with his eyes on the floor. /Get a grip/

"Thank you," he says, humor undiminished, shutting the door to change behind it.

His smile disappears off his face as his mind shifts to processing his dilemma, even as he pulls on the adequate shorts and too-short pants.

It's obvious to himself that, even as close to defused as he can be under the circumstances, he wants everything Will's body is offering. Is jealous that for all of him Will has seen he hasn't caught even a glimpse of him, face down as he was. Nevermind that there's no means for sex that would circumvent the possibility of conceiving.

Whatever agents might otherwise produce that effect, there's no profit in research for preventing an Omega from being bred.

He only has to stretch the t-shirt a little to see it's absolutely not going to fit on his body in a way that won't rip. He keeps it in hand, however.

The light returns to his face like the flip of a switch before he reopens the door. The pants aren't completely comical, solely by virtue of the lean strength of his exposed ankles and lower calves.

He stirs himself at the sound of the door opening and lofts his brows at the sight of his lounge pants on the other. Not that he'd expected them to fit. He's just never seen anyone wearing his clothes before. The tee is still in the man's hand. But not the underwear.

Before his mind starts dwelling on that thought, he turns and walks towards the room prepared for his 'guest'.

"Sorry for the clutter," he says, looking in as he stands by the open doorway. "It would've taken too long to clear it all. The bed's clean, though."

Driving home an hour in an impaired state looks like a fabulous idea the minute he sees what he's intended to sleep on. There are problems with the situation beyond the utter disarray of the room, the way it violently grates on his sense of aesthetics, the dust Will's stirred up irritating his nostrils which are offended by the mustiness of the abandoned place, and the lumpy looking bed.

There's no pad on the bed if he goes into heat, which, at this point, he expects. It's going to be miserable and it's going to be sloppy.

It would be beneath his dignity to complain. The only resource he has is the ability to exercise class.

“It will be adequate,” he assures, however diametrically opposed his actual assessment. At least the squalor of it has put him off thinking about sex for several moments, even with a heavily aroused Alpha beside him he’d otherwise be tempted to drag into the room.

He pauses briefly, simply to place appropriate emphasis on his next words.

“If I’m in heat in the morning, and it’s as likely as not, you’ll have to exercise your own discretion on how we’ll negotiate the circumstances.”

While he doesn't doubt he can overcome his instincts by necessity, he knows his own ideas will be relatively single minded.

Ideally, he’d put the pillow and blanket in the bathtub. But he doubts the man would be pleased with that arrangement.

“I can bring more towels,” he says. Keep the door shut. He hasn’t thought further than that.

He looks down at the t-shirt, a poor substitute for more, in his hand, then to Will.

“Towels sound like an excellent idea.”

He looks at the other from the corners of his eyes. Returns his gaze to the sofa bed.

“Or you can have my bed,” he utters. “If you’d rather.” He has a feeling the man is putting on a polite front. Feels a touch bad for trying to shut the Omega away with all the other things in his life that he has found difficult to process. It’s not like he has anything worth taking. Doubts his wet bar would interest his refined tastebuds. “Just the bathroom is closer here, in case...” he begins to say then trails off.

He attends him with fresh interest, the insult of the room put on mute with the offer and his interest in Will redoubled. Any Alpha he’s known simply wouldn’t be giving the slightest bit of consideration to his comfort.

It’s easier to settle when he has a choice, and neither of them will have anything resembling one if he goes into heat in Will’s living room.

“Would I prefer your bed? Yes, and the offer is tempting. But I haven’t so lost control of senses that I can’t see there’s only one real option.” He smiles, and as blown with arousal as his pupils are, it’s friendly and fond, charmed and charming. “If I come out with asthma, I’ll be sure to return to exact retribution.”

“Well I don’t have asthma,” Will mutters. “I can shut myself away.” He pauses. “Other option would’ve been the bathtub,” he scoffs quietly. “What you gonna do, attack me when I come downstairs?” He glances askance at the man standing beside him.

His mind dismisses the fact Will thought about putting him in a bathtub, his expression becoming calmer and more focused, an echo of when Will asked him for the truth and he looked, for a moment, like something entirely other, though softened, now, by civility.

“You already know my mind.”

Now that he’s divested of his suit, body bare, there’s nothing obfuscating his build or power. If he cares less than earlier that for reasons besides chastity there should be, he’s sure that the choice to write off the risk, explored in stages, hasn’t been as careless as some of his others.

“If you don’t defer to reason, I /am/ about to take your bed, Will.”

“I can always tie you up,” says Will like he’s talking about trussing up a turkey for dinner. “I have a lot of rope. And I’m good with knots.”

The impact of pleasure at the thought pounds through the blunting effects of the medication, his cock stirring. He’s sure, simply observing him, and hearing his intonation, that Will has no idea of the rich and diverse implications of what he’s said.

His face takes on a mystified cast, and he finds himself reaching out towards his face, though his hand stops short, fingers curling in the air.

“I believe there’s a saying, ‘Don’t threaten me with a good time,’” he intones neutrally.

Brows knitting, Will turns his face to regard the Omega with an uncomprehending look until he remembers Hannibal is different, and that’s why they’re currently standing here debating who is sleeping where.

“I was serious,” he says. “I can’t have you trying to lash out at me.”

His gaze sharpens as he considers the probability of actually attempting to do Will bodily harm to satisfy his own needs.

He’s capable of it. But he’s capable of things many times worse, and he’s declined them.

He lowers his hand.

“You’re under no threat from my more aggressive impulses. Considering you have no experience with Omegas and did sodomize me, you should decide based on your evaluation of yours.”

“I have experience with Omegas,” he says, perhaps a touch defensively. The reminder of not having known the tight passage of one until tonight, however, makes him shift his feet restlessly on the spot. “Just take the bed already,” he utters, walking past Hannibal on his way to the staircase. “I’ll show you where the towels are kept.”

/Who am I to argue?/

He smiles a self-satisfied smile at Will’s back, taking particular pleasure in the Alpha’s command.

Neither prospect was ideal, and this prospect is, he thinks, considerably more dangerous, not because he intends harm to Will -- that temptation, he thinks, has passed, Will has thoroughly differentiated himself from his breed -- but because he hasn’t decided what he /will/ do if Will loses control of himself.

What he does know, when they’ve retrieved the towels and come to the bed that dominates the living room, is that it looks far more comfortable than the situation Will arranged upstairs and that he feels no guilt about advantaging himself of that fact.

Not that he’s familiar with guilt.

“You know where everything is,” he says, secretly surprised at his own words. He never thought he would use them on a stranger, let alone a stranger who has provoked him into breeding for the first time in his life. If the information imparted to him is true, then it was also Hannibal’s first experience of an Alpha. A part of him starts to wonder whether their meeting is an inexplicable act of fate. “If you get thirsty, just help yourself to water,” he adds, moving to collect the used glass from the bedside table.

He’s already thanked him, and thinks it would begin to seem ingratiating to continue to. He has a certain obligation to maintain his image as an equal, if things aren’t already doomed or destined to get quite out of hand.

He sizes up the room simply to show there’s nothing wanting and then expresses his gratitude with a slight nod and another modest but affectionate smile.

“Then, goodnight, Will.”

From the soothing tenor of his voice, they could be mistaken for good friends.

It's not often he sees an Omega smiling at him like that, or addressing him with such familiarity. It confuses him still, the other's amiable demeanour despite what had happened. But now that he's been inside the man, he can't help thinking about how it had felt.

"Goodnight," he utters, the word sounding and feeling alien when spoken to company that isn't his dogs. With one last glance at his bed, he heads to the stairs and begins to climb his way up.

He waits until Will is upstairs before sorting things out. The towels on the bed. The fact he needs to remove and fold the trousers beside him where he can easily pull them on under the duvet because he can't have both shorts and trousers soaked.

The pungent impact of sex remains, even with the incriminating fluids drying, and climbing into the bed, resting his head on the Alpha's pillow, weighed down by covers thick with the naturally erotic scent of his musky body -- despite the less erotic odor of his cheap aftershave -- he thinks the contents of the well stocked private bar by the window might have a less catastrophicly intoxicating effect than sleeping here.

He allows himself to sink into the sensual morass of it, shifting his hips on the towels to feel the echoes of use.

Running possibilities through his mind and finding all of them permissible, he sleeps.

Sitting on the toilet lid with his trousers at his ankles, Will gazes through his lashes at the locked bathroom door. Sees his own cock stretching open Hannibal's virgin hole. His barbs flexing with each hard pulsation as he prepares to push back in.

The toy is robust in his moving hand, the material inside the sleeve designed to withstand the brunt of his spines. And yet, it is missing his heat. His scent. His incredibly hushed utterances during penetration. Will is curious to know what it would take to make him scream. How he would sound. The timbre of his voice so different to a female's, just like his build.

His strong chest would perhaps be considered undesirable by normal Omega standards, but Will fixates on those long, woman-like legs. Imagines pinning them against that somewhat intimidating swathe of chest hair as he thrusts, the force of each one making those pectorals judder. His nipples turning the same hard peaks as a woman's. Perhaps because Hannibal is his first, he finds it surprisingly easy to fantasise about the man, even if his imagination leaves out the blank of his penis.

He comes eventually to the thought of the other screaming his name, his own cry muffled by teeth slicing into his bottom lip. Back arching against the toilet, his eyes snap shut with a violent shudder as his dick pumps the toy full of seed until it escapes back out the sides to run down his throbbing shaft.

Sitting with the edge of the tank digging into his back, he waits until his breathing has settled enough for him to hear the wet plip of his semen hitting the floor, then slowly stands.

Chapter 3

Hannibal comes back to consciousness into a body familiar and unfamiliar.

There's a gulf inside him, a wound gashed open, the soaked skin within him pleasurably, torturously swollen and begging for penetration that's, for a single time in his life, very close in reach. His body demands that the Alpha whose scent envelops him, the Alpha who already rode him into the floor, should already be on him and in him, except he's woken up alone. And still, the promise of being forcefully scoured until the raw torture strips him to nothing but sensation and he's again reshaped by force into a receptacle for the Alpha -- Will -- to spill into dominates his drowsy thoughts.

He shortly recognizes more. He's lying on towels swampy cool with his slick, Will's wet shorts clinging to his ass and his thighs, and he's painfully hard against his own stomach. Every inch of his skin is aflame, sweating, every sensation amplified in a body that already takes exaggerated sensual pleasure in touch. Beneath the duvet, he curls the hand resting on his chest and strokes his chest with his knuckles, stirring physical excitement that urges him to roll his hips on the bed, an attempt to drag the hungriest part of himself against the chafe of the towels.

If he takes himself in hand— If he could roll over, simply pull the pillow under his head beneath him to hump—

But as he breathes in deeper, and his senses expand, even as his throat hitches and he sighs, needy, he becomes aware it wasn't just the morning that awoke him but the presence of the house's owner.

He wonders if he was simply so sound asleep, or if a part of him more than accepted this presence, although he doesn't acknowledge him, yet, but blinks up at the ceiling and wills himself away from sliding his hand lower.

Will is not well. He had spent most of the night in the bathroom feverishly filling and emptying the sleeve, hoping each time would sate his body enough for sleep. Exhaustion, after all, is supposed to dim arousal. Instead, he feels as though adrenaline is being released at a constant rate through his bloodstream to combat the drooping eyelids and lips hanging half agape.

He knows it's because of the Omega under his roof. Judging by his response, the medication likely did nothing to halt the man's heat. As he sits there on the tossed sofa bed, head in hands, he struggles to hear the cautious voice of empathy over the clamour in his skull and in his shorts. His breaths are heavy, drying out the inside of his mouth. Pulling back the blanket and grunting from the drag of it against his unabating arousal, he stalks his way out of the room and into the dark corridor.

His half drawn eyes are on the bathroom door, but a wave of the Omega's scent washes over him before he can reach it. Standing by the staircase, he closes his eyes and runs a hand over his face as that part of his brain and the whole of his cock threaten to tip him over. He was a fool for underestimating the all consuming power of a heat. A fool, they would say, for thinking he could ever wield the power to overcome it. But he won't throw it all away that easily. Prowling back down the corridor, he pushes his way into the other room designated for storage. Rummages amongst the clutter until he finds what he's looking for.

Cutting silently through the invisible fog, Will stops to stand across from his bed. His nostrils flaring.

The blinds are down, and in the dim of the room, he can see it's occupant lying beneath the cover. Can hear him sigh. The sound makes his cock stir in answer. Soaking the front of his shorts as it strains blindly for the Omega.

Grip tightening on the coil of rope in his hand, he licks his dry lips.

"Hey," he grunts. "Are you sound of mind?"

The Alpha's voice ripples through him, his full cock twitching with a surge of blood, and he acutely remembers the weight of Will's cock between the cheeks of his ass and its size as, gratifying, it stretched him wide around it.

He needs to know what it would feel like to take it inside him, now, when Will wouldn't need to exercise force to fill him but would fuck flesh many times more attuned to each subtle sensation. He imagines each sharp hook as its own clawing scythe, but doesn't only imagine penetration, indistinct longings to be wrenched and forced impressing themselves on his mind, fragments of memories of losing the upper hand in violent conflicts that ended lives.

He silently swallows some pleading sound building tight in his throat, and knows, through his fever, that he's never woken to a heat with his cunt so thick with arousal or his body so drenched in slick.

He attends to Will.

Will commands a great deal of rope.

His immediate response is one part only barely not coming untouched in Will's already-ruined shorts and two parts fascination.

Which, he thinks, means he may be closer to his right mind than the madness-touched, hollow-eyed Alpha who can't have slept at all.

"Of the two of us? Yes."

Nevermind that he wants the coarse rope tightened around his wrists until they bleed, or his throat until his vision blacks and it leaves red burns.

“Are you any good with knots?” Will mutters. “Cos I think you’re gonna have to tie me down to something.”

Hannibal’s face breaks into another smile. And, while he finds so many ways to keep himself entertained, it’s almost never over this genuine an affection for company.

Shifting his large body he rolls onto his side, heavy and languid on the bed.

“I see you’ve taken a turn.” He’s sure he was the one supposed to be bound up and locked away. He approaches things gently, and tries not to be /too/ gratified by a very flattering situation -- an Alpha putting itself at his mercy.

“The fact that you’re clinging so tenaciously to your ethics is admirable, Will. You understand based on your earlier behavior, that if I touch you you may fight me?”

He wants to be ripped apart. It doesn’t mean he has to permit it.

He feels his brow furrowing at the possibility of losing all self control. Had been reluctant to believe in it.

“Fine,” he utters, turning to stalk his way to the kitchen. Tug open the top drawer. Snatch the scissors. Cutting the length of rope in half, he chucks the scissors back into the drawer before shoving it closed. Returning to stand with some distance between himself and the foot of the bed, he tosses the severed rope at the other. “Fashion yourself a makeshift chastity belt or what have you,” he snaps irritably before marching back to kitchen. Grabbing a glass, he fills it with water at the sink. Gulps it down in one go and exhales noisily.

He has no choice but to turn his face into his shoulder and, lips pressed together and silent, laugh. Sighing warm air, he rubs his cheek against his own skin, craving stimulation.

The world comes to him like an impressionist painting, sensational carnal highlights, so that even the bed, which he rationally knows to be plebian, stimulates him in fantastic ways which, if had woken up alone, would have him writhing through the orgasm he remains on the verge of.

As if anything he can touch has the flavor of a caress.

Whatever Will is doing in the kitchen, now, it sounds like it’s mostly about making angry noise, but the cacophony, too, is arresting.

He raises his voice just enough to carry as he hears Will moving through the house toward him.

“Not to be a terrible guest, but that’s not something I’m doing.”

“Hang yourself with it then,” he half growls before stomping up the staircase. How infuriating it is, seeing the Omega conduct himself with ease while he must resort to confining himself to four walls. Again, he only has himself to blame for giving up his bed.

He’s starting to have second thoughts about his friend empathy. Wonders if it’s working in cahoots with the baser part of him. Either way, his back was up when the man opened his mouth and used words like /clinging/ and /admirable/. The animal in him that wants to put this condescending Omega in his place is tugging harder than ever on the fraying leash of his self control. He needs to put a door back between them.

The violence of the words sparks desire in him so that his pulse races and for two dizzy seconds he’s disoriented by the sheer intensity of a fantasy of Will’s teeth ripping into his flesh, his nails into his skin, and he’s remembering the crux of his arm crushing his throat. The fact he’d be forced to take him is almost an accessory to the brutality of the submission Will would demand—

Gaping and heaving down air he recognizes he did come, body shuddering on the mattress. The second orgasm so obliterating its passage is lost time and he’s only sure the tremendous need inside him is magnitudes greater than before and his spent body, lax, is for a suspended moment incapable of response.

He can’t say if he made any sound Will could hear.

Potentially troubling, but not, he decides, his fault.

He’s a few steps up when he hears a sound that can only be one thing unless the man has managed to somehow injure himself. More pre-ejaculate seeps through the taut material of his shorts and he growls frustratedly under his breath as he resumes the climb, one hand knotting in his curls.

Closing the bathroom door, he squats down to open the cupboard door for the hundredth time. Grabs the toy and pauses, staring down at the robust exterior through the slits of his eyes. /No/ Putting it down, he shuts the cupboard door. Straightens up and makes his way over to the toilet.

Lifting the seat, he pulls on the hem of his shorts, tearing the fabric in the attempt to free himself. Looking down at the tiny barbs protruding like a thorny crown from the underside of his flared head, he clasps his flesh, fingers closing over the spines of his shaft. Presses his lips together. And begins to stroke.

He had hoped the pain would make him shrink. No such luck. Biting down on his lower lip to stifle the groans, he finally explodes, lashing the bowl with his come as blood drips from his hand. He rinses it under the tap. His semi-wilted dick, he leaves blood-smeared as a reminder.

Standing in front of the sink, he winds his hand with gauze from the cabinet. Picks up his length of rope from the floor and starts to tie himself into knots. Just like those early days when he first ventured out, sure he wanted to help, yet unsure of himself. Eventually, he could go out without being bound. It had taken a while before he could trust himself, but he did it. Thought it meant something at the time. Securing the last knot with a sharp tug and a grimace, he pulls up his ruined shorts. Walks over to the door without looking in the mirror and opens it before stepping out.

His scent hits him when he comes out of the bathroom. Trudging down the corridor, he shoulders his way back inside the cluttered room. Pushes the door shut with his back before dragging himself over to the sofa bed.

There is no point in an Omega's life when the body gives up its heat cycle, the endocrine system relentless. However, as Hannibal approaches fifty he can say, without regret, that he experiences more of a refractory period than he once did, even in heat -- though under the unusual circumstances, it will nonetheless be short.

He feels no hunger and his thirst seems unimportant but with the present sodden state of his body he knows he has to get water, and does.

Not without first shedding the shorts, a terrible mess, and, having been given permission to make himself at liberty in the home, after making an attempt to mitigate his situation with a towel freely appropriates another pair from Will's drawers rather than opting for the folded lounge pants.

He closes his eyes as he drinks, cool fluid moving through him. Listening to his body through the fever, it demands several glasses.

His cock may be semi-flaccid, but he suffers a severe and physical longing within that he's without a single implement to attend to. When dubious kitchen items start to look too appealing, he retreats to the living room, pushing his hand through his tousled hair.

He has to deal with Will. That's obvious. Even when he can't get through changing the towels on the bed without catching up the soft t-shirt from last night and letting his mind conjure a fantasy of never leaving this remote home, being stripped of all his fineries and reduced to receiving Will's cock not at his own whim but that of the Alpha's. Naked and overpowered.

—post-orgasm, he's dimly aware that would turn out poorly for Will and shorten the Alpha's life expectancy to the day he becomes bored, but it's impossible to detach his thoughts from the wet need to be bred.

He sits on the floor beside the bed, rests his back against it, shuts his eyes. He sits that way for awhile, traveling the corridors of his mind, waiting to discover what he intends to do, within his heat but far from Will's home.

It's later in the day that he arrives upstairs, Will not having come down. He comes to his closed door, waiting in patient silence to be recognized.

Lying on his side, facing the drawn blind of the window, he senses the other's presence. The smell of him growing suddenly more concentrated. Stirring the rope as that part of him that is already painfully engorged begins to pulsate against its confines. His swollen head leaking a steady rivulet into the damp, half shredded mess that used to be his shorts. Spine curling inwards, he rubs his hands slowly over his face.

"Go away," he groans aloud.

The misery in the voice provokes a special pleasure. Knowing the fact of his existence has reduced someone as unusually stubborn as this Alpha to a vulnerable condition engages his worst impulses to provoke and experiment.

The idea of the Alpha, dazed and exhausted, rutting helplessly, mindlessly into him, controlled by his touches, tantalizes. If not as sexually evocative as being commanded and overwhelmed, his greedy body still craves the thought of Will pistoning into him under his own power.

He'd need to have him many more times than otherwise to satisfy himself, he thinks, but the thought of relentlessly forcing him to come has a certain depraved appeal.

It's good luck that it's low on his list of interests.

"There's blood in the bathroom. I need to be sure you haven't harmed yourself. Is the door open?"

There's no lock on the door.

"I'm fine," he half growls, fingers curling into his palm at the mention of blood. "Stay back."

"Spoken like someone I'm certain is completely 'fine'," he says, smiling at the closed door. "I'll stay right here here in the doorway."

He carefully tries the handle, and finds it turns smoothly.

True to his word, he opens the door without stepping inside.

If he hasn't put on more than Will's shorts. Well, to be fair, he did /try/ a bathrobe. The impression of a flirtatiously half-concealed body was, he decided, substantially worse, when the robe wouldn't close in the front. Better to appear as unafraid as he really is.

He hears the door opening. Feels his jaw flexing as he presses up slowly on his arms. Drags himself around to face the other with his back to the window. His knees pulled up with the blanket obscuring his lap.

"Omega," he exhales his exasperation, head tipped back as he glares at the other through the weight of his lashes. "I told you to stay away," he murmurs lowly, eyes measuring that body framed by the edges of clutter occupying either side of the roughly cleared path. The span of his chest. The shape of him through the borrowed shorts. The shape of his legs. Between which, his sex drools like a dumb animal.

The air is dense with an unfamiliar scent, the scent of Will's precum, recognizable only by its adjacency to an Omega's despite the utterly disparate impact. A dull throb of heat engulfs Hannibal, so intense it's fleetingly difficult to breathe around. The fact that the Alpha has been trapped here, leaking, suffering unsatisfied in the way an Omega suffers, body lubricating itself to breed despite the mind recoiling in horror, moves him viscerally, stokes the need to receive him, but moves him sentimentally — and that better restrains him from losing track of himself and forcing himself on the Alpha.

A trickle of slick runs warm down his inner thigh.

"You looked like hell this morning, Will. You look like hell, now," he says, not a challenge but a statement of fact.

He may himself be flushed, sweating, his pulse and his temperature elevated, but he's had the freedom of sleep and exercised the liberty to leave this place in his mind. Will's had nothing of the sort. And Will's bandaged hand, resting atop his right knee, shows exactly how trapped with his body he's been. It's easy to know how he injured himself.

"You're afraid you can't take control of this," he acknowledges. "I think you can."

"Is that the pep talk you gave yourself this morning?" Will sneers, eyes narrowing at the tiny rivulet he clocks escaping down the man's leg. The sight of it making the rebellious prisoner strain against its restraints beneath the blanket. Yet he does his best to maintain that look of disdain. "If I'm not in control," he drawls, "why am I here and you over there?" Slowly, he lifts his gaze to meet the other in the eye across the haphazard room. "Making a mess of my floor," he adds with a lofting of his brows at those rosy cheekbones.

He takes a single step past the threshold and into the room.

“Resorting to maladaptive coping mechanisms isn’t sustainable. One of us could end up injured.”

He withholds his fondness for the cranky Alpha. It would be gauche to show amusement at his prickly demeanor, so at odds with his kind behavior.

If Hannibal’s tongue sweeps his lips, tasting the sex on the air, he’s sure he isn’t the one on the verge of breaking mein. Better to control when Will does, if he does.

His left eye twitches as he witnesses the breaching of his territory. The provocative movement of that tongue over a generous mouth.

“You’re not my fucking therapist,” Will utters, his frown hardening. /Maladaptive coping mechanisms/? Who does this Omega think he is.

“Stay back,” he says lowly in warning. Refusing to move lest it becomes obvious to the man just how uncomfortable his presence is making him.

/Have you seen many therapists?/ he wonders, but doesn’t ask.

He settles into his stance, not advancing. The slightest shudder of his thighs, symptomatic of high arousal. He thinks about meeting Alphas he knows to be aggressive in out of the way places, about how easy it is to provoke them. He doesn’t trust Will to remain in control the further his internal battle separates him from rest, but he can admire him.

“I won’t pretend to completely understand you—“ it was a useful tool to pry at Will but one Will finds too offensive to employ, now “—but I don’t think my guesses have been far off.”

“I think you hate the things you want to do to vulnerable and terrified Omegas. There aren’t any here.

“There’s no reason to become desperate.”

For all his body feels like a foreign animal, its voracious impulses it’s own, and for all he knows he in most ways can’t trust himself, it’s obvious to him that, in this single instance, he’s simply not going to choose to end Will’s life.

It would be an unacceptable shame if the Alpha did some kind of permanent harm to himself, instead.

“/I’m/ desperate?” Will scoffs, looking at Hannibal incredulously. “You might /sound/ coherent, standing there, talking. But I know what you want. And I /won’t/ give it to you. So

you need to back out. Shut the door. Wait downstairs until this is all over. Do you understand?”

The part of him that only wishes to be commanded chafes, momentarily, against the part of him that demands respect.

He breaks their locked gaze, considering the vulnerable way Will has drawn up his knees, the way he’s hiding his lap behind them and beneath the blanket.

He fixes on those disbelieving blue eyes, again.

“If you’re right, then you’ve trapped yourself, leaking like an Omega, resisting being bred. And I assure you, Will, if I decide I want your child, I’ll take it.”

—too late, too drunk with hormones, to hold to hold his tongue.

He hears a snap, like the breaking of a branch between jaws that have, until now, refrained from biting down. Feels his mouth falling open wordlessly as he stares at the other. Stunned somewhat by the audacity. Then his face twists. His eyes narrowing to angry slits.

“You forget your place, Omega,” he utters slowly through his teeth. Voice dangerously low.

His agitated mind combs through the past moments for exactly when disinhibition snared him.

He forgot. And he’s concerned he forgot: not his place, but his peace. Social slights are meant to be tucked away, privately tallied, acted upon with care so that he’s never the subject of any greater intrigue than that surrounding his fortune.

Yet, he’s not horrified but fascinated with himself.

That he’s both a dangerous sadist and a sexual masochist has never intersected.

The inflammatory effect his words had on Will stokes a furnace of excitement.

He picks up the pieces of their exchange like curious baubles he’s turning over in a place behind his eyes, his words puzzling them together.

“I misspoke. But putting me in my place would mean keeping me in your house and keeping me pregnant. Exactly what you vowed not to do.”

/Were you born to antagonise me/, he almost asks, but doesn't because it would imply their meeting is somehow fated. Ill-fated, to be specific. He brings his legs down. Drags himself off the edge of the sofa bed to stand up with the blanket. Keeping his lower half covered, he takes a risk because he's just about had enough of being tested in his own home. He starts stalking past the clutter towards the Omega, his steps slow and deliberate. Stops before he gets too close to stand there across from the other, testing his resolve in the thick of the haze with a flexing of his jaw and a flaring of his nostrils.

"You ought to be keeping that mouth of yours shut before I do it myself," he threatens quietly under his breath, eyes boring into Hannibal's.

It's cruel, Will /still/ concealing himself from him while having had the liberty to see his fill of Hannibal.

But Will is beautiful, especially in anger, and Hannibal's sex feels heavy with the heat of itself, excited like a low burning flame in a way that would make it difficult to retreat. He trusts his legs to hold him upright, but knows his muscles, if tested, might tremble.

He's designed to be lax. To take a cock much larger than his own and be unable to spare himself the damage it threatens.

A sliver of concern penetrates his densely clouded thoughts, that if he lost track of his well schooled tongue he could lose track of worse in this state if he resists an assault and finds himself in a scramble.

He finds himself regretting that touching Will would surely alter his life and not a single partner he's touched has had him dripping for them like Will.

"If you were an Omega I could do something more useful with it."

Will isn't. He can't. But seeing Will asserting the control he wants him to take, the animal inside him grows desperate for possibilities.

Stepping forward, his hand moves before he can stop it. The sound of the slap loud in the otherwise silent room. He just wanted the talking to stop. Had lashed out without thinking only to regret it as his hands curl into fists at his sides to stop himself grabbing the other.

But he'd felt the blanket snagging on his jumping dick. Blood rushing from the impact of whipping Hannibal's face.

The sting of the strike spreads through his skin like the sparks spit from a cracking fire. He knows to turn his head with it, permit it, not just for the sake of his neck -- too thick to be strained, despite Will's considerable biceps -- but in deference, to ward off escalation.

Eyes shut, he savors the way his cock and his cunt answer the pain, and how close and intense all the olfactory sensations Will's composed of have become with his presence immediate.

He looks to Will in silence, with what composure his heat-wrecked body permits.

A part of him feels bad. The rest of him wants to do worse. Teetering on the precipice of self control with a sheer drop into mindless barbarism, he can't find the words to apologise as he continues to stand across from the other. The blanket half hanging off his fettered dick - its barbs poking through the ripped material of his shorts. He considers talking. Explaining himself, maybe. But suspects it will prove useless in abating the Omega's drive. Perhaps also his own. For, even now, just staring at Hannibal's mild expression despite the fever of his heat, he is thinking of pushing the man over into the clutter astride them.

"Down," he finally orders in a voice that has become husky with the effort of self-restraint.

As his mind fights to make sense of the word and he looks /down/ he sees the snag of the blanket, the shape of the erection Will's in many way denied him. Not everything about the obscured shape makes sense, except that Will can't properly be in his shorts. His curiosity has not only his eyes rapt but his nose, too, filtering out every distraction to scent each hue of his arousal.

It's a maddening thought that he might be able, in some way, to make do with his salivating mouth, and being, for once, perfectly obedient, he lets his long legs fold beneath him — kneeling.

Will is rendered speechless for a second time.

"What," he begins to utter then stops as his eyes drop to the top of Hannibal's head. The tresses tousled and no doubt soft to the touch. He digs his nails harder into his palm. Licks his lips and swallows before trying again.

"What are you doing?" he murmurs lowly, breath deepening despite himself.

Eyes still affixed to the fascinating bulge in the blanket draped around Will's waist, it's only when his mind has worked the problem — the fact his mouth would tear as surely as Will's bloodied and bandaged palm and worse — that he's able to command his senses.

The body so aroused it's hurting for the Alpha, that responded so beautifully to impact, still holds near-total sway. But he tips his head to the side, retraces their conversation a second time down a far less navigable road.

“You weren’t—“ he has to pick his words carefully from the room’s heady fog “—obligating me to my suggestion.”

He shuts his eyes and focuses on extricating himself from his desire. He places them in his home, in the cool of his basement, where there’d be no question of his control.

The sight of Hannibal kneeling before him with his eyes closed as though in reverence keeps him from moving for all but a split second. Teeth clenching, he hunches down and puts his hands on the Omega. Grabs him by the biceps before shoving him suddenly onto his back.

Breathing hard, he looms over the other as he hits the ground. Stares down at Hannibal while taking hold of his shorts and yanking them off his hips.

Segregated from himself in the rooms of his mind, despite the incontestable bleedover of desire, he can open his eyes and see that he is, in this instance, about to be the body reduced to meat in the overlap of his reality and his choice of retreat to distance.

He’s unexpectedly charmed to see how the Alpha, in his stubborn desperation, fashioned exactly the kind of dubious defense of his chastity Hannibal declined to attempt. It looks horrible — tight and chafing with stray fibers that must constantly irritate the flesh of the huge and glossy-wet erection that Hannibal can finally consume the sight of.

He puts sight to memory, reliving Will’s rude penetration, muscles tensing around nothing, pleasure surging. His own cock lies leaking against his abdomen.

He’s sure in this moment that he’d rather live having let Will rut him through his heat than be cursed to crave the abuse he craves and never once be satisfied.

...he’s sure, too, that he /likes/ Will, which seems dimly important.

“You didn’t want this. Do you want me to stop you?”

Instead of answering, he grips Hannibal by the hips. Drops his head and takes the whole of the Omega’s cock into his mouth.

His thoughts disappear into a choked, surrendering sound at the heat of the unexpected mouth hot around his cock. His ownership of his own body is too uncertain not to buck his hips, but his body too lax to throw off Will’s grasp.

The excitement dominating his body changes shape as he almost forgets his cunt in the rush of being held within Will.

In contrast to the spiny appendage of an Alpha, an Omega's is perfectly smooth and glides with ease along his tongue. Stimulating such flesh is not difficult, even if he hasn't done it before. He understands the concept even if it's not viable for those possessing his kind of anatomy. Not that it has ever stopped him from daydreaming about a painless skull fuck.

Lips forming a seal at the base of the man's cock, he increases suction and starts moving his head up and down, tongue mapping the throbbing underside of that shaft. It both does and doesn't surprise him how easily he takes to it like an animal to water. Needs must, he supposes, and he wants to force the other to come so that some respite may be gleaned from exhausting the Omega.

His own needs, however, shall likely keep him confined to the bathroom. Taking out his frustrations on the one toy he possesses. The sleeve well worn and in need of replacing soon. It barely compares to the real thing.

Still sucking, he moves his left hand off Hannibal's hip. Brings it down so he can form a spearhead with his three fingers. Thrusts them straight into that swollen cunt.

The flesh engulfing Will's fingers feels nothing like what he plumbed before. It had been soft, yes, and slippery with slick, but tight in a separate way, inelastic and damply resisting the stretch.

In heat, Hannibal's sex has thickened, so that the dense, slick-soaked passage that spasms around Will's fingers feels alive and craving, begging at the too-slim penetrating digits with tight contractions. From the loud hitch of the Omega's throat and the masculine groan, less separates him from his voice in this transformed state.

He grinds his hips on Will's knuckles, desperate for more and worse than three fingers can provide but not nearly so blasé to their intrusion as last night.

He barks a sound as he comes, short and sharp, feeling himself escape weightless into Will's attending mouth. The orgasm echoes through his cunt, so that even as he leaves himself his desperate body searches to take more of Will in.

He only made it harder for himself, forcing Hannibal to come. The sudden burst of fluid in his mouth makes him jerk his head away and cough into his bandaged hand - its twin pulling back to unplug his slick covered fingers from that greedy passage. His bound cock had pulsated with each thrust of the other's hips as the Omega attempted to fuck himself onto his fingers. When he heard the man cry out, however brief, he'd almost found his own release. Needs it soon to stop it becoming painful.

Staring down at Hannibal, at the slightly dazed look in those half drawn eyes as he lies there, head back and panting for his breath, Will decides on a compromise. Grabbing the other's

arm, he rolls him forcefully onto his front. Tugs away the clinging threads of what's left of his shorts before getting on his hands and knees above the Omega. Exhaling open-mouthed, he lowers himself upon the back beneath him. Hooks his arms beneath Hannibal's before threading his fingers into those soft tresses at the back of his head. Presses down to pin the man's skull to the floorboard as he lines up his hips. And slowly begins to rub himself between those cheeks. The rope reining his dick in against his stomach creates its own friction as he moves. Thick as it is, however, it cannot protect the smooth skin of Hannibal's ass against every uncovered barb.

Forehead forced against hard wood and nose crushed into its own bridge, the fact he's short of breath from expending himself isn't as fulfilling as Will's arm crushing his throat, but the exercise of force pleases all the same.

He misses the pain of Will's blunt teeth at his nape, but that already-torn flesh still aches.

The slow drag of the rope burns against his skin and Will's cock makes sharp little rips that each cut through his consciousness like streaks of light, however small and superficial. Head relatively clear from his orgasm, though the hunger for penetration remains and will remain, he focuses on these, letting each flare clear and bright through his mind while he enjoys, again, being covered by strong and purposefully flexing muscles.

Although not covered in the vulgar sense the instinct to receive singularly uninhibited in him among Omegas would prefer.

Desperate for release, it doesn't take much before his cock suddenly expands and, undeterred by the digging length of rope, proceeds to pump his seed all over them - the angle of his tied head directing the spurts which lash his own chest and jaw as much as the Omega's back.

He comes growling through his teeth. His arms cinching around the other's. His hands pressing down on Hannibal's skull.

He feels the hot fluid on his skin, the olfactory appeal of it and memory of Will coming within him permitting a fleeting and illusory sense of being fulfilled.

It's more brutal to be wrenched here on the floor than on cushions and carpet and will be all too brief.

He stays within the moment and the pain as long as he can.

Catching his breath, he slowly eases off the Omega, his hands sliding out of his hair. Leaning back, his eyes move down the mess of Hannibal's back before glimpsing the edges of rope burn and spine scratches in the crevice of the man's buttocks. A couple of them deep enough

to draw blood. Sighing, he pulls on the waistband of the other's shorts - his shorts - to cover him back up before stepping round. Wiping his own seed from his face, he lowers into a squat in front of Hannibal. Sticks out his bandaged hand.

"Here," he murmurs. "Let me help you up."

It's not unusual to be far below his usual grooming standards in a heat, but he's sure he's the picture of debauchery, now, with welts on his face he can feel that are no doubt bright red beyond the flush of him, his hair further tousled than when he saw himself in the bathroom, stubble on his jaw, all of him sweating.

Despite his heavy breathing he remains otherwise composed, pushing himself off the old floorboards and drawing his knees up beneath him and then accepting Will's hand, again.

"How gracious," he says, playing it straight as he recollects his composure, but part of him amused.

The man he helps onto his feet looks nothing like the one who first set foot in his home. While the heat haze persists, so does Will continue to feel a conflict of guilt and the secret satisfaction that comes from an Alpha witnessing the suffering of an Omega. In this brief respite following their release, however, he can at least try to drag his thoughts out of his loins and back to his brain.

"There should be enough towels left if you want to shower," he says, glancing at the other's face before moving to retrieve the blanket.

For all his vanity, he can't be ashamed of how he looks enjoying himself. He's looked much worse, certainly when burying a body bleeding after a losing fight, muddy on top of everything.

He reads as much off Will as he can in that brief moment of eye contact.

"I'll shower. And you may be startled to know I'm able to do laundry, so please don't take it upon yourself if the state of your living room is too much."

He affords him the 'please', if simply because they've just fought. Or something like it.

In truth, he can even do his own dry cleaning. The process is more effective for removing stains.

"This went wrong."

Something of an apology, again. He doesn't have trouble admitting obvious facts.

He considers if it's even possible to convey the point he failed to make without further antagonizing the Alpha.

Wrong in the sense that he was never supposed to have an Omega under his roof let alone raise his hand to one and frot against their ass cheeks until they bleed. And yet, in a different light, this would be considered acceptable. Suspects it is acceptable, in some degree, to Hannibal, even before his heat. Sighing again, he runs his hand into his curls as he straightens up with the blanket.

"How long do you think this will last?" he asks quietly, eyes on the floor.

"Typically? A week." He affects sobriety, before that frightens Will. "I don't intend to stay that long. I simply haven't thought my way around the fact that the most local Omegas I know aren't permitted to drive."

There are Alphas he holds some influence over, but he suspects that influence won't deter them from trying to force the situation when he's found in heat.

He doesn't have the social advantage over them he does Will.

There are more remote Omegas he might impose on.

"...besides not wanting you to mutilate yourself, I wanted you confident and rested enough to have this conversation."

—although, having antagonized Will, instead, he feels wonderful for the use and for having had Will's lips latched around him.

Lowering his hand from his hair, he looks down at the bandaging. Keeps holds of the blanket as he rubs at it with his thumb.

"I could drive you, I guess," he mutters. "But you'd have to fix your trousers, first." He glances up at the other. Looks askance.

"I can't sew for shit." Venturing out together wouldn't be that different to his setting out to save another Omega. Only he'd be dropping off one that he has bred, despite the disparate circumstances. Never to see again, maybe.

Hannibal's smile picks up.

“If you believe a few stitches are enough to salvage the stained wreck of my suit to the point you could drop me off on a curb you’re incredibly optimistic.”

He hasn’t been permitted to touch Will. His body. The charming curls. He’ll regret how much he’d like to, if he’s never afforded the experience.

“If I were to be seen in that state…” He wets his lips, amusement undiminished but his manner intimate, trust extended. “You understand it’s enough trouble I’ll be wearing your teeth on the back of my neck and they’ll know I’ve been bred and, safest guess, didn’t catch. Questions about my fertility may rapidly depreciate my social capital.”

His eyes find their way back to the other. He’d forgotten about the bite and its long term significance for the man. In that respect, he is no different to the Alpha packs.

“How bad is it?” he asks a little sheepishly. Hopefully the wound will heal over in time, and nobody, not even another Alpha, would be able to tell. The sudden thought of Hannibal being bred by someone other than himself, however, makes him feel hot and uncomfortable.

He considers that, fingers reaching up to tenderly ghost over the wound, again.

“Pronounced,” he decides, feeling the small, bloody indentions of Will’s teeth. “But I should be flattered you were excited.”

It’s difficult to tell if the Alphas he travels in the circles of want him more than younger Omegas, considering the wealth they intend to extract from him.

Although he has to consider Will was simply physically excited for the opportunity, considering he wasn’t supposed to enjoy it, isn’t supposed to enjoy the raw sting on his buttocks, now, or even this literal pain in his neck.

If he projects the now-familiar sense that this, too, he considers a novelty, his fascination isn’t smug. These are true things, unembellished. It’s a fact there’s significant risk in having Will at his home, inside his home, leaving his home in a cab. Perhaps no one would see. Perhaps someone might.

He likes Will. Will isn’t liked, and Hannibal can’t say much more for himself. It would compound the obvious fact he opened his legs to no material gain.

Tangentially, he’d strongly prefer Will have slept before driving two hundred fourteen thousand dollars of full-size luxury sedan.

Speaking of excited. It seems their time is almost up, for Will can already feel the blood beginning to traitorously redirect itself. Moving in one direction only as he remains in close proximity of the Omega. And is glad for the blanket once more obscuring his wayward beast

of a cock. Even more glad the man has not yet commented on what must appear to him as some medieval instrument of torture, especially after being subjected to the brunt of it.

He notices the other doesn't comment on his idea of driving the sedan. Can quickly think of some potential logistical issues himself. Mainly to do with being seen by Hannibal's people. Sitting tight for the rest of the week is probably their best option for the time being, as much as the thought both pains and pleases him in unequal degrees.

"Go for your shower," he says, glancing at the Omega's dishevelled state. "There should be another clean towel in the bathroom." /Yes, time to put a door between them again/. "I'll check downstairs if not," he adds, restless to go, but waiting until Hannibal has moved out of the way.

He's sated enough to take direction without comment.

"I need something to wear. Again," he points out wryly. The shorts arent just soaked but the semen that landed less generously on him than Will has trickled down his back, they'll be stained with it, and he'll be left smelling it more immediately than he'll already smell its traces on his skin.

His mind supplies the fact he could sweep his fingers through it. Push them inside him. A thrill shivers up his spine. It doesn't matter what strange, though creative and — as far as rope work goes, talented— measures Will has taken if he spills himself, regardless.

"I think you may want to wipe my back, Will, before I get something on my fingers," he says, posing it philosophically. He won't take responsibility if Will leaves him to feel spontaneous.

"If you stand facing the wall, I can hose you down," he says seriously with a furrowing of his brow.

His smile breaks wide, delight in his eyes, looking at Will like's he's someone's marvelous and clever invention.

"Am I a broodmare?" He doesn't need Will to answer that. "--a dry towel is safest."

His slick exists, after all, not just for lubrication but to provide an environment for the sperm to travel the reproductive tract.

His dick acknowledges the term while the man continues talking. Now he can't stop thinking about trapping the other against the wall of the shower stall. His own cock working hard against thick plush walls doing everything they can to trap him deep inside. Shifting his weight onto the other foot, he clears his throat.

“I have a mop,” he says flatly, voicing his discomfort at the idea of having to touch the Omega. They both know that’s not a good idea.

/The most wonderful thing is he’d really do it, too./

He’s going to regret letting Will go. Or, letting himself leave.

“You’re incredibly fortunate I like you.” He tries to rein back his good humor and really can’t bear to.

“I’m sure I can reach my own back with a towel. You can make sure I’m responsible, or not” -- playful, not philosophical at all.

Frowning, Will exhales and grabs his own tee before pulling it over his head. Parts of it have already soaked up the erratic spurts from earlier. Compacting the material between his hands, he looks up.

“Turn around,” he says, glancing away again from that amused expression before the Omega notices his lingering stare. It’s annoying, but he does find the man kind of charming in his own way. Just a bit. Not that Hannibal needs to know.

He wants to do anything but. Will doesn’t have his own profuse chest hair — nothing like it, only a few stray strands between his pecs and the whorls around his nipples — but his compact, defined muscle would be more than worth dwelling on, and his stomach, strong, too, and here with a trail of dark hair beneath the concave shadow of his belly button, deserves far more appreciation than he can give it when he has only a moment for absorption.

He gave Will choices because he wants Will to exercise them, if only to himself enjoy the simple pleasure of discovery, and so he has to obediently turn around and trustingly expose his back.

Although if he somehow found himself shoved into a wall and filled, that, too, would be a moment of discovery.

He wipes the other down as though his arm is in a cast that prevents it from bending. Uses it as a reminder to keep his distance as he hurriedly drags the tee over the other’s skin. But even this is proving difficult as he feels himself testing the limits of the rope once more.

The lack of give in the hemp as he balloons beyond control thinking about tackling Hannibal into the nearby wall.

“There,” he grunts suddenly, throwing the soiled tee onto the floor before marching his way stiffly to the staircase.

He enjoys the repeated ritual of the shower. Again exploring his injuries with his fingertips, both the broken skin and his sore muscles, his sore scalp, the lingering discomfort of a high bridged nose that had a violent encounter with a hard surface.

He enjoys the smell of his blood mingled with the scent of Will’s, the dried splashes on the tile floor revitalized by the humidity in the air, as or more intimate than the commingled scent of semen.

Chapter 4

Having moved too hastily, he'd waited for the sound of the bathroom door closing before travelling his way back down the corridor. Digging around in the storage room, he comes out with more rope and makes his way downstairs for the scissors.

When he reaches the foot of the stairs, he doesn't head immediately to the kitchen. Instead, he pauses, taking in the changed air of his home. The smell of his Omega. Following his nose, he comes upon the dog beds. The lingering scent of their coupling masking that of his dogs.

Yet this is not what has led him here.

Turning on the spot, he stands there looking at the bed with a troubled expression. Loathe to draw closer, yet unable to stop himself from doing so - as though Hannibal himself is still lying amongst the tossed cover.

Approaching the edge of the bed, he looks down at the sodden towels. The previous set left on the floor beside. Maybe there won't be enough for the both of them if he does decide to shower.

Listening to the sound of distant spray, he thinks of that mild countenance twisting faintly with discomfort as water runs between the globes of his ass. An ass that, despite being meaty and firm, would part so easily beneath his hands. Groaning under this breath, he tightens his grip on the coil of rope and squeezes shut his eyes.

Drops the blanket before lowering himself to the ground.

Kneeling by the bed, he bends his head to press his nose into the nearest towel. Breathes in deep before exhaling raggedly. Mouth open. Saliva welling. Without the toy, his hands work dexterously to form a noose around his already bound cock. Fisting the towel with his left hand, he buries his face in the heady terrycloth, pressing down hard to muffle his groans as his right hand begins to jerk the rope.

The shower has gone silent and Hannibal has toweled himself dry.

The house, too, is silent, and when Hannibal, a towel again slung around his waist, opens the bathroom door there's no clothing waiting. No sound of Will at all. Which seems queer, as down the hall the bedroom door is open and Hannibal last saw the Alpha at the top of the stairs.

They've sorted the fact that Will, even provoked, can in fact control himself. Although Hannibal's clarity has dimmed, his body again grown insistent, he's confident going to appropriate clothing for himself with only the modesty of the towel.

Confident, and then, as he reaches the living room door, mesmerized.

The beautiful, pale, bare and muscular body he had no chance to fully appreciate is open to his rapacious gaze, because its occupant is all but absent. Will doubled over, making fantastic, suffering little sounds like an Alpha would with Hannibal arresting its breath — expect Will is stifling his own, and with a towel soaked cold with last night's slick.

Thick arms, sculpted back muscles, perfect and naked buttocks, strong legs doubled beneath him. Hannibal can only see a glimpse of the hand hard at work, but rapidly taking it all in his face has lost all expression, as it does whenever he acts with singular purpose.

He acts with purpose, now, dropping the towel, strides quick and confident, so that when he kneels behind Will, knees splayed each side of his hips, pincering his thighs, when he arrests him, arm a sudden, irresistible bar across his throat, his strength tremendous and Will's startled struggle marched against an immovable body, it's all a single continuous motion that ends with his free hand replacing Will's on the abrasive rope cock sleeve.

His lips brush the shell of Will's ear, voice low and calm and seductive.

"You won't let yourself breed me. Thrust into me like this."

He should, but he won't. Because it feels wrong, having the Omega at his back. Restraining him with his own body. Panting, he grabs the arm pressing against his windpipe with both hands. Fingers digging like claws into skin.

"Get...off me," he grunts lowly through gritted teeth, body twisting.

The pain of Will's nails blooms through Hannibal's skin, a particular delight with the increased sensitivity of his heat. He simply, physically doesn't respond.

He's devilishly fast when he does move, leaving off Will's cock to force his thumb under his wrist and dig into Will's wounded palm, long digits snaking up the back of his hand to use the slightest reaction to force him into a briefly painful finger lock so he can wrench his right arm behind his back, every motion fluid.

He could make the hold painful. He doesn't.

"I'm not a sexual sadist, but our circumstances paradoxically demand the exercise of coercive force if I want to be gentle," he says against Will's ear with a sigh.

Some things, he thinks, have become very obvious, and his hypnotic voice softens accordingly.

"You did save me yesterday. From a great deal of legal trouble. I don't have the rights you do. They would have kept fighting like dumb animals."

He breathes in behind Will's ear, where his scent is strong. He feels marvelous pressed body to body. He wants to do anything but hurt him, and it speaks through the velvet tenor of his voice.

"You proved you're not a dumb animal. You don't have to fuck like one. Will you quiet yourself just a little?"

"You started the fire, now you want to piss on it," Will hisses, jaw flexing from his clenched teeth as he jerks his head from that voice, body continuing to struggle within the other's grip despite the silent threat of pain. "I'm not some rich Omega's plaything."

He gazes down at the ropes of muscle exposed by Will's twisting neck. Knows from experience if he permits too much, or if perhaps he drops his guard, Will can make himself inescapable, too. He's strong enough, he's simply not as fast and hasn't progressed beyond fisticuffs the way Hannibal did long ago.

The desire he feels for him is utterly receptive. He'd like to let him go, let him flip around, feel him on the attack.

It wouldn't be prudent at this exact moment.

He tightens up on Will's throat just a little so it's less likely Will will devise to break his nose when he turns his head in to kiss his neck, as slow and soft as he safely dares. He can only dare so much.

"The only thing I think of you as is the first Alpha I'd let breed me."

Will Graham hasn't known much tenderness in his adult life. The closest thing he can think of is when his dogs used to press their faces into his beckoning hand. Warm and loving. He doesn't know Hannibal. And this is just a touch made to placate him. Words spoken for effect.

And yet, the fire dampens nonetheless. The weak part of him that acknowledges loneliness in his way of life making him hesitate and fall still. His body tense and untrusting as a traitorous yearning creeps into his blood like toxin and whips the pulse between his legs.

A rush of excitement — unfamiliar to the context of an Alpha gone limp under his hands, in which instances he is usually utterly calm. It surges through his entire body, making it difficult to breathe. It makes him wetter and everywhere his skin touches Will's it's suddenly twice as pleasing, so that he shifts in incremental ways to bring their bodies closer, skin passing against skin, friction where his body hair lies thick — and although he doesn't trust to release him, he relents enough to show good will.

He nuzzles into the dark, loose curls he's wanted to touch. He knows enough of Will, that the Alpha's rejection of the rest of his breed is genuine. That he's surly, but not in an ugly way — at least, not to Hannibal. And he's strong and violent enough for his pleasure.

The desire to carry a child inside him has always existed, sometimes waxing and sometimes waning, a physical imperative and emotional temptation, but the idea of being bred til he caught by any Alpha he's known has been, at the very politest, unappealing. He'd enjoy being bred and content knowing it was Will who made him heavy.

He places three kisses down the soft skin below Will's ear. He allows the tip of his tongue to take a small taste of Will's flesh, then licks a broad, hot swathe across his bare skin, chasing it with a fourth kiss.

Breathing in with a flaring of his nostrils, he can smell Hannibal's excitement. Can almost taste it with each slow, open-mouthed pant. It makes saliva well inside his jaws until he must swallow against the arm pressing over his throat. Can hardly believe how much these small touches, veering between affectionate to erotic, are catching him off guard. He can brawl enough in a week to meet his yearly quota of physical contact, but the simple sensation of lips and tongue on perhaps the most unguarded and potentially intimate part of an Alpha - the neck - is new to Will. Though his spine arches against his captor, and his pinned arm flexes under restraint, his inner seething reduces to a simmer the more the Omega continues with his grooming. His left hand stops clawing the constricting arm. Moves up and back to snatch at soft tresses.

"You're on the wrong side of me," he half growls, eyes lidding. His voice thick with need. His twitching cock trailing the abandoned rope like the leash on a runaway dog. The ache of blue balls growing unbearable.

He returns to his ear, tongue caressing its underside before he suckles at the cusp.

"No," he says. No matter that he feels the same way, or that he's leaking precum against Will's back and seeping into the area rug. With Will's body arrested, a part of himself familiar with looking after his own interests retains a modicum of control. "But if you still feel that way after you're satisfied…"

With great care, he withdraws from his ear to press kisses, as slow, sensual and wet as he pleases, down each small knob of his cervical spine — over skin that on his own body has been rent. He isn't seeking or taking power. He holds teasing words in reserve.

Will hasn't trusted him, perhaps shouldn't trust him at all, but there's no more careful or sensual way to show he has no ulterior inclinations beyond worshipping his skin.

"If I release your arm, will you let me masturbate you?" he asks as evenly as his aroused voice allows, his kisses placed.

He accepts, anticipates a later where Will remembers his transgressions and acts against him. He nonetheless seeks to avert an elbow to the kidney, if more for Will's sake than his own.

Funny how a monosyllabic utterance can inspire such strong feelings of indignation despite it being the right answer - denying the abuse of an Alpha. He'd said what he said as a means of reminding the other of his place. Out of frustration. It wasn't meant as an order for the Omega to get beneath him. Though a large, insistent part of him wants nothing more.

He doesn't trust himself enough to answer the question. Not in his current state. Instead, he jerks forward bodily. The sudden and explosive movement breaking him free from the grip of Hannibal's knees. Straining against the other's hold, he leans down on the edge of the bed. Releases the man's hair with his left hand to fist the bedding instead as he attempts to rut against the furniture.

That's answer enough, and Hannibal shifts with him, still twisting his arm in a hold that could violently debilitate him with some ease, but slackening the arm barring his throat to let Will press himself into his bed.

He has physical interests, bathing Will's back in kisses and with his tongue. Will tastes marvelous, intoxicating in a way Omegas have never been, a palette of spices and something deep and oaky — tastes he's not unfamiliar with, but the brief and misplaced urge to sink his own teeth in passes in a flash. He understands this is living flesh, and a part of him has latched to the fact it's Will, in particular.

Without an Omega's human fear, there's only the sensual demand of the heat to be as close to his Alpha as he physically can, and he lets his left arm continue its retreat, because he wants to touch him. Encourage him forward. Not restrain him. Even if Will isn't inside him.

It's humiliating. Humping the bed to be done with his need. But he doesn't want to be under the Omega's mercy. Squeezing shut his eyes, he moves faster. Harder. Each rock of his hips also rubbing the wet dick pressing against his lower back. He can hear his cock scratching the fabric through the gaps in the rope. Feel the tug of an uncovered barb when it catches. All the while, thinking of being inside Hannibal.

He's beginning to lose track of his mind, again, despite the juxtaposition of his heat against having an Alpha in a submission hold. He's surely sweating heavier than Will, and his inner thighs are slippery with himself. It's all he can do beneath his heavy breathing to swallow back a groan that might set Will fighting. His mouth is its own creature, the devout way he applies himself to the Alpha's skin lust and instinct.

He needs to touch him, and while he still has Will's arm kept at a threateningly wrong angle in a slow retreat he releases him from his left arm completely.

The removal of a limb should not change things. Freed from the headlock, he ought to bury his face in the cover. Rut until he comes. Leaving the other out of it. But he is angry Hannibal had interfered. And that anger lends his lust a reckless edge.

Tips it over in favour of the Alpha.

With his right arm still trapped against his back, he rears up suddenly from the bed. Brings his left arm up before launching it backwards - his elbow jabbing into the man's side as he twists his whole body round.

Back arching against the bed, he grabs the outside of Hannibal's thighs. Pushes to force them together before falling to rut between the wet surfaces. Panting anew with his eyes half drawn, he stares at the soft flesh gleaming with slick being rubbed by his thrusting dick, half insulated from the points of its barbs by the rope still coiled around it.

The feeling of resistance against his cruel grasp on Will's right arm and he knew, as he felt the muscles begin to move beneath the skin, that he could twist it further and cause them to explode or he could release the Alpha.

Destroying Will's arm was no option at all.

It was this fact, and not the blow to his side which, besides his inhalation, he failed to react to, that has ended him up with Will tearing at his skin, again — though now with much less chafing — the two of them on their knees, face to face, and Will gazing greedily down his body.

He brings his fingertips to rest on the skin he wanted to caress, his touch trailing lightly over Will's flesh. Right now, he could heave him up. Throw him back on the bed. Force his shoulders down. It would be short of ideal. He couldn't get Will /inside/ him, couldn't satisfy the maddening throbbing of his pulse within his excited sex — but he could achieve something very close. Feel him raking the skin he's meant to rake.

—and suddenly, with a glassy-eyed shudder, that's exactly what he attempts.

He grabs instinctively at Hannibal's upper arms as he's forced onto his back with a grunt. Looking up, he sees that mindless stare. Those generous lips faintly parted. Presses his own together as he frowns, his fingers digging into those biceps as he pushes off the bed.

Rolls with effort atop the Omega. His hands shoot out to brace against either side of Hannibal's head. His wrapped cock weighing down on the other's perfectly smooth appendage. The smell of his ripe, swollen sex is in the air. Heavy and infuriating. Slowly, his

mouth falls open so he may draw it in with a deep inhale. Let it tantalise his tastebuds. Make the saliva well afresh.

Side aching, thighs stinging fresh and buttocks still raw, he feels a hot drop of saliva on his chest. Sensate, but mind, however powerful, once again aware of nothing further than Will's body -- not, this time, because his body has been dominated but because Will has constantly denied him -- he grinds up hard against the Alpha's roped body and even as Will grinds down in dominance knows, with every thwarted instinct, that Will has no intention to satisfy him.

But Will's chastity has taken abuse, isn't nearly as tight to his body as it was, and with an absence of emotion and again-sudden but more extreme force Hannibal has his hands on his torso, has Will on his back, knocks away his arm, again singular in purpose. Pulls at the rope with intent and clever hands, spoils the knot impeding him and wins the slack he searches for.

Will was already hung huge and thick. The rope is thicker still, and coarse and dry. But Hannibal's body is sopping with himself, and his weight is considerable, and his body incomplete until he's split himself with Will, the muscles of his stomach and inner thighs flinching, spasming, as he sinks over something even larger and ruder than he's meant to take.

Even as he engulfs him, some small sane part of him recognizes the abrasion of the rope and the otherwise brutal way he's filled are meaningless to the instincts ruling him.

He's meant to feel his Alpha in ways he can't.

The air had caught in his throat when he felt the tug on the rope that released him - had escaped as a groan, ragged and loud, past his lips when he felt himself being sucked into that wet passage, rope and all. The former dulling the sensation of penetration. The unspeakable pleasure of the /drag/ that only an Alpha knows as they push and pull their instrument of torture inside the helpless walls of an Omega.

Yet nothing about Hannibal is helpless. Such greed is unheard of, and never before imagined in any of his daydreams of painless sex. It shouldn't be arousing for the sadist in his blood. But the thought of a /challenge/, of /punishing/ this unruly Omega,of putting him in /place/, is something else entirely.

Feeling all the affected muscles choking and straining on his alien girth, Will grabs those bunching cheeks with both hands, staring past his gently heaving chest to that vacant stare. A face so impassively impassioning. He pants as the deep throbbing - his or the Omega's, it is impossible to tell - overrides all contesting thoughts.

Holding that gaze, he gouges smooth skin with his nails. Pulls to spread those generous cheeks apart. And starts to buck.

He grunts as his hips slap against those seated upon his own, each smack withdrawing another inch of his trussed cock until he has enough to spear himself whole inside Hannibal's streaming cunt.

A harsh choking sound escapes his parted lips as he feels himself butting against the innermost part of the Omega.

He's shoved forward by the force of Will, hands on Will's chest, fingers curling, his own blunt fingernails digging into Will's skin, the clap of flesh against flesh punctuating each collision. His whole powerful body degraded from a weapon into a receptacle.

His indifferent face flinches, sneers, upper lip curling. Resentful displeasure. His own body thwarts him. His slick soaks the rope, making it less dry, less harsh, further dulling the sensation without exposing more barbs. The hooked spikes that faintly rake his walls taunt him with fleeting lances of pain that don't and can't take him to the space within that Will condemned him before.

Even as he pushes himself into Will's fierce grasp on his buttocks, drags and grinds himself as if Will could impale him any deeper, even if he exhausts himself he won't get what he tried to coerce.

A deep flush on his face, his chest, across his shoulders; the fringes of his damp hair in his eyes, fine strands clinging together; his sweat-wet skin bright with the sunlight breaking through the windows. If he can be broken, it isn't like this, but it's driven him senseless and made him desperate. Punitive, in its own way, to learn he can't easily take more than Will will give him.

Will frowns at that look of contempt. Feels mocked as he lies there on the bed with the Omega atop him. His heat frazzled brain focusing on signs of submission and finding none whatsoever. And none will come unless he does what he's built for. One more time.

With consequences a distant echo in the back of his skull, the indignant anger that has slipped into the driver's seat grows heavy and difficult to dethrone. The more Hannibal appears to taunt him with his sneer, the more determined Will becomes to retaliate in the one way his mind will allow whilst a large part of him is buried inside an Omega.

Eyes narrowing as he continues to grunt and buck, holding that supercilious stare, he gropes blindly for the end of the rope that he'd lassoed himself with before he had been interrupted. Finding the soaked end at the base of his cock, he starts to pull even as he continues to thrust upwards. Feels the length of hemp slipping with ease down his bound shaft inside Hannibal's wet passage.

Lips pressing together, his eyes form determined slits as he suddenly tugs, pulling free with one sharp movement the remainder of the rope. The main one that Will had used to form the makeshift restraint and which Hannibal had sabotaged remains inside - for the time being

Having freed the sodden implement, he grasps it between his hands. Loops it over Hannibal's wrists. Forms a knot. Yanks it tight.

All in one swift and purposeful motion as he feels his own lip curl, mirroring the expression above.

Pushed enormously wide, he's treated to the intimate and alien uncoiling of the rope, the feeling of it snaking out of his body. By itself it offers no greater satisfaction, but it captures his attention. Inwardly fascinates.

And then, the slightest relief. His stomach hitches, his muscles clench, he extracts a muted that-much-more from his body closing more tightly to Will and the still too few but newly exposed barbs. The rasp of them holds him rapt and he rolls his hips over Will's, the small intensification of pain deceiving his ready body with the possibility it could further intensify.

He knows it won't, and three reflexive attempts at coaxing out the drag increase the pitch of his instinctive frustration despite the escalation in sensation.

Without the fear that would motivate him to flee Will, there's only the overwhelming physical drive for stimulation meant to cruelly ensnare an unwilling Omega in an Alpha's company.

It's with a small, eager jump in his racing pulse that the part of him not being stymied acknowledges Will seems to be actually applying himself. Although a tight knot at his wrists isn't enough to convince the greater and bitter part of him that's vehemently concluded Will is useless.

Despite the colour in his cheeks, and the lips parted to his shallow breaths, Hannibal does not flinch at the cinching of the rope. This will soon change, Will tells himself with an anticipatory lick to his lips. Winding the remaining length of the rope around his fist, he unclasps the other's right cheek. Drops his gaze to the slippery meeting place of their bodies. Brings his freed hand down between them. And presses two fingers to the side of his exposed shaft upon the next withdrawal.

Hips snapping upwards, he rams it all into Hannibal's twitching hole, filling him once more with a loud squelch. Once inside, he gropes with his knuckles pressed against those spasming walls, fingers searching blindly along his own throbbing shaft for some give in the chastity rope until, grazing the back of them against his own barbs, he finds an area with enough slack. Hooks his fingers in. Looks up. And pulls.

Tension unspools from Hannibal's spine as Will enters him, cock and fingers. Eyes shut, his head cants as his intellect however briefly re-engages through his carnal frustration, feeling his body grasp at Will's searching fingers, clench and release in succession. The rope tight

against his wrists has his attention, too, now, as for the moments he has to think he tries to prognosticate Will's intentions.

Then Will's fingers crook, fingertips digging into slick, soft and aroused flesh. The remaining layer of rope that Hannibal had compromised, no longer bound up by that now around his wrists, sloughs off, unknotting as it's dragged down and through him.

The next spasm of his cunt brings him tight against Will's exposed cock, against the clawlike spines. Head falling forward, his proud and angular face goes slack with relief, an anticipatory shudder shivering through a body so aggressively pitted against Will's only just before.

His eyes open to golden-brown slits, the ravenous creature watching Will uncanny, the enormous hunger within it luridly visible, as if something otherworldly conceals itself under the Omega's skin. Then his eyes shut and he flexes his hips down against him until he can't bring him deeper. Just the barbs' dull but narrow sides sliding up against his flesh delivers the acute sensations he's been denied.

Muscles contracting, he pulls his body forward—

—and immediately convulses around Will, the anguish cascading through his body unanticipated, unprecedented. What he felt off heat was only a cruel scrape next to the razor fine afflictions he's torn by on heat, every piercing sensation magnified.

He's never been aroused to the staggering degree he's been aroused by the company of an Alpha he hasn't rejected.

He sinks back seated onto Will's hips, savoring the aftermath of the surprisingly strong sensation.

His own eyes threaten to shut as Hannibal milks him the once with his body. One complete stroke that leaves him throbbing. The blood flexing his spines. This is why he needs the rope wrapped around his fist, giving him something to focus on before he loses it completely.

One more rotation and the wet hemp cuts into his skin and that of the other's wrists. Not that Hannibal appears to notice.

He knew he would be taking a risk, unravelling some of the dulling barrier. Exposing and leaving them vulnerable to instinct. But he just needs a small distraction. Just enough to turn the table and that strong body sitting atop his own. If he can just focus on the sensation of the rope wrapped around his fist long enough to subvert the Omega. Think about that time he found him strangling her during. How the Alpha had struggled when he'd used the same rope back on him.

"Get on your hands and knees," he orders through gritted teeth. His voice a low rumble from the depths of his throat. His expression hardening at the memory of her watching on in horror.

Under the circumstances, Will's voice has the same disproportionate impact as his barbs. Jarring, to be told to do something directly opposed to his own interests, but Hannibal's competing impulses give him room for a heat-sluggish clarity.

Giving up the immediate prospect of his own pleasure promises no certain rewards beyond the satisfaction of compliance, but in light of the ways Will's inaction has made him desperate and incoherent, the reward of having his mind put in order isn't and won't be insubstantial. And when what he wants is Will to fuck him with the whole of himself, to rip through him until he's rent into a state his imagination can't approximate, the pleasure he can take under his own power seems insubstantial.

If he can have next to nothing without Will's participation, then he'd do better to seduce than further antagonize him.

What Will demands isn't simple, is so antithetical to his physical imperatives that he can't know he won't lose the ability to extract himself from his present advantageous circumstances in any attempt to comply. Hedonism has been a powerful guide throughout his life.

But he's made of more than hedonism.

He moves, hauling himself against Will's spines, convulsing again around him, the same maddening pain only known by an animal disemboweled. He feels the fasciculations of his inner thighs, small muscles twinging like separate creatures lashing out beneath his skin, body on the precipice of collapse as agony streaks white hot through his gut.

He simply doesn't stop moving, despite snarling in rebuke of either the hateful nature of Will's imperative or his rebelling body, of both, although the enormity of the Alpha condemns him to a torture so protracted the violence of his curling fingers scores Will's chest with deep, blood-stung scratches. He isn't silent, and the sounds he makes are suffering.

But his eyes, opening, are clear when he looks down on Will. He drinks from the unexpected remorselessness of Will's gaze, refusing to be outmatched by an Alpha that variously can't assert itself. His mouth falls open as Will slips free. He lets himself heave in the air the fierce compression of his rebelling muscles on his ribcage denied him. He has the reward of being ruler of himself, however contemptuous his instincts are of him.

It's no easy thing moving off Will onto the bed with his hands tied. He can't say he effects it with his typical grace. He can say he's furiously stubborn, and his arms don't buckle, when 'hands and elbows' would be far easier on a body that would prefer to be powerless on the mattress under Will and not left alone with only the fresh memory of pain.

He's aware enough that that outcome is unlikely that he wants to close his teeth on Will's throat, rip his jugular open, and see him lose a surging gout of blood with every heartbeat until the Alpha collapses, dead.

He lets the fantasy occupy him.

When Hannibal pulls off him entirely, Will closes his eyes with a suppressed groan. Feels the rope tugging between them and opens his eyes again to find the other on his hands and knees beside him. Jaw flexing, he sits up, letting go of the rope to those wrists, and moves into position behind Hannibal on his knees. Out of sight.

Squeezing shut his eyes to the temptation of the other's anatomy, he works deftly before he loses grip of his determination, fingers hurriedly working open all the knots. Opening his eyes to the back of that head, he coils the ends of the freed rope around his fists. Drops his gaze to the ankles before him.

Holding his breath, he catches one with the rope. Jerks on it with both hands to secure the knot before feeding it under then over the other ankle and pulling hard to tie them both together.

He does all this with unexpected speed, half falling off the bed in his haste to suppress the urge of throwing himself atop the bound Omega.

As his ankles are bound, he understands and hates Will's intentions with equal fervor to his desire to submit to the Alpha. But no matter what joyful, retributive, deadly possibilities his darkest impulses paint on the canvas of his mind, the rational fact he'd prefer Will not only alive but favorably inclined to him obligates him to endure.

He hears Will stumbling away behind him, tripping over himself to get away from him. That's safest. The rope is, at best, a tangible reminder for him not to attempt some violent whim more than a real physical obstacle to killing Will. The fantasies are going to take time to subside.

He still hurts with Will, misses his barbs on every millimeter of skin they've scraped. Skin both made to endure them and more sensitive to them than toys and sexual play with other Omegas could prepare him to anticipate. He couldn't more fiercely need penetration, any kind of release or relief. His smooth-skinned dick is as hard against his stomach as if he were twenty again.

The intensity of his arousal demands resolution. Except the use of force — he concerningly has no memory of making a choice to use force, and he knows he needs to inquire within himself — already failed.

He remains obediently still in accordance with Will's command and maintains silence, secure that Will will feel a social obligation toward the situation that he doesn't.

Picking himself onto his feet, he trusts his own handiwork enough to maintain the distance he has successfully achieved, much to his inner empath's relief and his Alpha's despair. He has never experienced such an intense case of blue balls before in his entire life, and must see to

this problem immediately lest it overpowers his will - itself so close to falling back onto the wrong side of the fence.

Turning from the bed and the tempting sight of Hannibal bound and unmoving, he grasps his bare cock tight with his hand until the spines sink into his skin through the bandage. Tightens his grip as he hurries to the staircase and bolts up to the bathroom.

It doesn't take much for him to fill the toy. Teeth releasing his bottom lip, he swipes his tongue over the cut surface, tasting his own blood.

He gazes at the wall through half drawn eyes as he sits there on the toilet with the edge of the tank digging uncomfortably into his back. The familiar grounding touch that returns him to his solitary life. But not today. Or tomorrow. Or the day after. He doesn't know how long Hannibal's heat will last. Or if he will always imagine /his/ body now each time he relieves himself, even after the man has returned to his life. The irrevocable mistake of his lust. Just as any offspring would also be.

While he's relieved he has managed to stop himself this second time, he is reminded of just how perilous the battle against biology can be. His mantra of mind over matter has never been more frayed. Neither has his rope.

Standing up, he takes the overfilled toy to the sink. Turns on the tap and dismantles the masturbator to rinse it clean. He glances up at his own reflection as he works. Sees the frown deepening in the mirror when he considers what he has done. As much as he resents the Omega disrupting his life, he knows his mind is compromised by his heat. One that only came to be because Will had ultimately failed to keep it in his pants. It shouldn't matter what Hannibal does. He is not himself. Even with his eloquence. It's up to him, then, to make sure they don't make this any worse.

He uses the toy one more time before leaving the bathroom. Delving again into the room used for storage, he removes all the remaining rope and takes it next door to his temporary refuge. Dropping the coils, he picks up the scissors. Cuts the right length and ties himself back into place, tugging on each knot to secure them. Afterwards, he adds extra reinforcement with additional rope and even further knots. As clever as Hannibal's hands may he, even this will take him some time to undo, Will thinks to himself. He ought to hide all the sharp implements around the house, too. Just in case.

Coming downstairs, he pushes through the heavy scent of the Omega as he approaches the bed. Feels his cock straining again against the ropes, and tightens his grip on the length coiled up in his right hand. He had considered pulling on some shorts, but decides he doesn't want to risk ruining any more of them with his spines remaining almost permanently erect.

The disappearance of the Alpha has the profound effect of doing nothing whatsoever for the desperate fact he needs penetration to begin to satisfy his craving and drooling cunt. He sits another minute on hands and knees, now-ragged breaths failing to cool his arousal-fevered body.

His mind belligerently denies him real problem solving traction, so set on the need for his Alpha to further command it, the need for Will to plunge inside and through him and shred his body as many times as it takes to both reduce him to total subservience and to burden him with himself. The mistaken idea the only problem present is how to attain that ultimate unmaking obsesses.

When he's followed the impulse to hump a mostly-useless orgasm out on the pillow, he attains enough clarity to realize there might not be another pillow.

Cursing in his mother tongue he rolls off it, onto his back, and studies the imperfections of the bare ceiling in the afternoon light.

/Say I am mad and give my madness rein to wreck itself; the worst that can befall is but to die an honorable death./ Sophocles. Wrong about it. He's ended up wallowing in his own fluids and there's some risk if he can't master himself he'll end up executed by the state. Either because Will perceives too much of him and has him removed by the authorities or because he kills him but is heat-sloppy about covering the thing up.

A frisson of horror, now, at the grotesque realization he truly isn't in control of mind or body, and hasn't been for some time. Despite knowing, since yesterday evening, that his judgement has been impaired, it had seemed impossible he couldn't discern his own motivations.

Will had been right that he was speaking things he would never otherwise last night. Had the good idea to restrain him in the first place, a circumstance he then eluded. He'd been right that he only gave the appearance of control, upstairs. Dismissing his own second, more fervent warning as a hypothetical had been a serious mistake on Hannibal's part.

When he knew he shouldn't have ended up on his knees, instead of downstairs, and that the idea he could nurse Will like he'd nurse an Omega was impossible without tearing his mouth apart, ruining his face, he'd forgotten it in pleasure. And now he's assaulted Will, and being given this miserable, interminable time to consider it it becomes clear at no point in that assault did he act with conscious intention.

He can't even say exactly when he began to be swayed more by instinct than intention, if it was after he crossed the threshold to this modest house or even before that, in the car.

Perhaps it took no more than Will becoming an object of real interest in the parking lot, when Hannibal saw someone besides the Alphas Will had fought took the liberty to slash his tires and understood he must have some truly abnormal quality.

He has no framework to negotiate an inability to rule his own mind. His heats, when triggered, have long been routine. Artificial hormones and a variety of expensive toys. Someone else's Omega visiting for the week, perhaps, an escape from a life under the rule of another. The sex never satisfies, but he loves to cook for them. Loves the unwitting pleasure they take in consuming those who consume them.

He's always and totally in command.

At this moment he's hard again. Ruts out another orgasm on the pillow again. Is smeared in semen and thinking about fucking a liquor bottle.

He thinks to his harpsichord and, without it, the untuned piano across the living room. But trying to utilize that discordant instrument to attenuate his emotions would be useless even if he had the liberty to play it.

And now, Will. Present again. With more rope and bound up in another ridiculous chastity device. He wonders with derision if Will intends one for him.

It doesn't matter that he can't imagine eating — although, having been in no way prepared for a heat, he really should be made to eat.

No, he's unfamiliar to fear — doesn't feel it although he recognizes now would be apt time to — but thinks being denied penetration of any kind, and for days, could have a catastrophic effect on whatever ability his body affords him to retain some semblance of sanity.

What he knows for certain is he can't presently afford to further antagonize Will and speaking first risks it. So he watches him, expectant, from his back, though his agonized hips rise and fall from the mattress in a needy flex he has to permit to alleviate any of the pathetic rapaciousness that has blood rushing fresh to his desire-plush cunt and sets his pulse beating there.

And unlike this morning there's no question which of them isn't of sound mind.

It's pitiful seeing a man of Hannibal's caste reduced to this. Pitiful and immensely arousing. Yet he doesn't know if the real pity lies in the fact that he is relying on rope to prevent himself from raping the Omega in his bed. As well as being used to physically restrain himself, this thinner length of rope wrapped around and cutting deep into his left fist is there to remind him. To keep him true to his purpose with the solemn reality of his actions that night. Even if, deep down, a part of him had derived pleasure from killing that Alpha.

Stepping up to the edge of the bed, he puts out his hand. Pushes firmly at Hannibal's shoulder until the man has rolled down onto his side, and grabs his wrists to check they are securely bound.

"Are you thirsty?" he utters, eyes on the rope as he tugs to test for any give.

That he hasn't interfered with the ropes at his wrist is mostly a matter of contrition. That is, of behaving, regardless of not feeling, penitent. Although, horribly enough, his biology afflicts him again.

The rope is sodden, and the knot in front of him is expert. He's sure it's as bad at his ankles. He's unlikely to get any traction on undoing it with his teeth if he wants to until it dries, and with the substance in question that's unlikely to be tonight.

“Very,” he admits, permissive toward Will manipulating his body more because it’s a pleasure to be touched than out of any kind of pretense.

Heat places terrible demands on an Omega. Constant high arousal means constant vasodilation, an accelerated pulse, elevated blood pressure, sweat to excrete pheromones and sweat to cool the body and the constant production of slick because those pheromones evolved to attract an unpredictable number of Alphas, and from great distances.

“If you have a pitcher…”

It would save the Alpha many trips to the sink and back.

He hums to himself at the suggestion. No, he doesn’t have a pitcher. But he has large containers in the house that will do the job. Satisfied the rope is secure at Hannibal’s wrists, he climbs onto the damp covers to examine his ankles. Tries not to breathe in too hard.

“Are you hungry?” he asks, glancing up at that seemingly calm countenance. It has been a while, and even if it’s not the first thing on their mind, they ought to stay fed and watered.

As calm as he is, and though he’s spent himself twice, he’s intense in a way he wasn’t, upstairs, utterly fixated on Will, lying lax and breathing languorously slow and deep.

His eyes skirt away to give it a moment’s consideration before matching Will’s again. He truly can’t imagine eating, even less because he’s particular about his diet and the ‘coffee’ was already atrocious, but that’s irrelevant.

“I’m not. And I won’t be. But I should eat.”

So he’s going to have to force himself to eat something. Or rather, he is going to have to force Hannibal to eat something. Either way, he will have to feed the man if his wrists are bound. Humming again to himself, he finishes checking over the rope and leans back off the bed.

“I’ll get you some water,” he utters, straightening up and pausing when his eyes fall on the soiled bedding. If he intends the other to remain bound for the remainder of his heat, he ought to treat Hannibal with a little more dignity. Or a little less like an animal, at least.

No matter that he still wants to breed him like one.

Cleaning out a bucket, he fills it with fresh water. Looks in the cabinet under the sink and takes out the roll of plastic tubing. Cutting a section, he cleans that also before walking back to the bed. Clearing the bedside table, he sits the bucket atop it. Puts in the tube so it hangs over the edge.

“I’ll make us something when I’ve had some sleep,” he says, glancing down at the other. “Are you,” he begins to say, pausing when he considers how ludicrous it is to ask whether someone he has tied up is comfortable. “...able to sleep like this?” he asks instead, unsure if he should cover him up or not. He’d change the bedding if it wasn’t such a pheromonal minefield.

Pushing himself up on his elbow, he looks between Will and the bucket with increasing, then complete incredulity.

The bucket, although he has to assume it’s been washed, is visibly utilitarian, marked with scuffs and scratches that suggest it could have held any number of substances, and has surely held a variety.

Although he took rope bondage in stride, and his comfort with an excess of bodily fluids is genuine -- he’s suffered for art, or, more accurately, others have suffered for his art, and expelled vile things; sexual fluids are innocuous -- it’s an aesthetic affront being left to drink out of someone’s work bucket.

He’s aware plastic leaching isn’t a concern in the short term, but he derisively doubts the Alpha considered if it’s food grade.

He’s also suddenly very aware he can’t leave here, in the hyper-aroused state he’s in now, when he can’t separate himself from the desire to penetrated but when here, in this house, he can know Will is the single Alpha in his acquaintance who’s not thinking about how to get at his money.

Clearly isn’t.

“I’m certain sleep is my least concern.”

Mortification has crowned the list.

He can tell from the look on Hannibal’s face that he’s not impressed with the setup. But he doubts the man would prefer to be put in the dog crate to drink from the dispenser.

“It’s only temporary,” he mutters, even whilst suspecting his words will likely fall on deaf ears.

“I just need a few hours,” he adds, intending to reassure the Omega he’ll be back, though whether or not this will inspire reassurance in Hannibal is debatable. Especially if he still has the task of forcing himself to eat. Will can already imagine the man giving whatever he puts down before him the same look as he is giving the bucket.

“I’m going, so,” he grunts, feeling the weight of exhaustion sitting heavy on him as he stands there, watching the other through half drawn eyes. “Do you need anything else?”

He understands Will simply lives this way and is repurposing what he owns. Rope for boating. The mop he suggested employing. This bucket. The Alpha has no material luxuries to offer.

He knows, also, that Will's abrasiveness stems from limited socialization rather than self importance. He's almost sure he's never dispatched anyone for being socially awkward, although this hasn't been the first and won't be the last time he's been tempted.

Understanding the facts fails to render him even slightly more amenable to his circumstances.

A suspended moment. He rejects telling Will what he very much needs. He won't lose his mind over it in the next few hours. Probably.

But it begs the question.

"Tell me, is my body so desirable but the fact I desire you so repulsive?"

There's nothing about the question that pleads for some reassuring answer. But he doesn't want it ricocheting through his mind for hours. Unsatisfied curiosity is many times worse than the tortuously unsatisfied body he'll be left with. Better to hear Will bluntly articulate the thing or not, when Hannibal already suspected, yesterday. Or at least to have asked.

"You're not thinking straight," he says quietly, continuing to gaze upon the man lying on his bed. He's just desperate to be filled, Will thinks to himself. If another Alpha broke in now, Hannibal would probably be relieved that someone will at least give him what he needs. The thought of which makes him frown.

"You're not supposed to feel that way towards me," he adds, like he's stating the obvious. /Nobody is/. Suddenly self-conscious, he walks over to the chest of drawers. Pulls one open to take out some shorts. Tugs them on. Then grabs a tee.

His mouth may be parched, his tongue thick, but he refuses to drink from the bucket in front of Will despite not categorically refusing to drink from the bucket.

Remaining propped on his elbow, relaxed for all the awkwardness of Will's chosen manner of restraint, he watches unabashed as Will clothes himself. As fabric slides over naked skin.

It can't be his hands. He wishes it could.

He won't argue he isn't thinking straight. He very much /needs/ Will to believe he's at least as compromised as he actually is, so that he doesn't question the violence he exercised too deeply.

“If you remember, I was sober when I made it clear I’m a sexual masochist,” he says, sure that’s not quite what Will meant.

“Is that why you antagonised me,” he says, pulling the tee over his head. “Because I ruined your fun with that pack?” he adds, glancing over. He doesn’t enjoy the sudden and irrational jealousy at the thought of the other having the time of his life being bred by a bunch of Alphas. Wonders if he will keep feeling this way for some time, or at least until the worst of the heat is over - this illusion of ownership.

Despite the physical misery of his situation and the unusually self-reflective nature of his initial question, Hannibal smiles, now, tired and warm, eyes lingering where the skin of Will’s taut belly last disappeared under the fabric of his shirt. It’s hard to escape imagining touching him again, when he’s tasted his skin and only just understood what Will’s body is capable of giving him.

There’s a warm flush through his groin, a twinge of interest in his recently spent cock. Though he hasn’t and, he expects, won’t stop hurting to feel him again, his fantasies again stray toward being brutally coerced to receive his Alpha. He remains strictly interested in the one.

He wants what Will’s given him: the weight of his body on him, being choked by one thick arm, the crack of his palm across his face, the small rips in his skin, being wrenched by his hair. He wants much more than that.

He couldn’t help that he found Will vulnerable on his knees, neck exposed, earlier, that he’s used to taking what he wants or that he incidentally runs the risk of confusing a mate with a meal.

Gaze having lingered on Will’s lower body, he remembers Will has eyes, and raises his to meet them.

“No,” he says, confident despite the distracted pause. “I meant that, too. There /would/ have been an altercation. They would have been as furious as you to be accosted by an Omega. Someone could have been seriously injured, or killed. It could have been me.”

He lets his mind sift through their conversations since he crossed Will’s threshold.

“I don’t believe I’ve lied to you, Will. About anything. I declined to mention I’m sure I’ve practiced self defense almost as long as you’ve been alive.”

He lies, of course, whenever the circumstances call for it. It’s not as much fun as selectively parceling out information.

He'd watched Hannibal stare. Is glad for his clothes, even if they fail to mask his relentless arousal.

"Anything else you've declined to mention?" he says flatly, holding the other's gaze a beat longer before looking askance. "I need to sleep," he utters, turning from the bed.

Drolly assessing his surroundings and circumstances, performing for only himself, he affirms to himself he'll have to make the best of things — it's a horrible situation, but he'd prefer a less sour Will to make decisions about how to sort it.

"I believe I'll be here, where you leave me."

Until then, he'll have to try to remember he's untrustworthy to himself.

"You'd better be," he says in quiet warning, turning his face to the side and giving the man a pointed look from the corners of his lidded eyes.

Chapter 5

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As exhausted as he is, he doesn't sleep well. Drifts in and out. Dreams of /him/. When he wakes, he is painfully hard.

The rope digging into him. He has to remove all of it in the bathroom before he can relieve himself. Does so twice, then ties himself back up.

Venturing downstairs, he almost takes a step towards Hannibal. Drags himself to the kitchen instead.

He has never cooked like this.

Sweating not from the heat of the range, but the knowledge of his proximity. Throbbing not from a careless scald, but the thought of being inside him.

By the time he has filled two bowls with soup, the last thing he wants to do is eat.

As he opens the drawer for spoons, he remembers Hannibal won't be able to feed himself. Takes just one bowl and spoon with him on his way to the bed.

The digital clock on the bedside table made being left to himself more monotonous. The slow course of the sun across the sky tracked by changes in light through the large windows and the equally slow progress of the numbers changing minute by minute on the display plagued any time spent in the physical and temporal present.

He wasn't restricted to that, of course, and so he left for parties in Europe, where his uncle and aunt, Robertus and Murasaki, moved effortlessly through society — two Alphas, wed, uninterested in convention. Hannibal's years in boarding school behind him and the world vibrant with fashion, music, fine dining and an endless array of older suitors to manipulate out of his way while he pursued his own intellectual interests.

Even so, whenever he returned to Wolf Trap, Virginia, it was to the wretched situation he's placed himself in. The slick-deluged towels, sheets and mattress beneath him. The bucket, which has at least been hydrating. The emptiness within himself like a living thing, turning on him in its hunger, searing him inside like a glowing iron. Spending his cock did nothing to sate it.

He's hardly helpless and chose to drag the duvet over himself, eventually. For all it smells maddeningly of Will, it tinged his mind with hues of being laid claim to and let him nap, if restlessly.

He's smelled the soup since it was put on the stove. Navy beans with a certain metallic canned note. Ham. Onion and celery. Seasoning.

His stomach remains apathetic to the prospect of food.

As he hears Will preparing to approach, he considers his options. Although he can imagine others, he remains lazy on his back. It's mesmerizingly implausible to remove himself from a position where it would be so easy for Will to roll him over and force himself into the body that craves him.

He could untie his wrists. Trust the man to eat the soup himself. But that's what he lacks just now. Trust. Both in Hannibal and himself.

Approaching with a dining chair, he sets it down by the bed. Braces inwardly as he lowers himself into it. His eyes on the contents of the bowl in his hand and the spoon sticking out of it.

"You should eat," he says, switching the bowl between his hands and taking the spoon with his right. "Even if you're not hungry," he adds, looking up into hooded eyes beneath that dishevelled mat of hair.

He's distracted. He can't not be distracted, eyes gravitating to the bound cock Will's shorts stretch tight against as Will sits. But his eyes flicker to Will's when the Alpha looks to him, because his gaze is still something of a novelty for all he's avoided looking at him.

He forces himself to think beyond the intense craving piercing through his abdomen. Glances up at the wall behind him — the cheap bedframe has no headboard.

"On my back?"

If he was going to make an awkward struggle to sit, he'd prefer to have already done so, but then he can't exactly say he wasn't planning to get Will's hands on him.

He tries to maintain focus by fixating on the heat of the bowl in his hand instead of following that dangerous train of thought sparked by the other's question. He knows his own arousal is obvious. Knows Hannibal cannot stop lusting after it.

"Can you push yourself up?" he says. It won't be easy with both his wrists and ankles bound, but not impossible.

He regards Will with a flat expression, and for a moment it's very easy to focus on his eyes.

“It’s not a question if I ‘can’ but if I want you to watch me do it.”

The irritation that however momentarily cut through his arousal raises a point in his mind, which he holds a beat before articulating.

“If you touched me more you might be less afraid to touch me.”

His accented voice is honey thick, and the world comes to him through a sensual distortion not unlike times past he experimented on himself with sedatives and intoxicants in private to learn what to best use on a captive body, but part of himself stays rapt to his reality:

“You’ve had no problem recognizing I grate on you too much for you to spend in me when you’re actually in the act.”

/Stop. Talking. Even though I like your voice and am curious to know how it will sound when you finally scream/.

Putting the bowl down on the bedside table, he leans over the man in his bed. Frowns at that face as he plants his knee in the mattress, grabs those biceps and brusquely pulls the other upright.

He can’t say he doesn’t enjoy it: the strength in the Alpha’s body, being roughly deposited against the wall. The way new pleasure pulses through him, how for a moment the memory scored on his skin is a source of enjoyment instead of mentally debilitating torment.

If he’s graciously silent, not gloating, in victory — point made — it’s as much preoccupation as good manners. His eyes trail over Will’s body. His tongue darts over his lips, his jaw now darkened with a day’s short stubble, the odd bristle glinting grey.

If he had his hands, he’d have them on Will. He doesn’t, and can’t.

Sitting back in the chair and picking up the bowl, he feels for a second as though he is caring for the mentally insane. Taking the spoon, he stirs the soup. Lifts a spoonful. Looks at the other. At the moistened lips. The distracted gaze. The hair in his eyes.

Brow still furrowed, he leans a bit closer. Brings the spoon to Hannibal’s mouth without looking up from the beans and chunks of ham sitting in broth.

He exhales a pretty sigh, and as his body sinks around it recognizes the demanding emptiness inside has become something difficult to breathe around.

He's aware he can't make an annoyance of himself on an issue where he truly needs Will to be yielding. Rejecting this care would work against him.

The food fills his senses, but brings neither interest nor the possibility of pleasure. Still, he leans forward to take it into his mouth, close his lips around the spoon and slide backwards off it with grace and composure. He can taste the tin that poisons the beans, and he tastes potato that no doubt came dried, but the meat is cooked soft and the soup is well seasoned enough.

"An improvement over your coffee," he assuages with warmth as he rests back against the wall. He can appreciate Will made a genuine effort to cook, whatever little he had to work with.

He'd watched that mouth open for the spoon. Measured their width with his eyes and considered, for a fraction of a second, those lips stretched to the max around his spiny girth. Their soft surfaces cut and bleeding from contact with his barbs. /Hot. The bowl feels hot. Focus./

"That's not saying much," he scoffs, watching the soup as he scoops up another spoonful of beans and ham.

He eats with all obedience, though he'd rather Will push his fingers into his mouth, again. Let him suck and bathe them. His eyes linger on the fingertips grasping the spoon until it's withdrawn.

"I'm happy for a warm meal over cold tinned beans," he says, even remembering Will has eyes and his own amber eyes clearer for the conversation.

"I wish I could cook for you. It's one of my passions. But I'm a horrible guest who can't be trusted with his hands."

"You're not a horrible guest," Will utters, lifting the spoon together with his gaze until they're looking at one another through the fallen spikes of the other's hair. "I'm a shit host," he murmurs, eyes returning to the spoon he holds towards Hannibal.

After a pause, he adds, "with shit coffee."

He holds his own pause and Will's eyes for a moment before leaning forward and dragging the soup off the spoon, again — if he loses track of eating, his body will surely decide it's finished even if he knows it's undernourished for a heat.

The corner of his mouth quirks as he considers it's best not to falsely reassure him about the coffee. He's regarding him with fascination, now, fond, again, as he's found himself fond before.

"I'm in no condition to be observant, but I'm surprised you see yourself that way."

He scoffs, watching the empty spoon held before the other.

"You're right," he grunts. "You're in no condition to be observant." He lowers the spoon back into the broth. Knits his brows at the contents. "Your surprise is... misplaced," he continues to mutter.

/Just as you are, now. In my home. In my bed./

Without the distraction of being asked to eat, and without Will's attention, it's impossible for his eyes not to drift down the strong line of his neck, down further. As he incrementally tests it, it's the rope that reminds him he can't satisfy himself with Will which he momentarily, wildly considers wouldn't necessarily require the Alpha to be conscious.

The air he drags in through his nostrils to try and cool and calm himself does neither, the soup warm in front of him and everything smelling of sex.

"I'm a problem you didn't invite into your life," he points out as he shuts his eyes to try and remain cogent despite the instincts trying to consume him.

"Should've just made you piss outside my house, right?" he scoffs quietly, lifting the spoon. It pauses on its way to the other's mouth. "You didn't need to go, did you?" he asks after a moment, meeting Hannibal in the eye.

He thrills at the words. At the fact of it, brought to light.

Holds Will's gaze, neither proud nor ashamed and willing to share the truth.

"No."

He frowns but doesn't look away. The spoon still poised in the air.

"Were you looking for trouble," he says quietly. "Before I interrupted?"

“Looking for? No. The situation was rapidly evolving. I neither looked for it nor did I consider flight.”

He enjoys Will’s gaze rapt on his. Delights inwardly at his attention.

“We’re discussing two very different, though sequential events.”

He looks away.

“You’re very articulate for someone in heat,” he says flatly, waiting for Hannibal to take the spoon into his mouth. “So you’re telling me you didn’t get even a little excited around all those Alphas?” he asks lowly, his eyes sliding back to that mild expression.

It’s wily of him to ask, given how affected the Omega is by his own biology. But he wants to know. Why him? And now Hannibal has had him, where do they go from here?

He’s barely eaten anything and the food already feels like a lump in his stomach neither part of his body nor something his body plans to get around to digesting, although he eats obediently enough, now, for the sake of affording himself time.

Because while he had a single pleasure on his mind when the Alphas accosted him, and it was killing at least one if not several of them, the more Will fixes the idea in his thoughts the more he thinks, in the abstract, of being mindlessly brutalized, now, breath picking up with it.

Will isn’t completely missing from the fantasy, standing watching. Cold to the fact Hannibal wanted all this to be him.

“Not close to as articulate as usual. Thankfully. You already think I’m pretentious,” he eludes, stomach flexing around the gnawing hunger almost completely possessing his lower body.

He finally extricates himself from the thoughts that have his cock weeping beneath the duvet, settles for:

“The mind can be separated from the rest of the body, with practice.”

Relevant to the moment. If he accidentally implies it’s what was happening around the Alphas, well.

“Is that what you did,” he utters, holding that gaze. “Imagined yourself elsewhere when we-“ He stops himself and averts his eyes. “We should stop talking,” he says instead. “Soup’s getting cold.”

He’s aware he’s been having an abnormally difficulty time applying himself to Will’s perspective under these abnormal circumstances.

Even right now, reaching back through time returns more memories of the different aesthetic ways Will’s body has enticed him and moments like stepping into a room overwhelming with the scent of his precum than as much as he’d like about the content of their conversations.

He’s nonetheless sure simply speaking with Will gives him pleasure. Speaking with someone blunt and genuine.

He does know by now Will, in direct but instinctive contradiction to his unusual compassion, is as likely as not to grow aggravated if he presses the point. He’s careful to purposefully avert his own eyes, a polite deference.

“You have the wrong impression of me at least to the same extent I’ve misunderstood you. I hope you’ll let me clarify.”

“Maybe when you’re thinking clearly again,” he says impatiently, bringing the spoon closer to Hannibal’s mouth. He can’t even exchange a few words with the other before he’s struck with the overriding need to shut himself up in the bathroom again. /God sake/.

He slides his eyes to the spoon, not to Will, to receive it. His lips gliding down the metal so close to the skin he’d prefer them latched to again isn’t helping him, and it can’t be helping Will.

He realizes Will may brusquely abandon him again, and for an unknown period of time, and there isn’t going to be a good time to broach his condition:

“That is rapidly approaching a crisis.”

“Are you all this dramatic?” Will grunts, bringing another spoon to Hannibal’s mouth. /Don’t stare at it/.

He makes no move to eat, looking past the spoon to the Alpha, whatever thoughts he had about good behavior rapidly slipping away from a mind suddenly latched to nothing but the physical demand consuming him, a beast shackled by two bare strands of rope frothing to take the forefront.

There's hues of the alien creature that sat over Will hours before in the seductive cadence of his voice.

“I can still feel you inside me. But there’s nothing inside me. Spending my cock is like not masturbating at all. I couldn’t catalog the number of objects I’ve considered turning to to satisfy me.”

His tongue moves slow over his lips, and he forgets Will’s eyes, the husky timbre of his voice deepening.

“Nothing I’ve threatened you with so far comes close to the ideas I’m having and would act out on your body if I was no longer restrained.”

He frowns at the change of tone. Drops the spoon back into the bowl.

“You want to force yourself on me, is that it?” he says, voice low and even as he watches that face with its dishevelled hair and flushed cheekbones. “Split yourself open on my spines?” he adds, feeling his own cock stirring in his shorts at the thought. Without waiting for an answer, he stands up and walks away from the bed.

Need lurches through him, his whole body shuddering. His thoughts are as slippery as his thighs and flash and pass like shards of stained glass. He can imagine a better application for the rope around his wrists, garroting Will’s throat until he drops him so that he can make use of him freely. It doesn’t matter that what he wanted, wants, is what he so briefly had — Will stealing his breath while he fucked him into the carpet.

His craving body can’t understand or accept the rejection, and there’s no peak in sight to his crescendoing desire which, in the moment, makes itself undeniable with all the force of instinct.

He can hear his own panting breath. There’s something he wanted to say. Words that formed and passed. In the moment, he can only watch how hints of Will’s muscles and shoulder blades show through the stretch of his shirt, even as his mind mingles the memory of kissing Will’s neck with that of the moment Will broke the skin of his.

He’s sure they were just sharing something. Speaking. He’s sure parts of himself that keep shunting out of grasp would lend clarity to this twinned desire for sex and brutality. He shifts his shoulders and presses his head back against the thin wooden window jamb behind him, wall on one side and window pane on the other and the sill digging into his back, trying to grasp the momentarily-elusive element that permits him a deceptive distance.

Despite the cluttered appearance of both rooms, Will knows exactly where everything is. Getting to the specific thing that he needs, however, is the hard part. Especially when it has been stashed away all this time with no intentions of retrieval. Eventually, after moving a series of objects out of the way like the pieces of a logic puzzle, he sees it. Breathes in the

stirred dust and exhales a quiet sigh as he squats there amongst the relics of a life shared with others.

He stands before the bed, watching down at its unhappy occupant. The box between his hands.

“Lie down,” he orders monotonously. “On your stomach.”

Thinking Will was gone, upstairs, with his cheap sleeve under the sink that he so dearly prefers over a living Omega had Hannibal fanatical, at first, to the point his fantasies moved beyond the survivable.

Despite several strange noises, a few heavier objects being moved, giving his mind an alternative to latch onto, he’s surprised to see Will. Looks at him with a mystified kind of suspicion because, with the vivid carnal experiences his thoughts conjured, a part of him isn’t certain he never actually killed him.

His heavy-breathing body came over it, and that much is unmistakable as, given the box as a point of interest, he snares his unruly thoughts and pushes the duvet down with his bound hands as he drags his close knees up from beneath it. There’s a miserable lot of semen on him, some fresh.

Whatever his earlier complaint, the graceful, animal way he twists and repositions himself never looks like a person struggling with his bonds. He looks to the box several times, fixing in his mind Will has some kind of solution.

Lying on his stomach, he has his arms out from under him, so that his weight’s on his elbows and he can rest his forehead on his strong parallel forearms instead of suffocate in the duvet, their veins pronounced at his wrists.

/He came already?/ His own cock strains jealously against the rope inside his shorts. Throbs in protest as he considers those long legs streaked with slick at the thighs and stretched out behind the other upon the bed. Before he loses his will, he flips over the lid of the box in his hands. Looks down at the blown glass still wet from being rinsed and resting heavy in its velvet bed.

Snatching air through the nostrils, he reflexively flips the lid over again, eyes closing as he tries his best not to think about his mother or the fact that he’s about to use her single most intimate belonging on some stranger. /Lets just get this over with/.

Climbing onto the bed, he kneels behind Hannibal. Removes the glass from the box he leaves to one side upon the crumpled cover. Glancing briefly at the solid spines encrusting the huge crystal head, he swallows down the urge to throw it back into its box and tear at the knots keeping him restrained.

Without preamble, he uses his left hand to pin back those fleshy cheeks. Feels his breath catching at the sight of the Omega's exposed sex before, grip tightening on the base of the dildo, he rams it into Hannibal.

Unable to see, only able to hear what Will is doing, smelling soap and then feeling Will's weight settling on the bed over him, he understands the shape of what the Alpha has chosen to do.

Even with his cock spent in Will's absence, his cunt couldn't be more swollen and the anticipation of some, of /any/, penetration sets the one throbbing and the other so soon sluggishly stirring. His hormones are running so tremendously high the refractory period he should have is now vanishingly brief.

The greediest parts of himself imagine Will breaching him in body as the Alpha spreads him as far as he can be spread with thighs lying tight — and then he bucks, barks a choked and guttural sound, as Will forces the toy inside. A spear of ice drives into the hot depth of him which parts with little resistance only to clutch violently on the toy's deliciously hard spines as his knees jerk open, as he sharply rises back on it until, with the cold flooding through his abdomen, he feels the warm brush of Will's hand.

The violation wrings a groan from him as hungry as it is relieved. Blood pulses to his twitching cock in earnest as the shock of the chill turns toward pleasure.

He just needs to make him come. Tire him out. Then he'll see to himself. Jaw setting, he leans over Hannibal. Digs the fingers of his left hand into his nape.

"Is this what you want?" he grunts, nails digging harder into skin as he pushes as deep as he can go and holds the dildo against the innermost part of him. "All you can think about?" he continues to say, voice dropping to a low murmur. His syllables strained with his self-imposed repression.

Then, without warning, he tightens his grip cruelly on Hannibal's neck. Yanks hard on the glass at the same time.

The unexpected and genuine pain as Will seizes his wounded skin sends a shiver of carnal joy through his body. The image of Will as prey unmakes itself in an upswell of memory of Will rutting him, flooding him. Animal, he has no voice to respond, shifts his forehead where it and his bangs press damp to his forearms as he settles into the fresh soreness, as Will buries the warming dildo until he can feel it's large, blunt tip against him.

Suddenly, a sea change, overwhelming, his body seizing within as Will's nails draw fresh blood from inflamed skin so that the toy with its rude spines claws sharp against supple skin

and he's louder now, a shout. Will's clutch and the thing raking through him offers him the first relief he's felt since Will had his fingers in him, too many hours before.

He pushes his knees wider — not by much, but wider — cunt flexing in desperation to find itself suddenly near-empty again, even as the ache of the scouring spreads into him, turning excruciating lack into a desire for something far worse he won't find, but can reach the cusp of.

Just when he thinks he still has a handle on the situation, Will feels the animal in him gain an inch. Its claws stretching out to hook and drag itself closer to what it wants. And it already has what it wants. His Omega shouting and shifting beneath Will's grip on his neck.

Blood whipping once more in his ears, he feels his breaths growing deep. His nostrils flaring and lips parting to the first heated pant at the wanton sight of Hannibal trying to spread his legs whilst still bound at the ankles. His eyes fixate on his own fist clutching the half drawn dildo. On the slick running in endless droplets off its exposed spikes whilst the head remains buried between his clutching walls. His tight, sucking hole holding desperately onto the remaining barbs.

/Fuck/. Barely able to stand it, Will fights with himself to see this through without sabotaging his own plans. And yet, he will at least allow his inner beast /this/. Releasing Hannibal's neck, he moves his hand up to clasp his skull. Presses down upon sweat damp tresses as he leans further over the other's back to bite his nape.

A rumbling groan escapes past his teeth fastened over ruptured skin, his tongue tasting Omega blood again as he closes his jaws another delicious millimetre the same time his right hand grows white knuckled before the whole glass baton is thrust back in with an explosive squelch.

A part of him recognizes the groan drawn out of him as the inflamed wound tears open, as fresh blood swells beneath Will's teeth, and Will forces the depths of his body wide isn't a sound he's made before, relief and need, both desperate, entwined. Voice throaty and pleading.

The purpose of the power that renders his body no longer his own, dismantles his mind, severing him from reason and from escape, is singularly to deliver him to Will. The hell of its Alpha's rejection is nothing an Omega naturally endures. Nature intends it for a different abuse and an agony that rewards, the curve of the abdomen inexorably fulfilling.

It's muscle that Will's teeth sink against, and more powerful muscle still that ripples with the motions of his shoulders, a back like an ox, his body broad. No question the mass of him, the strong arms that strain against their restraints not in defiance but in denial of an urge to writhe and drag his whole body down the hard dildo or even the firm muscle of his thighs, isn't tailored to appeal to any Alpha.

But he's as wet and fit for use as any Omega. Even if he can only roll his hips in place against a poor substitute for his Alpha's barbs and the Alpha who he wants to do more than penetrate him, wants worse violence from than a rut into the floor, won't use him again even for that.

It's growing painful, trying to get Hannibal off whilst denying himself again. His shorts, though intact this time round, are soaked through with pre-cum as he throbs against the rope.

"Come," he pants around bleeding skin, left hand moving off his head and down. "Come for me," he growls, voice muffled by the nape caught between his teeth as he reaches under Hannibal. Clasps the Omega's weeping cock. And starts to stroke the same time he fucks him with the glass.

In the first moments, it's an impossible command, no matter how immediately or deeply it impresses itself on Hannibal's mind. As excited, as hormone-driven as his body is, he isn't young, and was only just expended.

But the glass is sharp enough to inflict what he needs, the false spines abrading him, every next thrust scraping rawer flesh than the last. The unbearable emptiness of him contracts at the same pace the ache turns toward pain, the toy large enough the spasms of his body drive it's hooks into his walls and Will's strength easily dragging the barbs through all resistance.

He's hard enough, soon, and coming, an orgasm that floods through his cunt even as he spills on the duvet. A release that grants a sudden freedom, for all that the fierce agony of his torn neck with Will's teeth still buried in it and blood flowing freer than slick should enforce only subjugation.

Panting, throat well exercised by utterly unfamiliar sounds, his head, still buried in his forearms, begins to clear. It's an evitable that his silent gratitude is tied up with a physical disappointment that the pleasure fell far short of what his Alpha's body could wreck.

His teeth are still latched onto Hannibal's skin. His left hand still wrapped around his wilting cock. His right hand pressing into his slippery cheeks. It takes him a moment to realise he has come in his shorts.

Letting go of his nape with a lick of his lips, he slowly leans back. Pulls free the dildo before lowering himself onto his back upon the bed beside Hannibal. Gazing up at the ceiling through half drawn eyes, he lies there quietly catching his breath. At the returning thought of his mother, he raises his left hand, but stops himself from covering his eyes when he sees the other's semen streaking his fingers.

Slowly collecting his thoughts, aware of his surroundings, he shifts onto his side — but without a pillow and unable to fold an arm beneath his head the width of his shoulders is inconvenient. Necessity forces him to reluctantly further move his weight until he's lain on his back in the mess of his own spend, soon to commingle with an enthusiastic amount of slick, the aftermath of fucking — to what extent he was fucked.

He looks to his side, irrepressible fondness for the Alpha who's so far held his attention foregrounding itself again seeing Will staring jarred at his come-wet hand.

"I'm grateful," he says.

The lengths Will has gone to for him while, it seems, upbraiding himself as if there's any more he could do and without having any real idea of the danger he's been in is more than 'thank you' can cover.

Wiping his hand on the front of his shirt, he lifts and presses his forearm over his eyes.

"Grateful you're lying bound on a soiled bed in some commoner's house," he murmurs drily whilst slowly rubbing his eyes. He is conscious of the dildo lying on the cover between them.

Heavy and sharp and coated in slick. His arm stills, obscuring the upper half of his face. "If I untie you, will you use it for the remainder of your heat?"

He regards the object under consideration, so recently plunging through him. Not consideration of if he'll use it but of his own inability to be absolutely certain he's sane, even now, body and mind in disharmony in a way he can't consciously predict.

He looks back to Will.

"Yes. It should go a long way toward keeping me level headed."

Softening to the Alpha, he chooses several true things to say.

"The violence I'm displaying disturbs me. My heats alone and beside other Omegas have never been like this. I said I was sober yesterday. I can't be completely sure of that. But I didn't expect this."

Arm lowering, he rests his hand upon his chest as he frowns up at the ceiling.

"So there's still a chance you could try to hit me over the head with it," he says lowly, eyebrow raising before he chances a glance at the man lying beside him.

Despite the actual gravity of the situation, he brightens into a smile at the animation of Will.

“I’d be lying if I said otherwise.”

Face to face with Will, the Alpha is almost indescribable, both handsome and delicate — though he wouldn’t like to hear the latter — as if a god had chosen to make him not indeterminantly androgynous but of utterly disparate but harmonious parts. He remembers the sight of his body, nude on its knees.

“When I found you on the floor, I saw the lines of your body like an image fixed in marble by the sculptor’s chisel, and wanted to touch you, because you were beautiful and because I’d brought you to something debauched and knew you wouldn’t allow me to share it. But I never decided to arrest you. I saw you, and then I arrested you.”

His smile is charming. He’ll give him that. As are his ridiculous words.

“There’s nothing to decide when your brain is heat oppressed,” he murmurs, returning his gaze to the ceiling. “It tells you one thing and one thing only.” /How long will I have to fuck him with my mother’s dildo for?/ Exhaling, he brings his arm up again. Turns his head away to press his face into his bicep. “I’ll clean your neck up,” he utters, voice a quiet muffle. “I’m sorry I bit you again.” His stomach chooses that moment to growl protestingly. He still hasn’t eaten.

Suspects it’s therefore just the mindless mingling of hunger with heat haze telling him the Omega’s blood has a pleasing flavour.

He breathes in deep. Yesterday’s scents, and today’s. The room despoiled with slick, semen, and blood. He’s certain that, hypothetically, it’s disgusting. He can’t find disgust for the mess of it. It only stirs a low, lazy arousal.

He brightens further, feeling mischievous. Flirtatious. Chooses to risk the unpredictability of Will’s moods.

“You biting me was the best part. Biting me, and slapping me, and tearing my buttocks up.”

He lets his eyes flicker over Will, appreciating the wet stain on the crotch of his shorts. In the moment he’s relatively liberated, free to look back to Will’s eyes.

“Perhaps you should set aside some of your ethical concerns, for our safety. Not, necessarily, your position on penetration. But I don’t expect you to discuss that on an empty stomach…”

“When you say set aside ethical concerns, you mean I should keep you tied up,” he murmurs with his face still pressed against his own arm. He heaves a sigh. Lowers his arm and turns his head to face the other. Regards Hannibal resignedly.

His lips part but the words aren't there as he gazes into hooded eyes. His dick is already stirring against the rope from those provocative words. He'd caught the man looking, and can already feel their civilised talk melting away like ice in a room without air-conditioning.

Knows it won't be long before their brains are no better than warm pools of water. The thought of which reminds him of his thirst. Then feeds him the image of drinking between the Omega's legs. He looks away, swallowing convulsively and licking his lips.

"You barely ate," he says distractedly. "I'm going to reheat the soup."

He can see the change in the Alpha. Feel his own body respond.

It's torment that the same things that peaked his interest in Will — his empathy, his self control — mean that his body, finally prepared to be bred, might even now never know the fullness for which nature designed it. Neither being the vessel to receive his Alpha's monstrous cock, nor holding its growing child inside.

He doesn't suffer the same speechlessness. Won't even when his body is a single constant craving for the Alpha's domination until distraction or chance tips his control, he now knows.

"I'd like to be untied, Will," he says, confident and level. "I mean we've both seen you replace my mindlessness with your will, and you shouldn't be afraid to hurt me."

"That's not what I'm afraid of," he says, pushing up into a sit. He feels the ends of the glass spikes digging into his right palm through the bandage. Closes his fingers around the dildo. "The hurt wouldn't end with you," he adds in a quiet voice, glancing Hannibal's way.

"I don't think either of us are ready for that."

Resentment roils inside him, a sudden and intense possessive feeling.

It isn't the Omega in him that's capable of desiring an Alpha as his own, that animal should be prepared to breed indiscriminately while, for an Alpha, claiming an Omega in its heat is an imperative.

It's a selfish human impulse that clouds a mind already swamped with want of Will.

"...you'd go stalking Omegas down back alleys like the rest of them."

His brow furrows. He turns his face to look down at the other.

"What?"

His patently sour, even fuming, expression passes to one of self-examination, then to an innocuous, guileless guise as his eyes turn up to Will.

“...I don’t believe I heard you correctly.”

“I was talking about kids,” he says, eyebrow raising at the sea change in Hannibal’s countenance. “Having them, I mean. Not stalking them in alleyways,” he adds flatly.

Re-investigating Will’s words in the wake of his mind derailing itself at the idea of the Alpha hurting any Omega beyond himself only to find Will had nothing on his mind but breeding him produces a pulse-elevating effect he’s largely capable of masking, except for the twitch of his cock with a new flood of arousal.

He’s aware that his best reassurances would ring suspect to Will and even himself — naturally, when he had no desire to have anyone’s child except, occasionally, in the most abstract sense before yesterday — and his worst reassurances, such as the point of fact that the child would be very rich, would insult or even provoke the Alpha.

“That seems obvious, now,” he demurs.

He watches that face for a moment longer. Hums doubtfully to himself as he climbs off the bed, dildo in hand.

“Soup,” he mutters, walking away.

He presses his lips together, looks away from Will’s retreating back, and withholds any audible display of annoyance.

Vocally, the urge to demand how Will intends him to relieve himself when he’s sure Will will immediately think to his first deception when already highly skeptical.

There are ideas he needs must keep to himself. The fact it’s becoming closer to plausible to unknot the rope with his teeth. The fact that because he knows he’s frequently obedient to Will’s commands, the predator in him is sure to develop the acuity to gag him — short of crushing his larynx.

It’s difficult to be left to interrogate his own mind when it can’t perceive the moments in which its compromised. That’s a fact he can only rationally deduce, often post hoc.

But he’s sluggishly growing hard from thoughts of Will conceiving inside him, from the fundamental novelty of personal attraction (another thought sure to provoke the Alpha). It provides distraction — if exactly the kind to exacerbate his predicament.

Chapter 6

Standing in front of the pot, he stares down absently at its contents as he stirs. Hard and hungry for one thing only, he still needs to eat. As does Hannibal. So, after hurriedly downing a large bowl of the soup, he tips the rest into another and carries it through, together with the rinsed dildo. Approaching the bed, he stops and watches down at the bound Omega.

“Finish this,” he says, “and I’ll give you what you need.”

He considers Will, and then the bowl, in noncommittal appraisal, careful to sustain his right to dissent despite the throbbing, immediate answer of his cunt to the promise it will be Will who abuses him again with the rough instrument, not Hannibal left to himself, if he indulges him.

A slight nod. Concession.

The man doesn’t look too pleased, but he nods. Barely. /I’ll take that/, Will thinks to himself as he puts the bowl down on the bedside table again. Puts his hands on the other, again, to pull him up into a sit. Sitting across Hannibal on the bed this time, he begins to feed him.

A touch quicker than last time. As though to avoid any interruption.

Whilst spooning soup into that tempting mouth, he privately reflects on the state of the Omega. Eyes lingering on the returning facial hair. The tossed tresses. The skin smeared with bodily fluids. He ought to be allowed to clean up. But Will doesn’t want to risk being accosted again. Even if it means he’ll end up having to assist Hannibal with things like washing and using the bathroom. He still needs to check the damage done to his neck. Starts to think he should use the leftover rope to gag himself.

Watching that face up close in between spoonfuls, he dwells on the degradation of the situation. On how Hannibal looks a cross between a hostage and a sex slave, and how much he secretly enjoys this concept. Would, if he dared, admit how much he’d love to subject the Omega to his repressed fantasies having discovered their strange compatibility in regards to being a couple of social and biological deviants.

But he won’t because of his empathy. Telling him he would be taking advantage, as absurd as the concept is for an Alpha. Worse than that, the voice continues to preach: he would be impregnating a respectable man during a period when he is not sound of mind. And whilst one wouldn’t put it past a frenzied hunting pack, Will remains adamant he would never stoop to that level of depravity.

Growing increasingly preoccupied, he forgets about feeding Hannibal even though he’s staring straight at the spoon sitting in the dregs of the near empty bowl.

It becomes a simple thing to allow Will to feed him in silence, when Will's eyes are wandering his skin like caressing hands.

Unlike the soft touches of other Omegas, these caresses belie the desires that fuel them. He's sure there's nothing gentle within Will's contemplations no matter how sensual his lingering gaze feels.

He can see it when he begins to lose Will's immediate interest, see the withdrawal and inward turn, and feels jealous of it. Not in the same visceral way as when he latched onto the idea that hurting him meant hurting others and let the rest of Will's words slip by, but in the way that he craves as much as he can command of Will's attention and resents being denied it when Will's been so close on the bed, both lying beside him earlier and sitting now.

The passage between his buttocks remains hot and sopping and eager to be used, but Hannibal isn't so aroused that a distracted Will only looks like easy prey. He's glad for it. Wants to keep the irrepressible heat and the monster within him that voraciously demands tithe from an equally violent world separate, because the man of him would see Will satisfy the one but not the other.

When it's obvious Will has forgotten him, he teasingly lets curiosity have its way.

"Are you ever going to tell me what it is inside you that's so much more compelling than being inside me?"

"You want to get to know me?" he murmurs, lifting his eyes. Recalls what the other had said in his fit of jealousy. "Make an honest Alpha of me?" he scoffs.

He's careful not to show a strong reaction, inhaling and exhaling. Even with all the aesthetic appeal to the thought of having Will in his home, in his life, of making something of someone so beautiful, he's acutely aware of the legal ramifications for himself and how swiftly he'd lose any ability to renege. A sharp and bitter contrast to the pleasure of his scent, potential pleasure of his body.

But he softens, now, letting his interest show, eyes equal parts intelligent and arousal hazy.

"I want to get to know you. When I came across you a second time, in the parking lot, crouched by your deflated tires, and I understood you had to be unique — that was the first moment I've taken real interest in any Alpha."

"You thought I was different," he utters. "How's that working for you?" His tone grows sarcastic. Frustration making its creeping return. "Is it what you'd hoped for?" he continues to say, eyes slowly narrowing. "An Alpha who won't fuck?" He starts to lean closer.

“Do you enjoy it?” he murmurs lowly. “The way your empty cunt throbs for my cock?”

His gentle eyes empty, and then he closes them. There’s a tensing and unclenching of his fists. The rope remains tight around his flexing tendons.

He never anticipated he’d try to have him. Couldn’t know what he’s suddenly certain of, that in that moment of curiosity his mind divided. Not later.

That part of him believes it impossible that he could spend days here with Will continuing to deny him.

“I hoped for an Alpha that’s more than a dumb animal.”

He licks his lips, tasting Will’s musk on the air. Opens his eyes, zealousness tinged with the venom of resentment.

“You don’t understand what I want. It’s to be stripped of every capacity that could make me more than your property. It’s the ruin of myself and my every desire — to be brutalized into the vessel you’d make out of me. Why do you think my body’s trying to take my mind? It’s to deliver me into your power, Will. And I’m eager. I couldn’t know you’d live at the edge of civilization and make me drink out of a bucket.”

“You want more than a dumb animal, yet you appeal to the very same lurking inside me,” he says angrily. “What happens when you’ve achieved your goal? When you’ve been reduced to nothing but a hole. Stay here to be my sleeve forever more? No. You will regret everything as much as you regret drinking out the goddamn bucket.” He stands suddenly, frowning down at Hannibal. “You don’t know /what/ you want...”

If it was another Alpha, any Alpha he’s encountered before, even those he entertains pleasant conversation with — Bedelia, cultured and intelligent and neither a friend nor a threat — there’d be no going back. But it’s not just Will’s relative lack of status that doesn’t close off his future, but the nature of Will’s mind, which he has every reason to believe can come back from exercising the Alpha.

He’s seen it.

The recalculation is instantaneous, and with it the disappearance of his Alpha-like reaction to Will taunting his own physical unattainability.

“You’re worried about the child. Being a father implies involvement I haven’t asked from you.”

Unwanted thoughts threaten to bubble to the surface at the word /father/, and he averts his gaze.

“I suppose it shouldn’t matter whether you take or not,” he says, voice suddenly quiet. His tone icy as he continues to mutter almost to himself. “If you do, you’d find an Alpha of your caste to make an honest man out of you. You’d have an heir. Ideally an Alpha. If not, you have the means to lock them away until they’re of age to be bred and the whole damn thing just carries on.” He stops. Takes a breath. Feels the anger settling into a simmer tinged with sadness. “...I should just have my way with you and be done with it all already,” he says absently, glancing down at the glass on the bedside table. /Be just like everyone else./

He sits with a frown in his brow and his hormones surging at the knowledge his words had the intended disarming effect and the thought he could, at this moment, tip the scales in his favor and Will, resenting him more and more for it, would show him an excellent week.

Except now he’s thinking of her. Bare feet on the manor tiles. Her sweet giggles. Reading to her, then teaching her to read. Bathing her and cooking for her and being much too young, himself, but understanding time with her was precious and wouldn’t be surrendered to the help. Later, his sister sat in his lap and trying, with small hands, to play the harpsichord, after years sat beside him. And watching the child gush over pictures in books, naively ambitious about all the places she’d someday take him.

The fact there was no other Alpha to provide her a terrible example for her, only Mischa, and they were inseparable. For all that Robertus and Murasaki existed on the periphery of their lives, the two had respected Mischa was the heir to the estate and not theirs to control.

But he should have locked Mischa away, because being an Alpha didn’t spare her from violence.

“You have an infuriating habit of taking anything I say in the worst possible way, Will.”

He remembers, too, young Margot as his hands moved over the scars of her sibling’s incestuous violence — including the jagged reminder on her stomach that she’d been surgically robbed of chance of escape, memorizing new reasons to dispatch with the elder Verger besides the Alpha’s hideous treatment of him before their high caste peers.

He’d skipped his suppressants expressly to have her in private in his home, not as a playmate in his heat but because she stole his company, at a party, and pled for help. He had never thought of murdering anyone so in his upper caste Baltimore social circles. She hadn’t imagined the help she’d be getting, but colluding to make her freedom, and that of her Omega girlfriend’s, possible, like working a puzzle.

It went deliciously. Now Mason is cold in the ground and Margot and her lover are wealthy and independent in Bordeaux with an Alpha heir.

“I was speaking of something radically more unorthodox than losing my freedom to some bitch or bastard Alpha.”

Worse, though, to suggest he's a poor parent, and his words, after a pause, are cool:

"It was disaster that took my sister. Not that I raised her poorly."

The memories have cut through the fog of heat. He feels particularly clear headed and thinks he might remain so, a little while, out of spite.

"I need to relieve myself, Will, and I want to shower."

The man speaks soberly. Convincingly. And from his tone, Will believes he has managed to offend the Omega when he had in fact been speaking disparagingly of the upper classes in general. And with the bitterness of his own life experiences that, in all fairness, have nothing to do with the other. He's just an easy target for Will to offload almost a lifetime's worth of frustration onto.

Keeping the man bound like this is, he supposes, something of an overkill. And undignified. He could cut him free. Keep the knife in hand should things go wrong even though there's still days left of his heat, and the thought of being on edge all the time - of being attacked by Hannibal - doesn't sit well with him.

"I'm going to cut you free," he says after a moment, regarding that unhappy expression. "If you agree to be bound again after."

"Yes," he says.

He feels a vast relief to have his hands cut free of the rope. Closes his eyes and savors it, despite his melancholy. Reaches up to push a hand back through his rucked up hair to finally sweep his bang back from his eyes.

He thinks to tell Will it'd be better for both of them if his hands weren't clever because Will surely has collars that would fit him that can't be in worse wear than the buckets. Except the dogs are dead, and he isn't feeling so spiteful toward his circumstances that he needs to visit hurt back.

He's feeling melancholy, but as he turns the shower on a third time, seeing the situation in a different light through stinging eyes. It looked impossible, to have those years back. The child wouldn't be his in the way Mischa was his, but the Alpha's. His influence would be curtailed in a way that barred him from genuinely directing the shape of the child's life.

That wouldn't be the case, under the circumstances he proposed. He has no particular interest in living on through a child, himself. But Mischa living on...

He ensured as much in the way that felt natural, quelling the infuriating pain of her abandonment of him.

He could, in a way, have more.

He's clean of semen now, and has soaped off a great deal of slick.

His neck, when he touches it, is ruined, the already sore, swollen flesh ripped back from its scabs. This is natural, too. For an Omega's nape to wear fresh wounds and scars. The inconvenient gossip is situational.

While Hannibal has gone upstairs, Will takes the bucket to the kitchen. It's clean, but he has allowed the other's words to get under his skin. Tipping out the water, he scrubs vigorously at the sides. After a while, he suddenly picks it up. Stalks his way angrily to the back door. Puts his hand on the door knob. /Will?/ Her voice stops him, and he looks over his shoulder to see her standing there with her arms wrapped around herself. /Are you going out again?/ Closing his eyes, he takes a breath. Opens them again to find her gone. Turning from the door, he makes his way back to the kitchen. Puts the bucket back in the sink before running the water again.

After returning the bucket to its place by the bed and checking the food supply, he lowers himself into the chair opposite the bed to wait. Coiled rope sitting ready in his lap. And the knife. Just in case. But the sight of the glass dildo sitting on the beside table makes her appear behind the chair and lay a hand atop his head. /Are you going out again?/ He hangs his head and covers his eyes with a hand.

/Yes, ma. Just for some air./

There's no towel left in the bathroom, and quite possibly no clean towel left in the house. He squeezes the water from his hair but is left to drip on the bathroom floor.

Frowning, he rubs an already-fogging circle on the bathroom mirror and considers his appearance, tilting his chin up to regard his own stubble, not yet long enough to be fashionable.

He's almost perpetually clean shaven as a point of pride, and rifles until he finds the partly-empty twelve pack of cheap disposable razors he remembers glimpsing when he rifled before.

He considers a blade, and whether amending his present dishevelment would be profitable or not.

He realizes it's only going to remind Will of the material circumstances that separate them, and not needing to cultivate more resentment he returns the razors.

He returns downstairs still shower wet to see Will across the room looking not particularly safe or sane, Hannibal's brows rising.

"I said I'd do the laundry. But I'm reconsidering it would be smart to be at liberty that long when it looks like you'd choose to eviscerate me before considering sex."

He opens his eyes under his hand. Sees the other's naked and wet form through the gap in his fingers. Squeezes shut his eyes again.

"Seems a bit pointless when you're just going to keep making a mess," he utters.

He grimaces at the mess they've — primarily he's — already made. It doesn't have to be off putting to his senses at the moment for him to have foreknowledge of coming events.

"Right now. I promise you in a day or two you'll sorely regret not getting a head start on laundry. And I'll probably have something fungal."

He doesn't want to put too fine a point on how much he's going to resent that.

"So do the goddamn laundry," he grunts without removing his hand. /Aren't you going to put some clothes on?/

He's pleased to have the permission. Pleased at the stretch of his stiff limbs as he begins gathering towels into his arms.

He's never spent a heat dressed, except to cook for an Omega out of heat, and considering the hours Will's left him naked since he took up rope bondage, clothing doesn't immediately cross his mind.

Lowering his hand, he watches Hannibal bend over to collect the soiled towels. Licks his lips as he imagines stepping up behind the other and pushing him down onto the bed. Eyes snapping shut, he presses his lips together. Swallows drily against the inevitable tug on the ropes beneath his shorts.

"How long is this going to take?" he utters.

He looks up at the absolute swamp of the bedding.

With sudden internal amusement, he tactfully avoids answering 'Several loads'.

"To run your washer and dryer?"

It's a rhetorical question.

Looking back to see Will with his eyes still glued shut, recognition flickers over him at the same time his body pulses in anticipation and he sets the collected towels on the duvet to tug it back and retrieve the forgotten lounge pants left folded, which, when worn, still expose his ankles, but like all Will's other lower body wear are more than roomy enough.

He doesn't like the thought that, as his eyes linger on Will, he entertains doubts about the actual wisdom of being around the house. He's an active man and he wants to stay moving.

He waits until he hears Hannibal moving off with the soiled items before opening his eyes to the mattress stripped bare of even its protector. Picking up the rope and knife, he stands and sets them aside upon the chair beside. Moves to the drawers for the spare bedding.

He makes the bed hurriedly, without lingering overlong on the Omega's scent, then returns to the chair. Moves the rope and knife back onto his lap. Waits for Hannibal to return.

The entire situation is privately incredibly entertaining. He can put himself in Will's position, having been taken by surprise and stripped of power over himself by a larger man — Omega, regardless, or perhaps even worse. He's felt the rush of adrenaline of being knocked off his feet, being choked, taking a blow to the head or, once, being stabbed deep with an awl. All of it life or death.

He's learned to take these things in stride, but he doubts Will has often if ever fought to the death and has been assaulted in his own home, and lost, and really couldn't have done a thing about it if Hannibal had been set on his murder instead of his living body. He feels compassion for that. Compassion he could dismiss, but compassion nevertheless.

He fits the sheet in the first load, but the duvet will have to be washed on its own.

He returns to Will. Knows acknowledging Will has had a trauma would absolutely set the Alpha off.

"You'd prefer I was bound," he acknowledges more vaguely, instead.

He can't deny the only thing he wants is to climb into the chair with the Alpha and lap and suck at Will's neck while his hands convince him to stop being so damn stubborn.

"Maybe you should relieve yourself first," he says, eyes on the clean sheet fitted with a spare protector over the mattress. "In the bath, if you can't wait." He is unhappy about waiting for the dryer to finish. It's likely Hannibal will want to talk when Will would prefer to sit there brooding in silence.

This, he thinks, however entertaining, is downright hellish.

And he should masturbate. That's true. But he'll want to again before the laundry is done and it's going to ruin the trousers, already damp.

"I'd like to take the air," he says, thinking about the chair on the porch.

He isn't going anywhere. And, anyway, there's no one to see him, is there? Here with no close neighbors.

In this relatively low state of arousal, being out of the morass of sweat and slick and semen permeating the house is as likely to alleviate the pressures building somewhere he can't sense as masturbation.

He remains very aware he should have taken the same choice if he ever meant the emergency suppressants to work, and now equally aware he had no power to make that decision.

"Do you wish to bring them to my house," says Will lowly, turning his eyes on the Omega.

He looks annoyed.

"Bring whom? The neighbors you don't appear to have?"

Nevertheless, he's examining the question, and can't truthfully say to himself he knows, given the unreliability of his judgement.

What would have defused the situation earlier might reasonably exacerbate it now. And after a moment he's beginning to come around to Will's point of view, annoyance retreating into something that looks more like compliance.

"All Alphas are neighbours to an Omega in heat," he mutters morosely. "You won't be prisoner in these four walls forever," he adds, averting his gaze. "Unless you wish to leave. Now."

Gone still, he has a suspicion that something is going wrong. Or will go very wrong, if Will actually rejects him, tries to evict him, because the strong and possessive displeasure he feels is unlikely to be merely superficial.

"You should bind my hands."

“Come here,” he says without looking at Hannibal. His hands gripping the rope in his lap.

He takes pleasure in the command, knows, factually, it’s not an indication Will has any intention but to continue to ignore him, but relishes his pulse picking up in his cunt and the way the scents of Will’s body become better defined even to his already exquisite nose.

Standing in front of him, he desperately wants to touch him. Not roughly, but to trace his thumb over his lower lip. He thinks about that mouth wrapped around his cock, only earlier.

Eyes on the hands held before him, he slips the rope over both wrists. Holds it there for a moment.

“I’m sorry about your sister,” he says quietly.

It’s now Hannibal who shuts his eyes. He doesn’t know if he appreciates it, when he simply doesn’t speak of Mischa, only spoke from the fact that he stood accused of being unfit to bear a child when every fiber of him knows he couldn’t have devoted more to Mischa than if he shadowed her every step. He couldn’t have imagined he should have.

He looks down on him, then, passively, but chooses to remain silent. Will has, after all, been remote toward most attempts at intimacy. He’s sure he doesn’t owe him his pain.

“I didn’t know you raised her,” he says as he slowly forms the knot. Watching his own hands work to bind the other’s together. “I hardly know anything about you,” he continues to murmur, as way of apologising.

“Have I been withholding?” he asks, without hostility.

He’s sure he hasn’t. He’s been happy to talk. He’s not entirely sure Will would pass a quiz on anything he’s said.

“I don’t want to get used to conversation,” he says, securing the knot. “You’ll be leaving when this is over.”

He tests the new bond, keeping the rest of his body language as casual as possible when Will’s been so on edge and still has a weapon.

“You make it sound like you never speak to anyone.”

“It’s better that way,” he mutters, lowering his hands once he’s satisfied Hannibal won’t be able to free his own wrists. “How’s your neck?” he asks, looking up.

The fact the puncture wounds have been pulled wider in a gory way doesn’t seem fit to use evocative language for when he enjoys the fact he can feel the inflammation on every in and out breath.

“Nothing worse than nature intended for me. I’ll have to be satisfied with it, since you aren’t planning anything more ambitious.”

“You sound disappointed I never tore your throat out,” he scoffs gently as he slowly stands. “Turn around,” he says, watching that mild expression.

He regards Will with interest, sure he’s not being given anything more than a cursory glance over — possibly first aid for the seeping scabs. But his body can’t be convinced of that as he turns and bares his back to him, with Will standing close.

The same quiver of his inner thighs that trembled in them, upstairs, urges him to fall back to his knees. He ignores it, though the flush of heat through his cunt assures the loose cotton lounge pants will be sticking to him, soon.

Whilst looking over the damage in Hannibal’s nape, Will scents the man’s arousal. Glances down at his own lounge pants hugging the other’s shapely posterior. Inhaling, he closes his eyes for a grounding moment. Knows he ought to walk away on the pretence of checking the dryer contents. Instead, he silently picks up the knife. Leans closer to slide the flat of the blade onto the front of Hannibal’s throat.

“You’re a strange one to please,” he murmurs behind his ear.

Eyes falling shut, he goes lax under the cold touch of steel, the rough hemp at his wrists a material reminder that Will’s touch isn’t one he’s meant to contest. The monster of him stays silent. He can feel Will’s heat at his back.

A smile touches the corners of his lips as his arousal swells and spreads, delectably hot.

“Do you have it in you, Will? To tear my throat out?”

No taunt, this. A fantasy articulated.

“Is that what you want?” he says, eyes dropping to the clean wound on Hannibal’s nape. /Stop/. Head dipping, he licks slowly at the ruptured skin. /What are you doing.../ Feels his hips nudging forward by their own accord.

The gravitation between his body and Will’s, the glide of the Alpha’s tongue and nudge of his erection, feels like a missing part of himself locking into place. He imagines a single rough jerk of Will’s arm and the arterial spray, rising and falling across the room like arpeggios across a staff.

He remembers Will crushing the air out of him. Only regrets he couldn’t see the Alpha on him, in rut.

“If you pleased yourself and disposed of me, I couldn’t say there’s a way I’d rather go.”

Better, he thinks, to be enjoyed in private than made a spectacle for a society he hates for all the acts he can’t see as crimes.

“That’s the heat talking,” he utters, turning the knife until the sharp edge of the blade touches Hannibal’s skin. “Unless you really are so indifferent to death.” He feels his own dick twitching in response. Knows it is a dangerous game he is choosing to play.

“Will,” he articulates with a shiver that runs through his whole tall body as feels the whetted edge of the knife deadly against thin skin. “The heat only wants me to catch. I want you to hurt me.”

If the threat alone tantalizes, he’s sure there are so many acts he could find release in that would be made that much better by penetration, but not necessitate it. It’s bliss simply to be held this way, both the fatal edge of the knife and the heavy bulge of Will’s cock pressed to his body, each of which could in their own way end his careless freedom.

/I want you to hurt me./

The memories begin to flex their muscles. He can’t let them take over even though his cock now throbs like a separate creature.

“On your knees by the bed,” he says lowly, snatching his arm back and nicking Hannibal’s throat ever so faintly with the fast movement. Shoving his left hand between the man’s shoulder blades, he pushes him stumbling forward.

It's joy that blooms in his chest at the papercut slice of the knife through his skin that leaves a sting that's a promise, joy as heady as the carnal pleasure Will stokes. He can't say what it is about the idea of his life in Will's hands, of Will having the same pitiless attitude toward him he has toward his victims as their futile and gorgeous struggle to hold fast to the life bleeding out of them, that heightens the potential for pleasure. Only knows he wants to play this game and play it with the knowledge it's perverting Will's staunch morality.

Maybe breaking him, leaving him like the others, would be an acceptable outcome. Or he himself getting what he's sure some would say is coming to him. The tabloids certainly think it is.

Or maybe he'll find something else, and not knowing what tantalizes.

He keeps his feet despite the hard shove and moves slow, not to look to eager. Keeps his deepening breathing steady. Crosses the floor barefoot and senses again the unfamiliar weakness of legs overpowered by the feverish throb of his arousal as he lowers himself to his knees, graceful enough for this and for all that his hands are bound before him.

As soon as Hannibal is on his knees, he approaches fast, grabbing the glass dildo from the bedside table. Dropping to his own knees behind the other, he raises his right arm again to hold the knife to the Omega's throat. Its sharp edge pressing over delicate skin that has already been scored the once. Glass clasped in his left hand, he hooks a finger into the waistband of those lounge pants. Drags it down past the swell of Hannibal's ass and leaves it cinching midway around thighs already running with excitement. The scent is driving him crazy.

Makes him lick his lips and swallow as his breaths begin to deepen.

"Why did you put these on," he murmurs in a voice quite unlike his own. His mind burning with a dark and suppressed fire that threatens to consume everything if he'd only give up trying to fight it.

/You're just the same as the rest of them. As him./

Dropping the glass, he catches Hannibal's neck suddenly with the crook of his left arm. Presses the flat of the knife to the inside of the Omega's thigh as he closes his eyes and buries his nose into the soft tresses of his hair. Takes a deep breath.

"You've made a mess of everything," he exhales. "You and your insatiable cunt." He strokes the knife along the inside of Hannibal's thigh, running its flat surface over the sensitive wet plane.

A tilt of his chin, incremental but real, to give that arm better purchase as it tightens, the memory of Will crushing his arteries until he went dizzy a hedonistic thrill he'd gladly invite a second time.

He suddenly couldn't be harder, blood pumping to fill his cock taut as the knife caresses soft and slippery skin, the muscle beneath tensing and relaxing, braced bearing too much weight to tremble again.

He remembers yesterday's recognition that taunting an Alpha he already allowed to subdue him might, by slimmest chance, lead to his murder.

It doesn't still the avid tongue he knows Will often hates.

"For all I scent an Alpha, I've been better serviced by my own breed."

He feels crueler than he's capable of feeling concern.

If he's left spited that Will is always at his back when, as ravenous as he is to feel the Alpha force himself inside him, he wants to see the lust playing out on that beautiful face, he at least wants recompense.

"Liar," he murmurs lowly into his hair. "I see no scars." He tilts the blade. Digs the sharp edge of it into Hannibal's thigh. "Only an Alpha can mark you where no one else will see," he utters darkly, sliding the knife up to press carefully into the crevice of those muscular cheeks. The flat of it prying at the left. The very tip digging dangerously close to the source of the flood.

A soft /ah/ on his exhalation as the knife pierces his thigh and he relaxes into the electricity racing through his nerves, spreading through his skin from the brief penetration.

Will's right, of course. Nothing satisfied him like what he felt, yesterday. But, he thinks rebelliously even as his mind sinks into pleasure, his other partners never tortured him so long with lack of touch.

He shudders at the intimate caress of the heating steel, could still choose to suppress his reactions but doesn't, bathing in the sensuality of the risk. Slowly licking his lips as the unfulfilled anticipation subsides.

With his cunt contracting hungrily at the threat of Will he couldn't say he's in his right mind to know what he wants, when a day of deprivation has made his body desperate.

"If he chooses," he baits, thinking about all the times already his voice has pushed Will to a hasty reaction, but he's too fascinated with resculpting Will's recalcitrant mind.

He wants to. Push down his own shorts and cut free his throbbing appendage with an easy flick of the knife. Do as he'd promised to this bewitching Omega with the blade held at his throat and his hard spines raking deep into the juicy walls of that impossibly tight passage.

He wants to fuck him so hard, the man's knees give way as his helpless cunt spasms around his pummelling cock. Choke him so his body squeezes down like a hand clutching tight onto the barbed stem of a rose as Will does his utmost to drag it free.

What sound would leave the Omega's lips? He wouldn't know, with Hannibal growing lax in his arms as he begins to pass out from lack of air. Just before his own inevitable orgasm. He can see it. All of it. So clearly that he oozes freely into his shorts. And yet.

/She never chose to have you./

Swallowing, he tightens his grip on the handle.

"It's not just my choice," he grits through his teeth. Pulling back the knife, he shoves Hannibal down against the clean sheet. Gropes for the spiked glass with his left hand the same time he presses the blade to the sharp crest of a cheekbone.

What he articulates when he feels the cool glass pressed to his burning skin, thinly sliced and bleeding in Will's sudden haste to withdraw the knife, is too colloquial for English but carries -- an expression of irritation instead of fierce invective.

His slick's running heavy, trickles soaking into the bunched fabric of the lounge pants at the knee, and he presses into the knife, just a little, but he's less convinced Will has any useful purpose for it.

He's never suffered the kind of social setbacks in America that would give him any predilection for expressing himself in English, but he's sure if he thought strong conversation could bring the Alpha around in this moment he'd be happy to be far from dignified.

"I suspect you'd never trust I was capable of determining my own intentions on account of the events during which I realized sex would please me," he says as benignly as if a different person had insulted Will as his broad shoulders relax, though he isn't of two minds, having simply recognized any alternative is likely to make Will worse.

"Too many words," he says, tapping Hannibal's cheek with the knife as he nudges his knee with his own, spreading those long legs. "Not enough trust," he adds lowly before pushing the cold bulbous head of the glass into his hole. Grunts as he shoves the thick of it inside the Omega then lets go to grab a tight handful of the man's hair. Yanking hard to lift Hannibal's head, he leans in, pushing his own trapped cock against the base of the dildo. With his right hand, he lifts and presses the knife to Hannibal's bared throat.

Any need for a retort vanishes as he feels, far better than being masturbated, the tangible possibility of Will taking him for his pleasure. Not in the way he desired, but that matters very little compared to the thrill of /being/ desired.

The way his cut skin smarts with his aching cunt stretched wide, the pain of his hair pulled taut against his scalp, the threat of the blade, the sheer possibility that after over forty years and untold and unchecked perfidy and death he might die here, nowhere at all, bleeding out on a bed to make this curious Alpha's orgasm fleetingly more intense. The real danger that Will's use of the knife has been imperfect.

No matter how freeing he's always found the possibility of death, he knows from watching his own incapacitated victims struggle to preserve their lives beyond any hope of survival that he couldn't die apathetic.

He wonders if Will could appreciate it. The slippery-slick pleasure of holding an Alpha's living organs, even their beating heart, in hand as they face the horror of their reality. The hideously gorgeous procession of expressions on the face of a victim bleeding out.

Arms inconveniently bound, he could try to dictate their pace, but chooses, with a flinch of his expression as he allows his body to settle into this physically awkward pose, to trust.

"You taunt me so I will abuse you," he murmurs close to his ear, eyes lidding. "Will you forfeit your life just like that to a subpar Alpha?" The prospect of death has an expectedly sobering effect. If not on his leaking cock, then that part of him that he deems incompatible with the rest of society. With himself, even. Hidden away like some animal that almost always evades discovery until it discovers it is not alone.

He could explain, in too many words, that he's seen subpar Alphas pissing themselves and sobbing, stripped bare of their delusions of dominance.

The fact Will, cantankerous, doesn't paint such a pathetic picture when accosted is, after all, how he turns other Alphas away from their prey. He's sure Will wouldn't be any less stubbornly himself if taken by a serial murderer, understanding the degrading display of his corpse would tomorrow cause a media sensation. In fact, he'd probably be surly about it.

He could explain, but besides that he can't he's poised too close to pleasure to want to.

He remains lax and invitingly calm, encouraging with arousal bleeding into his voice:

"You asked me to trust you. Enjoy yourself."

“I didn’t,” he utters. “But you want me to enjoy myself at your expense.” /Why me? Because I was your first? Because you’re in heat? Because you want to feel alive for once in your privileged life?/ “Do you want to be hurt that much...?” he asks in a voice that’s quiet yet thick with desire. He can feel the slick running out of Hannibal past the glass to seep through the front of his shorts. Feel himself throb against the base of the dildo he keeps from slipping out of the other with the hard press of his hips.

Words it is, then, and it’s difficult when he’s so preoccupied that Will is the cusp of something that could be to each their relative, though imperfect satisfaction. He’s sure he’s never let anyone take half the liberty with his body he’s allowing Will now, and the Alpha remains damnably recalcitrant.

“How can I convince you it wouldn’t be to my detriment but to my pleasure? You have instincts to spend but you fear making a victim. I’m not your victim.”

“I see you as something of an equal instead of yet another pathetic Alpha at ends it can’t get at my estate. If I didn’t I’d be rid of you, heat or not.”

He hesitates upon hearing the word /equal/ and thinking immediately of all its implications. /I don’t understand.../ Frowning, he slowly eases his grip on Hannibal’s hair. /You taunt me, yet you see something in me that you deem valuable. You let me fuck you because you saw what in me, exactly, in that short space of time? You are drawn sexually to my cruelty, and yet you value my compassion?/ The knife begins to lower in his hand.

“You like that I use violence against other Alphas,” he utters, wondering when the man would have made his judgement of him and decided to get involved after their brief encounter.

In his immediate disappointment, he’s sure he’s about to use violence against an Alpha. Now Will’s thinking, when he’s supposed to be doing anything else. But he let him bind his arms to prevent assaulting him and the blind urge to simply accost him again passes due to the immediate difficulty of having his bound arms pinned beneath the weight of his body.

“Yes,” he affirms with a somewhat defeated exhalation. There’s a not-insignificant part of him celebrating the joy of not being misunderstood. There’s also a thick piece of glass filling his cunt and a somewhat useless sex partner who could otherwise be driving it into him butting up against it.

It’s something of a shame he can’t extricate himself from the fact that, perhaps very much due to the difficulty of attaining it, he can’t extricate himself from wanting Will’s attention, and he shifts restlessly on his knees, at least enjoying the pull on the cut Will left him with. Every part of him that would demand more is reminded demands simply make the creature behind him vexingly more intransigent.

He knows that sigh. Knows Hannibal is needy despite being articulate. The sound calls to his own body that has become second to his confusion - something that needs to be rectified. /Act now, talk later./ Taking a deep breath, he tightens his grip on the other's hair again.

Presses the knife back to his throat.

"Push," he orders, voice low in the omega's ear.

He's immediately riveted by the difficulty of the command and the revived tension as Will wrenches his hair and presses the blade against his skin, even as Will's hips slack.

The gift of clarity draws his full attention to the rude instrument inside him. He's plush and he's wet and its hooked barbs aren't Will's, are there to stimulate but far too smooth to claw.

His body closes around it, clenches, a powerful wave of arousal breaking through him as the contraction and each subsequent, increasingly reflexive spasm pushes the toy further from his body. The emptiness vexes, leaves him utterly dependent on his unreliable partner to fill him. But he's designed to be shaped by an Alpha's command, obedience to his irresistible as his mind unmoors itself.

Feeling the butt of the toy pressing into him through his soaked shorts, he arches his back to accommodate the last of its escaping length. Slams his hips forward just before the glass dildo slips out completely.

The man that had the sense not to show his own strength more than a day ago, now, is a different creature under the threat of the blade. His feline muscles tense beneath his skin and no matter the low sound of satisfaction that vibrates through his throat as the brutally hard toy slides home, no matter that his abdomen clutches around the jarring force of Will's hips, he remains unmoved between Will's grasp and the razor edge of Will's knife in a nearly preternatural way.

He feels a string of precum drooling from his cock thin and then break to disappear in the air. Feels the flared base of the dildo pushed into him so that it forces the cheeks of his ass to part against it and the wound there stings in a fiercely pleasurable way while the smaller nick at his throat faintly echos.

He's too aroused to put up with being taunted, too suffused with heat not to stoke the fire higher, and, immediately demanding, with the potent strength of his thighs and his hips, he rolls into Will — cares more, in his mind, about humping out the reward of the fresh scent of his semen than having those false barbs ineffectively rake him.

It's true Hannibal is not the kind of Omega Will has envisaged himself being with in his past empath fantasies of painless lovemaking. The same fantasies that would always derail onto harsh Alpha terrain full of violence and pain. Because, under the guise of being the best out of a worst bunch, he still can't rewrite his genes. And as much as his empathy will often stop him from harming defenceless creatures, his instinct is, and always will be, the polar opposite. He thought he could train the empath in him like one does a muscle until it grows stronger than the base animal. Thought the latter would languish simultaneously over time if not exercised. But that was before he met an Omega that should've been born an Alpha. And this unusual combination of subordination and defiance has thrown Will - straight into rutting against a strong, powerful body that inflames his lust for all its added challenge and defiance. A body that is relentless in its pursuit of satisfaction derived from sexual release or the successful antagonising of an Alpha.

Determined not to let the Omega grind an orgasm out of him first, Will lets go of his hair to reach down. Wraps his fingers around that deliciously smooth cock to create a tight tunnel into which Hannibal fucks with each buck of his hips.

He is curious whether the Omega will grow heedless enough to lose himself to the urge to rut and cut himself upon the sharp edge of the blade still held to his throat. Deviously encourages it with each hard snap of his own hips as he pants excitedly behind the man's ear.

Even as instinctive recognition of a sudden greater need for physical discipline moves across his features unseen by Will, holding this position a far greater challenge than the one just previously posed by Will despite the bullish strength of his neck, he's swept up in the phenomenal gratification of Will's body answering his own. And then Will's calloused hand is on him, wrapped around his cock, offering pleasure, though without pain.

For having spent more than a day in heat in his own way courting a lover and being continuously denied, it's enough in this moment for the Omega in Hannibal to know Will is as free with his desires as it's yet had him. He's too much the hedonist to truly hate his urges. What he hates is ugliness, and if he's never punished it in an Omega it's not because he's never seen it but because it would be ugly on his part to put aspirations to his own baroque violence into the minds of those they're helpless to when the only sentiment he wants to inspire in the breed that's made his every living year a fight for the integrity of his person is fear.

Despite the stimulation offered he has little thought for his own orgasm. Is fixated wholly on Will's. Is seized with thoughts of Will coming so close to his cunt, of wanting to again be the immediate, not proximal cause of his release, and if he can't receive it he can know that isn't for lack of Will's relentlessly thrusting body forcing itself forward as Hannibal's rolls back on it. Wants to pleasure him in a way that's utterly selfish.

The last time he came, it was with his teeth buried in Hannibal's nape and his dick untouched. This time, he comes from the friction between their bodies, yet does so without tasting the other's blood. As it builds and rips through him, he presses on Hannibal's throat

with the knife. Realises what he is doing, and drops it from his hand before grabbing the front of his neck and squeezing hard over the shallow cut. By the time the wave of his orgasm has crested, his fingers have more or less closed off the Omega's windpipe.

He should protect himself as Will's hips jerk against him and his careless arm tightens, as the blade separates flesh from flesh. He feels rapture. Greater, still, as Will seizes him, escaping blood wet between them and Will's hand, purposeful in the first moment, mindlessly tightening.

He can imagine, as the air brightens and sharpens with the scent of Will and olfaction creates a phantom of Will's cock out of the glass hard and too blunt instrument stretching him wide around while, that Will's coming inside him, will take hold of and remake him.

His orgasm crashes through him even as the thrill that would compel him to survive floods his veins. The mind erasing bliss seizing an already disappearing mind and rendering it absent except for sensation leaves him in submission to the hand now violent around his throat, now crushing, now sending his vision grey and stealing the sound from the air around him. He knows much of what comes next, but in the elation of being effaced by Will's intention, the pain of the cuts on his body and the distortion of strangulation, the black threatening the edge of his vision seems distant to the immediacy of his pleasure.

He only knows these things are as close to the sensation he's been deprived of all his life as he's been brought.

He hears Hannibal gasp - a tight, strangled snatch of air - and groans lowly as he continues to ejaculate, his grip tightening on the Omega's throat the same time his cock spasms and pumps his own shorts full of seed.

The black encroaches. The sound disappearing around him turns into a sudden, strong buzz, like the strike of a tuning fork. A second wave of adrenaline, the certainty he could die, but although his cock is spent a second wave of pleasure shudders through his cunt.

His body reacts in the short time between recognition and unconsciousness, but with his arms trapped under him and Will's instinctively cruel hold unrelenting, he effects nothing before he vacates himself.

As quick as he'd tightened his grip, he lets go of Hannibal's throat. Catches him round the middle to steer him clear of the knife lying atop the cover. Wrestling the man down and onto his back upon the bed, he plants his hands to either side of that dishevelled head. Pants quietly as he leans over Hannibal, staring down through his lashes at the other's face, his attention darting to the blood seeping as a thin rivulet from the nick in the Omega's throat.

Further down, he sees the man's dick. Exposed and drooling post-orgasm. Lying there beneath him, Hannibal looks deliciously helpless, and before he realises what he is doing, Will's hand is reaching for that face. His fingers pushing the damp tresses of hair from those closed hooded eyes.

Consciousness returns immediately as blood floods back through restricted veins though in the first seconds Hannibal can't place where he could be. The bliss and Will's strong scent seize his reawakened senses such that he's already past the point of lashing out by the time the ache of windpipe and the pain of the gash across it reminds him he carelessly, though delightfully, let Will choke him out.

The hedonistic thrill of it immediately preoccupies him, mind seeking to recapture every moment up to the point the world, however briefly, no longer held a place for him. It's not the erasure of self he's been pursuing, but it was no less total. No: Was more total, though not sustainably repeatable.

He's relaxed in the fact he's never had a stronger release, aware of Will over him and the toy still gorging his cunt, when he feels Will's touch — unexpectedly gentle. Sighs, contented, though the air leaves his broad chest through a wrecked throat. Lets his hooded eyes drift open, though he doesn't raise them immediately to Will's. Drinks in the strong body over him, instead, drifting between closed eyed recollection and open eyed reality trying devoutly to fit the image of it, it's dimensions, to the memories of its forceful, unseen actions.

He's aware risking Will's gaze will very likely provoke the Alpha to stubbornly separate himself, again.

Chapter 7

For the briefest moment, he'd imagined Hannibal as his, and how he would watch down at the Omega just as he is doing now, following another one of their rough sessions. And months down the line, he is still secretly in awe that such a one has come into his life and allowed him to do the things he has only ever thought about doing in the past. Maybe even share with him all the things he normally finds impossible to speak of. Make a friend in the Omega. A confidant.

/He can't stay here./ The voice of reason interrupts, and he stops staring at that face. Drops his eyes to collarbones. /He won't stay here./ Dismissing the train of thought with an exhale, he grabs the other's jaw. Tilts it up to look over the cut in his throat.

The sound of Will's exhalation and he knows whatever attention he wrested has passed, quite without Hannibal himself reminding Will the Alpha prefers to keep his distance. The fact he had a grasp on him, the arresting flavor of his ejaculate in the air, with his keen senses almost a taste on his tongue, stirs hopeless ambitions he doesn't deter his body from yearning after.

He can't catch without either assaulting Will in earnest or Will's assent, but he can entertain the fantasy of a Mischa or a Mykolas that he conjured in the shower.

An echo of his orgasms, a briefer but searing pleasure, spreads through his cunt at the sight of Will's hand darkened with his own drying blood taking hold of him again. He can feel the caking blood on his neck, spread by Will's brutal grasp.

"Lucky thing you dropped the knife," he supposes, amused pleasure irrepressible.

He could apologise. But what's the point. He doesn't feel sorry at all.

"I guess," he utters, removing his hand as he leans back and off the bed to slowly stand. "I'll get something to clean up with," he says, continuing to avoid the other's eyes as he picks the knife up from the bed. Looking down at the blade, he remembers saying he would check over the man's nape. Instead, he's just made a further mess of him. /You're marking what's not yours./

He recognizes the hoarse quality to his voice isn't entirely from arousal and knows, for several medical reasons, he could surprise them and take a turn, but it doesn't seem important to inform Will of.

Upon brief reflection, there are quite a few considerations he'd prefer not to inform Will of. There's pleasure in Will's spontaneity. Hannibal would hate to risk making him more

fastidious when the Alpha's inclinations in that direction are already torment.

But the conversation that provoked this, the wonderful fact Will in fact came quite close to tearing his throat out — he wants Will to keep their words close in his mind. Lowers his wrecked voice.

"I speculated I'd find the most rewarding death I could be granted if you used my dying body to climax. Now I know it's true. I'm not indifferent to my death, but I have a sense how precious it is to choose our own. Few are afforded pleasure in the experience."

Privately, Will considers the appeal of Hannibal's gravelly voice. A sound that confirms the man's complicity in his cruelty.

"Maybe when you've had enough of everything, you'll come back," he says, glancing up into hooded eyes. "You know where I live. Doubt I'll be going anywhere." He glances askance. "Assuming you don't get yourself killed before then."

He folds the promise into himself. Covets it. There's freedom in the possibility. He isn't the suicidal type and can't see himself becoming it. But far better to have options than not, considering his lifestyle — half chosen and half demanded by his appetite. If he can often, and moreso with age, defer his impulses, he can't entirely repress them.

"You'll have to keep yourself alive," he warns, playful. "I'd be very cross to arrive disappointed."

He smiles. Twitchily. But a smile nonetheless. It feels strange. And kind of nice.

"What are you going to do, dig me up out back and shout at my corpse?"

"I'll have to get creative, won't I?" he teases, flirtatious.

He supposes he would be cross. Probably would make something of Will's corpse, not because he's convinced it could reach Will in an afterlife he's skeptical even exists, but to quiet his temper.

It's fascinating to know he already has firm feelings on the subject, but quite out of bounds to explain /that/.

Better to change the subject, though his flirtation doesn't flag.

"Before you clean up, Will, do you think you could remove the dildo? My options are ungainly."

The request makes him look down between Hannibal's spread thighs. If he lowers to his knees, he'd be able to see into the Omega through the base - a distortion of his tight pink walls. Ones that refuse to let go of the spiked dildo even after orgasm. An hour ago, he would've answered the request quickly and begrudgingly. Now, having come twice without penetration, he feels slightly more comfortable about riding out this heat. Enough, at least, to make him linger longer than he would by the Omega, and acknowledge that playfulness. That hell-bent eroticism.

Inhaling, he leans over Hannibal. Keeps his hand on the knife he rests upon the bed while his left moves to the glass base.

"Ungainly how," he utters, beginning to pull.

A small, pleased groan as the toy moves, the punctuated friction welcome against his flesh, however comfortably he's been spent.

He's happy with Will, and he's been fond but he hasn't precisely been that. It's a light and pacifying feeling and he's almost certain he'd be safe toward him with his hands free, for a little while, but understands his intuition will always and unreliably tell him Will's safe from him with his hands free. It's only the application of reason that can inform him otherwise.

"Don't you think it would thwart avoiding humiliating myself to describe the ways I haven't humiliated myself to you?"

"You don't seem so upset by it," he says, voice quiet and low as he continues to pull the dildo from that gripping ass. Is aware of himself stirring at the thought of slamming the glass in sharp enough for Hannibal to feel those spikes.

"Upset? No. I'm sure right now I could be convinced of any number of otherwise uncharacteristic things. A shame your most cherished fantasy is I behave myself."

He's marvelously relaxed, not only from his orgasms but with the new wounds Will's inflicted on him adding new notes to every ache and pain he's already accrued. Base, top, and middle notes that will endure variously like the elements of a cologne or perfume.

Pleasures that make him thoroughly Will's.

There's nothing between his sweat soaked skin and the air. A shiver of pleasure is a shiver in earnest, the house with its large, multi-paned windows night cold.

His open and still freely leaking body flinches around the toy.

“The truth is,” he murmurs, hand pausing as he holds that dark gaze, “the struggle makes it more exciting.” /There. He has shared something. And now, the flinching away from the very fact./ He pulls the remainder of the glass out of Hannibal, swallowing at the wet sound and avoiding looking down again - it’ll only spur his budding erection if he fixates on the Omega’s hole, imagining how it’d appear if it had been his cock working it open. /Calm down. You can’t start recovering so fast./

His shorts cling coldly to him. Hannibal looks cold, too, lying there naked on his back with the soaked lounge pants at his ankles. “I’ll get the towels and something you can clean up with,” he says, leaning back with the toy.

He hums a satisfied sound, watching Will more closely, now, with fascinated affection. His satisfied cock, more sluggish, remains momentarily limp regardless of a stimulating sensation, despite the throb that returns to his cunt at the reward of intimacy — more precious for its rarity. But then it’s the latter that holds physical priority, perpetually ready to be shoved wide and to spur a release from an Alpha with its convulsions, separate of any desire of its Omega.

Even greater the arousal with Hannibal’s motivated desire, then, instead of the terror of his peers. But it soothes his vanity, knowing by rare luck his eagerness isn’t so repulsive to Will after all.

A smile on his lips, he lets Will leave to tend the laundry.

Free of the dildo, he can comfortably drag his legs up and together and kick away the soaked cotton trousers. They land heavy for all they’re soaked with slick.

He lies quiet, for a moment, his bound hands resting on the slight, soft paunch of his belly. Not any lack of high fitness, only age — and, he thinks with private smugness, maybe being well fed. He lets himself imagine more. Slowly becoming taut and full, hormones softening him, making his body more elastic, and that will pass, but the same changing in some ways irrevocably. These changes worked upon the physical architecture of his mind.

Queer to think he might need to convince Will only once for his body to be turned toward Will’s ends. Continuing still even in the Alpha’s inevitable absence after the heat has passed.

Unpleasant thoughts of property law disquiet his fantasy. Sneering, he sits up.

He eyes the bucket beside the head of the bed, refilled but untouched. Recognizing he’s parched, it’s immediately apparent to him something has already changed, because he can’t remember why he’d been mortified at the thought of Will watching him drink from it.

He’s poorly positioned to determine if that has the least to do with a bout of simulating penetrative sex. Suspects it has more to do with a friendlier kind of familiarity. Will acting less ill disposed toward him. The physical demand to feel the Alpha rip through his bowels

remains a constant. Real trust he won't be verbally degraded, except if perhaps in tease, is new.

Having washed the dildo, he shakes it dry and sets it aside as he busies himself with emptying the dryer of its towels and bedding and filling it back up with the duvet. Walking back to the bed, he pauses upon finding Hannibal lying somewhat awkwardly upon the bed, drinking from the bucket. His hair starting to fall into his eyes again. His lips wrapped around the end of the plastic tube as he sucks and swallows.

"Do you want these laid down now?" he eventually asks with his arms full of towels. His eyes still on the smooth undulations in the Omega's throat. The knife cuts visible.

He doesn't have the modesty to mask his erotic gratification in Will's obvious physical interest. He hadn't anticipated it. Still thought of the whole setup as particularly crude and not especially of the fact displaying the inconvenience of the rope naturally highlights the ease with which Will could take his body this way, or that he put his neck on display.

The fact is, despite the partners he's had meeting the carnal needs of other Omegas is a largely placid affair — attempts to make it anything else have largely failed, his borrowed partners too traumatized to act out any violence — and despite having passed into middle age his every interaction with Alphas outside his immediate family has necessarily been guarded. Showing Will what he wants to see runs contrary to his habitual best interests.

He waits a moment, then, to answer. Drinks his fill.

"Best, don't you think?" he agrees.

The water has only done so much for his voice.

For a moment, he hears the other speak and wonders if he could make the man moan enough to lose his voice entirely. The sudden hard pulsation in his dick stirs him from the thought.

"...where do you want it?" he utters, unable to stop staring at that awkward pose. His wet mouth. The dried smears of blood on his neck that he still needs to clean.

Though already as languorous as his present position affords, he's tempted to preen yet suspicious it would vexingly send Will off upstairs. And still, the close attention brings a rush of blood to his reviving cock.

And still.

"On the bed, don't you think?" he flirts shamelessly, smile slight but eyes alive and bright.

“I need to...get under you,” he mutters, meaning with the towels but also imagining the man’s hands unbound and holding up his own weight as they press into the bed on either side of them. His hips jerking from Will’s violent upward thrusts. His smooth Omega dick full - like it is now - and smacking hard enough against his own stomach to smear his own skin with pre-cum.

/You were under me, and you didn’t seem to care for it/ he thinks, but doesn’t articulate.

Things have changed. Are changing. And if Will still won’t give him the blinding pain of himself, the whole affair looks less indeterminately miserable.

He breathes in, feels the ache in his expanding ribs from the blow Will dealt with his elbow at the same time he’s reminded Will’s hand only just so forcefully constricted his throat he lost power over himself. Totally. Potentially finally.

He shifts on the bed, leveraging his elbows, getting his bound hands under him to push himself upright as his long legs are drawn in for stability, then unfold. For the unavoidable impossibility of making the affair truly graceful, his strength and familiarity with his own body renders every motion sure.

Comfortably rolling his head to undo the ghost of a crick in his neck from being on his elbow so long, he rises from the bed, grateful at least that his legs are no longer bound.

He nods down to his useless hands.

“I’d say I could help but I think being bent over the bed again would do you no good, regardless of your passion for shibari.”

He wonders if Hannibal had spotted his volume on the shelf. Seen the bookmark poking out for the page covering the frogtie. Tries not to imagine the man in one as he tosses down the towels without comment and leans down to spread them out. As he does, he is reminded of the need to change his shorts as they cling to him uncomfortably. Will have to venture upstairs for his pillow, too, with Hannibal’s being too damp still. /What is new?/ While he’s up there, he should wipe himself down and change into some new shorts. Grab a face cloth, also, for the other. Straightening, he keeps his eyes on the towels laid out on the bed.

“You can lie back down.”

For what he said, he didn’t realize the impact Will assuming the same position would have on him. His shorts are necessarily tight, given the curvature they cling to, and the wet stain of his ejaculate has soaked down the seam and spread in a too-familiar way, so that the Omega is

far too keenly aware of the partners of his own breed he's had underneath him — of each configuration.

Pinning Will underneath his greater weight isn't what he wants. But his frustrated body knows it hasn't gotten what it wants by any combination of means of a fleeting moment he's sure he could, in fact, have Will under him. At least he'd see him — if not orgasm, then fight.

A sudden confused jumble of sensations, the brief intersection of lapping the taste of Will's skin off the Alpha's back and the fact all of his experiences with the bodies of Alphas have been vicious and fatal and the fact he wants release with him.

His wrists twist and rope reminds him where he belongs. (Who he belongs to.)

He's sure Will said something moments before.

"I'm sorry?" he prompts in a voice politely at odds with his lapse in sanity, though having no idea what kind of thought he might have appeared lost in.

The man seems suddenly distracted, and Will suspects, from the fixation of that dark gaze on his lower body, that his heat must be flaring up with a vengeance. Perhaps from the sight and smell of his ruined shorts. The damp outline of his rigid cock. Touching Hannibal now with a wet wash cloth is probably not a good idea, he thinks to himself as he stands there, eyeing the Omega. His own urges might push it, just as his dick is currently pushing against his shorts. Straining like a divining rod towards the other.

"Lie down," he instructs before making his way over to the drawers for some shorts. At the same time, a new unspoken rule has apparently left Hannibal without the need to be clothed. Or rather, for Will to clothe him. As it stands, the only thing the man is wearing is his own slick and blood. No. He has to at least remove the latter. The red marks, whilst dry, remain far too provocative.

"I'll get that pillow and wash cloth," he mutters, turning to go.

For all that he only just meant to be unruly, he's grateful for the terse order. Simple and rewarding to obey as Will goes to his dresser to retrieve unspoiled undergarments. It's becoming easier to move this way, with his wrists tight together. /Not necessarily a good thing/ he admits to himself, considering he has days left and far too many thwarted desires that may well remain unfulfilled.

He looks after the Alpha as he turns away from the dresser.

"Will." He sets his lips, is more focused on the square shoulders, and on what might be going on under that mop of curls, than where he'd just been fixed. "Whatever toy you're using for yourself, why don't you bring it downstairs?"

He knows exactly the toy. Saw, held and smelt it early on in their short acquaintance. Can imagine watching Will's huge girth push inside it, a fetshistic proxy of all that Will won't wreck on him, and the sound of his barbs raking the rubber. Doesn't want to only imagine. Is sure, in fact, that if Will insists on remaining behind him — no matter that he's a relative virgin whose natural instinct is to force him prone and tear his nape — he's going to try something, eventually, and because he won't be sane in that moment he could hurt them.

He'd like more and different. To be intimate, just a little like he's been with past partners. Will had relaxed under the caress of his lips and didn't hate his touch. At first.

Obviously the concept requires fine tuning.

He had paused at the sound of Hannibal speaking his name. Had looked over at the suggestion of masturbating in front of the Omega. The notion of the man being desperate enough to settle for watching him fuck a lifeless object while his greedy cunt dribbles has its appeal.

His twitching cock can attest to that. And while he normally considers himself to be the opposite of an exhibitionist, he finds he wants to see it - Hannibal pining for what he can't have. Asides from having his sadistic fire stoked, it's almost as though, having learnt of the Omega's unconventionality, he is beginning to want to trust it. Trust this man is as much of an oddity as himself. And seek some kind of connection with something other than a toy. To swap the empty manmade vessel used to capture the brunt of his unspeakable desires for a body and mind that responds. Not that Hannibal is currently of his right mind. But neither is Will wrong for thinking the man desires him. And not just because he comes attached with a penis. Taking a breath, he holds it, licking his lips. Regards the other's face through narrowing eyes.

"Won't that make it worse for you?" he asks lowly, the implication of the Omega's suffering heightening his excitement enough for him to feel his erect barbs piercing through the taut fabric of his soiled shorts. If he'd thought about sleep just a moment ago, he should have added it is only likely once they've thoroughly spent themselves and created a new pile of washing. It's disgusting. And he's been standing in semen saturated tee and shorts for longer than he has ever done living on his own. But a part of him admits there's something about the degradation that brings with it a certain satisfaction. And he suspects it has something to do with having a man like Hannibal Lecter looking as compromised as he is now under his roof - increasingly helpless to another mind scrambling heatwave. A proud man like him falling just short of begging. Perhaps he will. Within the next few days.

He eyes slant away not in modesty but as his mind turns. It's true to be next to Will filling anything that isn't him, snapping his hips close against him while Hannibal's cunt throbs with his heartbeat and the emptiness makes its presence known can't quell his heat. True, too, that Will will have to undo a little of that rope and a risk exists, though Hannibal's own animal deters his lips from articulating it. But he's as sure as he can be that real needs weigh as

heavily as the risk, has felt the weight of them building and his rational mind won't break, because it won't exist to break. The heat's animal purpose is to replace it.

"I'm very aware of what you're refusing me every moment I'm in your house," he says, as his eyes return to Will's.

The state of rejection that had put the feverish belief in him that Will could only withhold himself because he's repulsed by him that fed a self doubt Hannibal has otherwise been completely unfamiliar with, he knows that unnatural torture will remain relentless unless he's breached wide by something crueler than a piece of glass. Sometimes drowned out by immediate experiences, sometimes at the forefront of his mind.

He simply needs Will beside him.

/Will you at least give me this?/ the man appears to be saying. Seeking fuel for his masochistic fire. He could untie Hannibal's wrists so he may use the glass at the same time he uses the sleeve. Could. But won't. /And you'd like it better that way, wouldn't you...?/

He holds that dark gaze for a beat longer before continuing on his way to the stairs.

"I'll get that pillow and wash cloth," he repeats. Doesn't mention the toy again. Preferring to make the other wait.

Easy to weigh persisting, now that he better trusts Will to have seen he doesn't have to deny himself in every way to prevent himself from risking the hypothetical child that's presently non-existent interests he's so bent on protecting. If Will has it in mind to retrieve the masturbation sleeve, he will.

Which doesn't make the wait less interminable. He can picture, in his mind's eye, eyes open or closed, what Will could look like in pleasure. Stormy eyes fierce, then unfocused. Panting or snarling. And all the muscles that stand out definite on his artistically chiseled body moving fluid under the skin as he thrusts.

None of his fictions can be as satisfying as the sight of him, just like he couldn't be satisfied striving to turn the feeling of Will's cock inside him into anything so pleasing as seeing its real size and girth. And that despite the fact Will refuses to inflict it on his heat swollen skin when nature's demand that an Omega not fight penetration renders the razor stab of his spines almost incapacitating.

He's known the feeling just long enough to be cursed by the fact Will refuses him the reward, and that while extracting himself from the very situation he desired under his Alpha's demand.

He wonders over himself, probing his own motives — rather, those of the stranger who submits to Will. The stranger who's been so eager for everything natural to an Omega.

/“Everyone here imagines you forced by them, but I’ve never found any phantom that submits to me aligns with the man in front of me. I can’t contort you to be restrained by my fantasies any more than I could restrain you.”

Bedelia, standing close in another Alpha’s living room, champagne flutes in each of their hands. Speaking plainly for the first time.

It’s the first time any Alpha has spoken plainly since his younger days in Europe, but those Alphas always spoke to degrade him. Given time and distance, some of them later died. Doctor Du Maurier sounds as close to admiration as anyone who can’t ultimately think of him as more than a vehicle to act out their desire for violence and a receptacle to give them offspring could be.

“Among the many propositions I’ve received, yours has the high honor of being the most self-aware. Though you’d do better to say ‘Omega’ than ‘man’ when you can’t ultimately restrain your contempt.”

The bottle blonde Alpha’s lips spread into a smile along the rim of her champagne glass, and then she drinks.

“I’m satisfied with my wealth, and my Omega. I don’t believe I’d genuinely want the responsibility of keeping your behavior in check in exchange for the conceit of being called Grafienė.” Her eyes traverse his face in consideration. “I wouldn’t envy anyone who does breed you. Whatever vestigial instincts cause you to confuse yourself for an Alpha are unlikely to simply abate. I suspect your submission would always be conditional.”

He considers her measured words. The contempt is inescapable, but so is the compliment. He returns a smile of his own. As hungry as her presumption makes him for something a far cry from sex, he can’t say she’s wrong./

The part of him so responsive to Will is a part of himself he’s long desired to familiarize himself with, but one little exercised compared to every other.

He wants to rely on the pleasure of being shaped to Will’s whim taking precedence over contesting impulses, but can’t erase that he only just came to the edge of putting Will to his frustrated use, or that he’s fantasized about demanding the penetration he wants from Will’s semi-conscious body.

/Why are you toying with him?/ He glances up at his own reflection. Glances down again at the sleeve being rinsed in the sink. /Why not? He’s been toying with me.../ He pauses. Eyes falling half drawn at the running water. /It’s the most interaction you’ve had with one of them, though he’s hardly like any you’ve come across. That’s it, isn’t it? You think you have a playmate./ Scoffing at the voice, he turns off the water. /Yeah, well. If I wanted to, I can enjoy myself a little before he goes.../

He climbs down the stairs and makes his way to Hannibal in clean shorts, with his pillow tucked under his arm, and a small gently steaming tub of water. Setting the latter upon the

bedside table, he puts the pillow down by the other's head. Glances briefly at that thoughtful expression before returning his attention to the tub. Facing it, he slips his hand in to grab the wash cloth.

"Sit up," he says whilst wringing out the excess water.

He doesn't care so much that Will see the awkwardness of pushing himself up from the bed, both on account that he's growing less awkward and on account of the fact Will responded to him permitting the vulnerability of watching him drink in an unexpectedly magnetic way.

He sits up. But he can explicitly see there is no sleeve in Will's possession and if it was concealed in some way he could easily smell the thing, having caught its scent before.

The problem lies in the fact as he flares his nostrils he /can/ smell it, but so faintly even he barely registers the otherwise pungent scent of rubber. It's been in Will's soap-clean hands. He's spent himself upstairs, alone, when he could have chosen to spend himself in Hannibal's company.

Even as his sweating body shivers again, now from the chill of being separated from the little warmth held against him by the bed and by having his slick soaked legs better exposed to the air, his expression displays nothing but sobriety. Cool only in the sense of emotional detachment.

It's irrational to feel betrayed when Will gave no indication of acquiescing to his whims and has barely grudged him anything at all. Except he's voracious, and a little taste has stoked a much larger appetite.

"Tell me, do you at least imagine it's me or do you picture yourself inside something closer to the ideal? Or differently gendered?"

For as bitter as he feels, his voice isn't bitter. He wonders. While he's aware he has gracile features enough, he's more masculinized than many male Alphas.

Not, per se, than Will, who's slighter in height but overall heavier in build, besides that Hannibal's own broad chest is thickly pelted with hair.

And as indiscriminate as close contact with Omegas can make an Alpha and as unfamiliar as oriented attraction is to Hannibal himself, he understands, if resentfully, that the Alpha he's jealous over might not be inclined toward men.

The last thing he wants to do is admit he came from the thought of masturbating in front of the man. Just like that. As he stood there at the sink, rinsing out the goddamn toy. He was that strung, all it took was thoughts of Hannibal propped up awkwardly on his elbows, watching on helplessly as slick gushes out of him.

“And what is that,” he utters, sitting down on the edge of the bed beside the other and immediately pushing the warm, damp wash cloth onto the Omega’s throat. His eyes watching the dried blood disappear under the firm movement of the cloth. “The ideal.”

He relaxes his shoulders and tips his head back to bare his throat, whole body thrilling with a charge of excitement almost as potent as when Will earlier stepped up behind him.

Baring the nape of his neck in submission is one thing. Baring his throat, when Will could have fatally cut it in his physical excitement and whose next impulse was barely less potentially deadly, not just a blood choke — dangerous on its own — but windpipe crushing, produces simultaneous impulses to defend himself, his better habit, and to offer himself up for mishandling.

He swallows, throat bobbing under the present pleasure of the cloth gentle on his torn and lightly blood caked skin.

Futile, for his cunt to be thick and eager between his legs, for its scent and the shine of the slick on his skin to invite penetration, when Will’s hands smell like cheap synthetic rubber.

“The ideal? Smaller, more vulnerable to predation. Something with the scent of fear on its skin that shrieks when you make yourself inescapable inside it. Something the pain cripples. Spending your lust leaves it shaking and in tears.”

A twitch at the corner of his mouth, despite his persisting disappointment.

“I’m sure it doesn’t know any grappling holds or use finger locks.”

He hums to himself, eyes lingering over the spots on his throat nicked by the knife. If he thinks back on the times he’d sought release after helping an Omega, it’s true they were mostly females whose faces he had conjured. And it’s not until now that he realises there could be more excitement to be gained from preying on the stronger of their kind - the fact that his ‘victim’ has a naturally penetrable anatomy only hones the edge of his appetite. But he hadn’t expected to discover the existence of such a whetstone in anyone.

“Do you hunt?” he murmurs eventually, hand still on the other’s throat. His finger at the edge of the cloth. Close to touching one of the cuts.

He closes his heavily lided eyes in the pleasure of being groomed. Exposes his neck just a little more, because he can feel the blood has been washed away but he craves the contact.

“Like you? No. My aunt, Murasaki, was exceptionally martial minded, and made certain I wouldn’t be disgraced.”

It’s each technically true.

“Animals,” he utters as way of clarifying, his pulse beginning to climb all of a sudden at the sight of those eyes closing. At that neck that bares itself so wantonly. /You like this, Omega?/ Impulsively, he lets go of the wash cloth. Hears it landing wetly as he grabs Hannibal firmly by the throat. “Hare...deer...”

His slight smile turns up just a little further. A phenomenal feeling, Will’s workman-rough hand latched again around his throat. He’d dearly love Will to take his pleasure from him, again — throw him down on the mattress this way — though in the fantasy Will is deep between his thighs and he can’t hold himself so perfectly still as before, desperate from the devastating pain.

Arousal thick and still a little hoarse as his voice is he has no trouble speaking, despite his hips pushing up a little where he sits to heighten the pleasure breaking through his body.

“I‘ve hunted game animals, yes. As a youth in Lithuania. But although you’d find my present home contains a number of morbid curiosities, I only hunt for food. It would feel artificial in America, going so far out of my way to experience the tedium of rifle hunting.”

There was game enough on the now abandoned estate he never means to return to. He supposes he retains his preference for cooking with fresh and locally sourced meat, but has found a much more sporting way to obtain it.

Despite the disappointment Will delivered, he suddenly finds himself in a pleasant humor.

He listens patiently to Hannibal. To the thud of his pulse in his ears.

“Are there wolves in Lithuania?” he asks when the other has finished speaking, voice quiet and low as he stares intently into those hooded eyes.

He regards him with curiosity, mind quieted but body aroused by his own submission, by Will’s controlling influence.

“Yes.”

“Then you know,” he says, voice dropping to a half whisper as he leans closer. Eyes unblinking. Grip unrelenting. “You don’t have to be small to be vulnerable to predation.”

He breathes in, and now ignores the scent of the rubber and that of the soap to enjoy the intoxicating masculinity of Will's body, blonde eyelashes drifting low, though eyes not falling shut. His chest tightens. His cock is rigid and cunt a single ache.

He likes what he sees, this ferocity in Will. He could believe this Alpha could be genuinely dangerous. Wonders.

"It would be novel for anyone to act on me in a way I didn't permit."

This, now, is something he's permitting.

Difficult to imagine truly being taken advantage of in any way.

"Novel," Will scoffs softly, face held close enough for the puff of his breath to be felt on the other's lips. "I think you'll come when it finally happens," he murmurs darkly, fingers clenching. "Uncontrollably."

His body shivers with anticipation that sears his cunt.

He can't say it isn't true. Can't say it is. His flirtations with a real loss of autonomy have been so extreme it's unlikely he wouldn't have been killed instead of fucked if he didn't regain power over his opponent. He always does, in the end.

He can't say why, when he's mutilated Alphas alive for speaking to him with condescension, the promise of Will's words is so enticing.

Will's fingers digging into his throat make for a welcome agony. The proximity that has that intimate part of him gushing slick with want of him is something sorely needed.

If Will ever advantages himself of him, it won't be like this.

Won't be /exactly/ like this, because there's nothing in the immediate present he would deny Will. Is more likely to himself shortly be denied, again.

He shifts, greedy, on the bed, looking for stimulation when he knows Will won't fuck him.

Resentment flinches on his brow, as he suddenly recognizes Will's laying thick implications he has no intention of making good on, and his hazy eyes harden.

He feels his brows lofting at the hardening of that countenance.

"If looks could kill," he utters, corner of his mouth twitching. Fully expecting to be threatened again in another angry, indignant outburst.

“Too many words,” he parrots, hard gaze steady.

“None, I think, that you’ll act on.”

“If that’s what you think,” he says mildly, head tilting as he glances down at the man’s erect penis. His hand still on his throat. “You want me to get that...?”

He scoffs softly as the resentment passes into renewed arousal, blinking away his focused gaze as the haze of heat blankets his mind.

“You wouldn’t ask only to deny me, would you, Will?” he purrs, still obediently lax under his hand.

The fact remains, what Will all but promised and won’t — can’t, he thinks, under the circumstances — deliver has his cunt hungry enough his thoughts are growing slippery and masturbating his cock, clear and glossy precum welling from its slit and dripping down its shaft, would only go halfway to satisfying him.

Something about the way the Omega speaks and looks at him, makes Will put his other hand on that throat. And half throw himself onto the other. Straddling the man, he looms over Hannibal upon the bed. Brings his face down as he slowly squeezes his neck with both his hands.

Rolls his hips into those beneath. The movement rubbing him against that smooth, turgid appendage.
“Do this much with your friends?” he murmurs, staring down into hooded eyes through his lashes.

He can feel the pressure building, and knows, as it grows potentially crushing, again, against his trachea, that he made an error not speaking to the Alpha about the difference between choking a partner for pleasure and choking the life out of him.

He didn’t anticipate Will, so contact shy, would be so immediately eager to subdue him, again.

His heart jumps like a car lurching through gears, pounds against his ribcage — should be calm, be steady with the recognition that their play has become genuinely dangerous, except that a part of him recognizes how badly he wants Will to damage him. Externally, if he won’t fuck him. The part of him that bucks, pleased, against Will’s shorts and his bondage knots and the cock that could, if they become too enthusiastic in /this/, cause real harm to his own.

He should shove him off him. Knows that. Has the advantage of surprise. Is having expected difficulty in contesting Will. He can't say he isn't permitting this, that he doesn't want it, but his rational thoughts pass intangible, the single fact truly real to him that Will is finally growing bold in the taking.

He brushes close to a moment of reason, like a fish passing silver and quick. Hopes the word that forms is articulated by his lips and not in his imagination:

"Stop."

His eyes narrow. His grip tightening another notch more.

"Is that what you want."

He can't say if he's of two minds, or many, or if his self exists as a single tangle, a Gordian knot from which a clear thought is inextricable. But his hips buck, again — rut, beg — the sharp and incredible pain of a misplaced barb only spurring him to chase the same mind-piercing shiv with a third mindless pitch.

He can't, the phantasmal sanity of him asserts from beyond the heat and the masochism, risk any more swelling of his throat. For a moment the knowledge appears truly useless, those forces working in tandem to pursue the single end of pleasure — his own and, as importantly to the animal seeking to breed, Will's.

But his legs are free, and his arms, although bound, aren't completely useless, so this time when the adrenaline hits him with the clarity of his need to survive, he heaves himself and Will to his left without particular consideration for how either of them will land.

Hannibal throws them with more force than he realises and Will grabs instinctively onto him when he feels himself rolling past the edge of the bed.

Without real use of his arms, there's nothing he can do except be dragged over the edge of the bed with his partner to land in a heap between the bed and the wall in the room's corner.

His relief comes in the form of the sudden absence of the one care that plagued him and equally abrupt closeness of the Alpha who cleaves to him.

His cock, still stung with a small agony that exhilarates his senses, remains eager, but he isn't the frustrated creature undone by heat who's a danger to both of them. The opposite, when Will had just engaged himself in something Hannibal would have only enjoyed if not for his pressing concern for his survival.

Affectionate and lying heavy in the aftermath, he shifts into Will, closer to the skin he's been denied, enjoying the scrape of his stubble against Will's. He mouths carelessly against Will's jaw with a touch of his tongue, half a kiss in praise of his enthusiasm and half to taste him.

"Bad etiquette, putting pressure on the windpipe. Risky."

"Mph," he grunts in response. The damp press of lips and the ghost of a tongue makes the tiny hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. Sends a spark straight to his cock, over which Hannibal's bound hands are currently resting.

"Thought you'd get off on that," he murmurs, half drawn eyes sliding towards the other's face. "The risk."

A throaty chuckle, eyes creasing with amusement, face half hidden against Will. He nips him so slowly it's simply a slow drag of teeth on skin, following it up with a small lap of his tongue.

"I did. That's why I didn't tell you it /could/ be bad news I was hoarse. I wanted to enjoy it, and you've been a worrier."

He would consider himself something of an expert in tracheobronchial injuries. Given the ease of inflicting them, they're his preferred way to silence screams, despite the unfortunate side effect of the occasional early expiration.

The feel of his teeth and tongue makes him want to shudder, though he tries to quash the urge. The blood rushing south can't be quashed, however. And he is slow to do anything about it because he rather likes this. Not moving. Just lying there. With the first Omega he has ever been with.

"A worrier," he scoffs softly. "I suppose you think it makes me weak," he continues to say, eyes turning to the ceiling. Doesn't know why he asks. It's not like the man's opinion ought to matter.

He lets his own gaze return unfocused to the skin he's grooming, sighing out warm air as he presses two kisses. He slides his thumb to slowly trace the bulge beneath Will's shorts, with the irregularity of the rope between them. The way his cock continues to smart reminds him the protection is imperfect.

He restrains himself from thrusting, already doesn't know if or when Will will put space between them.

“If I was confused on that issue, it was cleared up when you had the mental fortitude not to rut inside me—” a wave of displeasure at the memory, though it doesn’t overwhelm his present affection “—and then you trussed me up and abandoned me.”

It wasn’t only vexing but beyond abnormal, though moreso vexing in the face of his own tenuous relationship with lucidity.

“So much for that,” he murmurs, eyes slipping closed as he fixates on the stroke of Hannibal’s thumb. Wants the man to keep touching him with his lips. His own hands remain on the floor as though he doesn’t trust them.

Another exhalation against Will’s skin and he tilts his head. Would like his hands free, not only to touch but to move, but he has leeway enough to shift his attentions to Will’s neck. These far kinder than Will’s upon his own.

He’s thick in the scent of Will’s sweat, so close to the Alpha’s hair and behind his ears where a quick towel off didn’t touch. He’s cold with his own heavier sweat and the profuse slick still coating his slippery thighs from their earlier sex — something that closely resembled the sex his body wants in form, while not in function.

“I like this much better,” he assures, confident that what he personally enjoys occupies some part of Will’s mind. Not with the same fervor Will’s pleasure occupies his.

As for his own situation, he takes deep enjoyment in discovering what he can of the thick and dangerous cock for the first time open to his exploration. Drags his hands up far enough that his thumb can explore the outline of its huge crown — the only smooth part of it, and only before the lower edge barbed with the cruelest hooks. Presses his thumb against the fabric in close strokes, seeking to coax out the precum that smells so enticing.

His hips make an involuntary push against Will’s thigh.

He takes a breath. Lifts his right hand from the ground. Slips it between them. Fingertips searching blindly for Hannibal’s cock as his own thickens under the other’s ministrations.

He doesn’t go out of his way to aid him, lets him grasp as, knowing he’s secured Will’s commitment, he enjoys a few heated thrusts at Will’s expense. It’s pleasant, pushing against the strength and thickness of Will’s thigh and intimately nudging the hem of his shorts leg.

He doesn’t resist Will taking him up, only becomes more ardent with his mouth and bolder with his hand, though he restrains his touches to its head and to caressing the ropes that bind it to Will’s abdomen.

He remembers Will becoming aggressive, resenting and resisting, but he'd taken without asking, then, and he has a hope, no matter that part of him expects it to be dashed by Will or by all the difficulties Will presents, that he can see Will in his release.

"I guess this isn't doing anything for you," he utters, eyes slipping open to watch the other from the corners. "Not really."

He knows that, factually, when Will has taken grasp of him before he's been harder than he is, now. Was harder minutes ago, with Will's hands around his throat, his shaft still wet from the eager way he leaked.

His heat touched expression carries a vein of curiosity.

"I don't view sex in terms of a single dimension," he says carefully, hand still coaxing at Will's cock, to the extent it can. "I wanted you to bring the toy so I could watch you. See you. I hoped you'd let me touch you, taste your skin again — even masturbate you. It's only a little more difficult, this way."

"Why do you want all that," he exhales irritably, pulling his hand back to brace against the floor while he runs his left over his eyes. "I don't know if you genuinely want to please me, if it's because you're a masochist," he utters. "If it's just the heat." /I don't know what I'm doing with you./ He pushes himself up. Pulls away from the other to stand and watch down frowningly. /Don't get all soft just because he kissed you./ "I don't know," he says.

He had a sense already no matter how carefully he delivered the words his present window of opportunity had slammed firmly shut as soon as Will had found himself in unfamiliar territory.

He shifts his weight off the Alpha permissively, mindful of that. Hits the floor a little hard, in the end. That annoys, and he doesn't bother to mask it.

Regardless of what the heat demands, the fact he can no more than test his bonds another time helps him fix in mind that he chose the right words. That he came closer, this time. That Will's own irritation now stems from confusion rather than conviction.

"I don't think you're aware you're attractive," he supposes. However /unattractive/ and a little more like a meal being left on his back on the floor makes Will, the tetchiness staves off the more submissive connotations of Will, looming, and himself, prone and disarmed that might otherwise stoke his heat. "Of course, you didn't deign to speak to Omegas and Alphas don't speak to you."

/Yeah. And I intend to keep it that way. Once I've sent you on yours./ He grabs and pulls Hannibal up onto his feet. Glances down at the bed. Can hear the cycle and knows the duvet won't be ready any time soon.

"I'll get you a blanket," he utters. "You should try to get some sleep." If the man even can. But he doesn't want to open another avenue for talk. Doesn't trust it.

A frown passes across his brow.

"I'm tightly wound," he points out, both polite and manipulative enough to sound apologetic about it.

Even if Hannibal refused it, Will did commit an appealing act against him his cunt still aches from and his cock, too, and for once more intensely. He nods to the fresh blood smeared on the palm that only just masturbated him, diluted in his precum but copious for the fact he's hard and visible now that the bed doesn't hide them from the lamplight.

For as good as the pain is, as sharp, clear and defined, he wouldn't have gone seeking to have this particular part of his body penetrated by Will's barbs. But he didn't choose to trap himself under Will's cock.

"You could be impersonal."

He leaves it self evident he could be untied.

He glances down at his own hand. Stares for a moment at the blood and slick before turning his gaze reluctantly onto the other's cock. He must've grazed himself on one of his spines poking through the fabric of his shorts. It looks worse than it is because the man is still somewhat aroused.

"Sit down," he utters, walking round the bed. Picking up the wash cloth on his way to the tub sitting on the bedside table. /You want untying?/ He washes his bloodied hand. Rinses out the cloth. The water is cool. /I'd rather not./

He returns himself to the towels, vexingly aware that Will is growing habituated to using the tone of command that preys on the instinctive demands of his heat. His body gives no consideration to the degree he's presently gratified by it, except to perceptibly shift his mood toward compliance by degrees, the inescapable chemistry of attraction.

He waits for Will to decide how to dispense with him, but less patiently than when he thought he might get his own way — perceptible by way of his less openly ardent expression.

He glances at Hannibal from the corners of his eyes while wringing the cloth. Stepping from the tub, he plants a knee on the mattress. Rests his left hand on it, elbow turned outwards in the ‘this is happening’ stance, while he holds the damp wash cloth ready in his right.

“This might sting,” he says flatly.

He neither appreciates Will retreating to his preferred emotional distance, nor can he do anything to affect him besides ride out his mood.

He can understand Will’s attitude. Posit his motivations. See that he’s ended up in a situation he neither invited nor anticipated and, really, it’s a matter of sheer luck Will’s even tolerating him.

He grasps all these things while wanting a great deal more to grasp Will and not feeling particularly generous that he can’t. Will, becoming cantankerous again, did dump him on the floor.

But Will’s comment brings a touch of his humor back, as he considers the appeal. His expression lightens.

“Good.”

He feels his brow beginning to furrow at the man’s response. Then remembers this is Hannibal Lecter.

“Should I get the vodka?” he drawls lowly, sarcastic in tone as he raises an eyebrow at the unfettered appendage in front of him while his own tugs jealousy in his shorts.

“Are we being chaste, or unchaste?” he taunts.

He eyes the bottle on the wet bar in front of but distant from him, then slides his gaze to Will.

“That would no longer be impersonal.”

“I meant,” he begins to explain, but inhales and starts pushing the wash cloth against the man’s dick instead. /You’d probably get off the pain of having your dick doused with alcohol./ “Do you even know what chaste means,” he mutters under his breath and immediately regrets it when he remembers Hannibal had entered his home a virgin.

He can see the flickers of Will's guilt. Has been galled by it, before, but has begun to accept it as a fact of their relationship — as it were — and as part of his broader acceptance that goading Will won't satisfy his heat.

"I think if I didn't I wouldn't have spent my most fertile years unbred," he says, letting his eyes fall to the rough way Will's handling him as the sting on his skin intensifies and spreads, electric, his accented tone melodic and evocative.

He hopes Will thinks of him young and taut-bodied and the countless Alphas who've wanted (still want) to violate him under their bodies and keep him full with them, a consort confined to their homes. Understands, by now, Will can't escape these desires, himself. And Will's own window is closing.

He may be opening himself to insult, but he's sure Will has an ego to prey on.

Goading Will can still satisfy his own.

"I guess if you hadn't been, we wouldn't have met," he admits quietly in a voice that's both sheepish and reluctant.

Unwilling to admit he appreciates the company, as much as it vexes him. Determined to remain indifferent to a presence that, for all its uniqueness, for all its potential, won't be hanging around for much longer. He finishes cleaning Hannibal and just sits there, holding on to the scrunched cloth.

"Your neck," he utters. /I never did check it./

He's harder now than he was, breathing deeper than he was, thinking about that ill placed barb, the blind physical eagerness with which he tore himself on it, about Will thrusting between his cheeks and coming on his back, upstairs, the knife wounds on his body and the fact that Will could surely handle him worse.

None of these thoughts seized him when he was content grooming the Alpha, but right now he couldn't particularly care about his neck unless Will wants to aggravate its inflammation with his teeth.

Except, baring his neck is a natural invitation to exactly that. And cleaning it will keep Will's hands on him. Even if they're presently each experiencing two very different realities.

"If you would," he, after a beat, graciously consents.

"Turn around," he says, voice slipping out lower than necessary. /Why do you keep doing this?/ His fingers clench around the cloth. /Teasing yourself despite everything.../

Rational considerations are, for Hannibal's part, quickly vacating him as Will's arousal deep voice elides his faltering capacity to take them into account.

The sensual way he turns his upper body, enjoying the window sill behind him digging into his shoulder as he braces to pivot simply because his skin is receptive to sensation, a kind of slow writhe, isn't the least artificially affected.

The man moves provocatively. It's to be expected. When Hannibal's nape is before him once more, he knows he has only provoked himself again. And that, too, is to be expected for as long as they remain in close proximity during the Omega's heat. A constant push and pull as he struggles to keep a tight rein on his instincts.

Without warning, he hurls himself suddenly at the other's back. His arms cinching tight around Hannibal as he presses his mouth to his shoulder. Tilts his head to exhale warmly over the ruptured skin while reaching a hand down to catch that smooth, rigid cock. His thumb finding and pressing cruelly into the nick on the underside of that silken shaft. The spines on his own rubbing into Hannibal's lower back through the taut material of his shorts.

He knows how to hold his silence under pain. Has held it just out of sight of potential witnesses through worse afflictions. Doesn't. Groans for Will to hear him, his throat still raw, as the pain lances fast and deep.

Will's breath a caress on his abused nape, his long legs with their slender, muscular thighs instinctively draw closer, then relax.

Unfamiliar to him, to be in acute pain unguarded in the arms of a partner. The kind of pain that, if pursued too far, could cripple someone else. Someone he isn't. He's never been incapacitated, deep puncture wound or fractured limb.

Agony falls in line with every other emotion. In his right mind, he can choose not to react. At the extreme, can feel care and sorrow, pity or compassion and still choose not simply murder but the mutilation of a living form.

His ability to defer reaction doesn't make the reactions he permits inauthentic. And knowing as he does what can be inflicted on a human body, it's all the more appealing to choose to trust Will with his. With coercing him to an extreme no less painful for the fact it thrills and pleases him.

With the Alpha embracing him, his surrendered weight resting against Will's body instead of his body being flattened to the floor, his attention fixes on the fact Will's shoulders are as broad as, perhaps slightly broader than his own.

A fleeting thought upon overmatching large and dangerous prey.

He enjoys the tortured sound of Hannibal's voice. It excites him. And he wants to hear more of it. Bringing his head up, he breathes slow and deep over the broken skin of the nape before him. Breath stroking hot and heavy against sensitive flesh. As much as the saliva begins to well in his jaws, he resists biting Hannibal. Takes his frustration out on his defenceless dick, instead. Keeping an arm crossed over the man's chest, he drags his fingers along the turgid shaft. Nails scraping hard over the cut.

He wrenches forward against Will's arm. His breath hisses through his teeth. Exhales with a grunt, relaxing deeper when his body goes slack even as the injury, now throbbing with spikes of excitement, drags his mind from its seat and twists it tight around it. There's no separation between affliction and arousal when the two are a single flesh, each driving the other to greater intensity.

He feels Hannibal jerk. Responds instinctively with one of his own - his barbed cock frothing in anger on the wrong side of the man's passage. Barred from it. /Tease./ He shifts his grip until he has Hannibal's throat once more in the crook of his arm.

"Say you like it," he murmurs lowly behind his ear whilst kneading slow and hard at that sore spot with the calloused pad of his finger. His dick pulsating against the small of Hannibal's back. A dense, damp presence that scratches if either of them moves suddenly.

Gripped by overwhelming waves of sensation that have him riveted to the cruel action of Will's hand, the fact Will could irrevocably take ownership of him pierces his mind and passes. Impossible to latch his mind to anything except what Will inflicts on his cock, even the penetration he's designed to crave.

He breathes hard and erratic, punctuated with gasps. His lips flinch in a sneer at Will's words, wedded so tightly to this pleasure.

Right now, he isn't thinking about Will's. The command that he should obey intrudes. He can't immediately appreciate being dragged back from the totality of the pain and the steady intensification of arousal toward climax.

But his awareness spreads to again encompass the body restraining his, to how much of him is touching Will naked against his clothes or skin to skin. He turns his head a little toward Will's without speaking. Hasn't relented his carnal, mind blinding selfishness.

His arm tenses, cinching tighter around Hannibal's throat as he snaps at his jaw. Teeth catching with bruising force at the beginning stubble.

“Say it,” he grunts, driving his nail into the cut. Biting down harder.

His body jerks, shudders, the pain a scream on his skin, chemical and electric. He chokes out a rough cry. He feels the first excitement of orgasm rise and subside — because Will demands, and now once more commands his attention.

Pulled into that gravity well, he understands the need to make Will a part of his release.

His voice comes low, husky and hungry, the diabolical creature inside him lusting to drag Will closer to him in turn:

“All of this is you. And I like it. Want it.”

It’s the first time anyone has said such words to him. Forced or otherwise. He switches hands - right letting go to fist the man’s hair close to the scalp as his left arm unwinds from that strong neck. Reaching down, it resumes his torture. Left thumbnail gouging where his spike had sliced. At the same time, he releases Hannibal’s jaw from the bruising clamp of his teeth and, pushing harder against the other’s back, tilts his head to snap at his bottom lip instead. Starts to cut into the soft, defenceless surface until the taste of him stains his teeth. Seeps through onto his tongue and makes him swallow back a predaceous groan.

Not the kiss he knows from his bland experiences with his own breed. Even as the rush of climax joins the unrelenting pain in his cock, necessity demands he relent, bodily, to Will — because he knows all the terrible things that can happen to vulnerable flesh. How a mouth can tear. New, to be the one torn.

He chokes on his own groans, throat clenching in wet spasms. He holding his body back from another full-bodied jerk even as this new surge of torture sears through him. Will’s cock digs through the cloth of the shorts, scores his marked back with more wasp sting cuts.

Then he’s ejaculating in Will’s grasp, the long, smooth contractions of muscle usually subtle-seeming churning him against the nail biting into him. Each rope of his release inflicts a splinter of anguish driven deep, his snarl flinching skin under Will’s teeth.

He has Hannibal in his arms. On his tongue. In his gaze. The uncomfortable intimacy of it soon begins to register with every passing nanosecond their faces remain close. Their breaths stroking one another’s skin. Then, all of a sudden, he lets go of his hair, his spent cock, his bottom lip - he couldn’t resist biting him after all. Draws back to sit on the edge of the bed, hunched over his knees. His head hanging as he presses the heels of his hands into his eyes.

/Don’t get too used to this./ But he’s slow to move. Leave. As much as his dick still needs release. /Walk away. It’s easy, remember?/

Exhausted to an extent unfamiliar apart from a different violence, he sinks his weight against the hard, narrow windowsill. Feels it dig again into his tricep. Reaches up, upper lip curling, again, as he drags the back of his hand across his bleeding mouth.

He shuts his eyes. Expended, now, and even more sensitive, his cock is uncomfortable to touch. But the same hand falls to let his fingers ghost over the shaft. The touch, however light, stokes a feeling like but not revulsion as his body warns him off.

He could imagine a future where his Alpha, not so eager to separate itself, might take advantage of similar post-orgasmic vulnerability.

He'd prefer it. To be held. Cruelly, but with care. Because Will seems capable of indulging his instincts without losing a strong capacity for care. Best that way, when callousness could provoke retribution even if the strength of the orgasm was phenomenal.

With yesterday's act of penetration to compare it to, he grasps this was never a comparative submission. He became rapacious. Although, he thinks, if Will became a little more familiar Will's sadism would no longer remind him of a fight.

If.

Looking toward Will, aside and behind him, he drinks in the sight of him. Begins to again feel the imperative that his huge and bound erection split him wide on itself, even with his own arousal lulled.

Taking a breath, he drops his hands and stands. Walks over to the blanket left folded on the chair. Hannibal's doing. Keeping things tidy despite his own unravelling; the contrast to his memory of immaculately combed hair and a tailored three piece is stark. He is both thrilled and disappointed for sparking such a rapid degeneration. More the first, if he's being honest. The latter a reminder of his empathy still clinging on, refusing to be shaken off no matter how much his body gives in to indulging those animalistic urges.

Returning to the bedside, he stands there looking over the damage. At the long lashings of semen painting the space between the towels and pillow which, thankfully, remains unscathed. His fault. Again. Heaving a sigh of frustration - for his throbbing cock still needs seeing to - he kneads restlessly at the blanket in his hands.

"Come with me," he utters, grabbing the pillow before turning from the bed again. Starts walking away, then pauses to look back over his shoulder.

Shifted back to a regular sitting position as Will moved around the room, he follows Will's gaze throughout his assessment. Is slightly surprised by the invitation, but can't say he

wouldn't have been put out to have his head resting amid his own spilled semen or to be made to sleep with his head at the foot of the bed when the laundry has just been done.

He wonders if Will will put himself in that position for the sake of the same selflessness that had him sleeping upstairs when upstairs was the less preferable.

It takes him a moment longer than otherwise to move off the bed, on account of his hands, but when Will looks back it's to find him grinning — bloody and eyes afire with glee.

He's never ended up in a situation so absurd as this, and never been so sexually satisfied. The juxtaposition of those elements makes it well worth his body trying to strip him of his mental faculties. His spontaneity has never before produced results as delightful as these.

It hardly matters how he'll reconcile any of it with his social life.

He could always move house.

The expression on the man's face catches him off guard. Makes the preoccupied frown on his own relax a notch before he faces the front and continues making his way to the stairs. Remembering the toy sitting by the kitchen sink, however, he pauses. Looks back at the other over his shoulder.

"Head on up," he says. "I need to get something."

"Of course," Hannibal chuckles, still looking amused, and Will stands aside to let him pass, his eyes watching the back of that neck until the other has moved out of sight.

He's kept Will near for some time and feels his sudden absence, a lack of the small sounds of him, the arousing scent of him, a lack of the possibility for conversation and all of it tied up with the absent potential for him to fill and spend in him.

He's kept distracted from this absence of presence by the wonderful ache I'm his cock, less sensitive now that it's spent but only just abused.

None of his injuries are entirely beyond notice. Sore scalp, bitten lip, throat twice cut and dangerously crushed and his nape ravaged by teeth, an elbow to the ribs, skin torn between his buttocks and now up his back, the accidental slice of the barb against his cock so thoroughly aggravated, a nick of Will's blade just shy of his cunt, and light frottage that scraped his thighs.

He's certain, as he sits down on the bed for want of free hands with which to rifle the clutter which he'd otherwise do unabashedly now until he's caught at it, that if they keep up this pace there won't be any of him left unmarked.

He can't know if it would be different if Will allowed himself consummation, whether or not he'd still be goading him into creativity. Being fucked in his heat is, after all, still an

experience he hasn't been permitted,

It should appal him for so much to be contingent on an Alpha's permission. It can't when thoughts of lack spur thoughts of the complete subjugation he craves.

That his heat drives him to crave.

Stepping into view at the threshold with his arms full, he looks across the room, between the clutter, to the Omega sat on the mattress that now looks smaller than before. His dick twitches in his punctured shorts, but he pretends not to notice as he walks towards the other.

Standing the glass dildo upon some books stacked by the sofa bed, he drops the pillow pinched under his arm together with the blanket onto the bed. In his other arm, he has the towels that have yet to become saturated by Hannibal's slick. But even so, he had to fold them over thrice into thick parcels just to make them easier to handle. Whilst making his way up, he had thought about lowering the load in his arms and leaning into the wall to thrust into the tightly rolled wads of terrycloth. He takes one of the bundles and rolls it loose, looking expectantly at Hannibal.

He's smiling gleefully again, and fondly, as he rises from the bed with the grace and ease of being completely habituated to his bound arms. He no longer feels at all helpless. Feels even moreso than before that the bonds, without his feet similarly bound, are more of a stern reminder than a complete abdication of power.

Remains thoroughly unmotivated to bring up the danger, zealous to maintain his capacities to assert himself, never entirely free of the fantasies of subduing Will to use him for his needs. Of taking his child.

"Do you speak any other languages, Will?"

"You seemed to understand that just fine," he utters as he starts laying the towels down on the side nearest. Technically, he ought to cover all of the mattress. It's not like he's getting in with the guy. As tempting as that may be. /Tempting?/ He rolls free the last towel.

Lays it down and straightens up again. /You can sleep in the chair opposite the bed./

He doesn't have the same strong urge to shove him over the mattress and relive his frustration with him that he so vividly experienced earlier. Too simple a thing when his own slick has easily made partners with an agreeably tighter option out of heat themselves likewise accommodating.

Safer knowledge, this, that except for that moment of high frustration he'd much prefer to make his body receptive.

"I was deciding my destination if my reputation can't recover."

"So why you asking me," he scoffs quietly, feigning indifference at the thought of Hannibal disappearing off into another corner of the world if the man so wished. He folds his arms. "And why wouldn't it recover?" he mutters, glancing at the other from the corners of his eyes.

The intelligence of him sharpens his eyes as, otherwise playful as his expression remains, he assesses Will more critically.

"I told you here last that your bite on my neck and myself unbred would be scandalous. How do you think my company will perceive me, myself wearing red welts of healing skin? I'll be in the mouth of society for the rest of my life," he says smugly.

He's sure the Alpha of Will takes satisfaction in its acts. And Hannibal in his heat enjoys the illusion of ownership no less. He has no complaints.

"Their judgement is fickle. I can't know it until it's passed. Would you erase your reputation among your caste if you had the opportunity?"

He puts the greatest flourish on the last, flirtatiously seductive. Because he doesn't want Will to have the impression he's done something not already forgiven, even if he can't stop the Alpha from enjoying new chances for self crimination.

"If I cared what my caste think," he says blandly, breaking eye contact before adding, "You're free to stay until your injuries have healed." He presses his lips together, gaze falling to the towels as he shifts his folded arms. /What are you saying?/ "If you're that concerned about your reputation."

He feels immediate delight — not at the idea of staying in the house, of course. Not that he minds the house, with his own scent seeping into the old walls. Not that he can't imagine spending his immediate future here, despite the awful clutter of the place (which he would probably amend — he's not obsessively neat, but he's certainly used to keeping busy, and, of course, he'd have the piano tuned).

It could be worth staying here, to get to know Will. To have the chance to hold sane conversations. He's sure he's gone longer without satisfying his appetite.

—he understands the rationalizations pouring in are his wet cunt compelling him to stay close to the Alpha. That the words from Will's lips are influenced by the appeal of his body.

But it delights him no less to discover he holds power over Will, when he surely didn't this morning,

"I appreciate your generosity," he says, keeping his tone light and teasing, though not without affection.

If he feels like cutting ties with Will, he will, and exactly as soon as he's so inclined, he's sure. Except it isn't what he wants, and he doubts that's entirely on account of what's not filling his cunt.

"Anyway," he shifts restlessly on his feet, face turning towards the doorway. /What were you saying?/ "I'm going to leave you to it." He pauses, remembering with a frown. "Forgot the damn bucket," he exhales, unfolding his arms.

He realizes, suddenly and with fascination, that he's never had anyone care for him but himself. Think of him of their own volition. Rarely has experienced the illusion of care retaining anyone's services despite his caste. His lifestyle makes it impermissible.

He approaches the fact with curiosity. Curls his fingers in the air, wanting to touch Will and knowing it impossible to make any graceful gesture, restrained.

It immediately puts in mind thoughts of opening his legs to Will. He suffers the realization that what he hasn't done is invite instead of demand, so very accustomed to his independence and not at all to shaping himself into a supple place meant for a rutting Alpha to violently, relentlessly slake its lust.

But if, dizzy, he wants to abase himself, though for the sake of his own pleasure, he's bodily satisfied enough to know he should play a longer game.

He thinks to return the care.

"Make sure to eat something before you come up. I think you'd find yourself hungry, a little while with me out of your nose."

A pity again that he's no state to cook.

His mother comes to mind, making him turn his face to regard Hannibal with a frown. He doesn't need anyone reminding him to look after himself. Especially not an Omega in heat. And yet. It's not completely unpleasant to hear the accented words coming from the man's lips.

“I’m fine,” he says, looking away again. “Are you hungry?” he asks, knowing the answer will likely be no, yet asking anyway because the part of him that is drawn to Hannibal’s interest is making him wait before instinctively battening down the hatches.

It would be impolite to say he can still dimly feel the intrusion of soup sitting heavy in his stomach when not too aroused to notice.

“I think it will be a little while before I can eat again,” he says, instead, warmly savoring Will’s pause and all the influence over him it implies.

As he thought.

“Right,” he utters, throwing another glance at the man and his not completely unpleasant smile before making his way out the room. Heading downstairs, he grabs the bucket and takes it to the kitchen. Emptying it out in the sink, he’s about to refill it with fresh water when he hears the distant rumble of an engine.

Leaving the bucket, he walks out of the kitchen towards the sound. Tracks the sound of the approaching vehicle as he makes his way to the desk. Hears it slowing down to a crawl outside the house. Removing the loaded shotgun from beneath the desk, he peers past the grilles in the front door. Sees a black car sitting yards away from the porch with blacked out windows reflecting the glare of the moon.

He waits as the car shows no sign of moving. Then three doors open at the same time.

And Will can see it’s a young pack. And that they’re intrigued by the Bentley. Eyes glinting above hostile sneers. It would be easier if he just let them take it. Whilst young, they are still four adults against one. Hannibal likely has insurance. Except they don’t go for the Bentley.

Turning off the safety, Will carries the shotgun with him as he opens the front door. Steps barefooted out onto the porch. His presence stops them closing in. For now. He stands there watching the four of them. Spaced out in a loose semicircle to cover more perimeter.

Three males. One female. Unperturbed by the presence of a firearm.

“Nice car,” shouts the female playfully, her head tilting with a crooked smile. “Did we interrupt your fun?” she says, eyebrow arching as her eyes drop to his shorts.
“It’s not nice, is it, Mr Cockblocker.”

He looks to the owner of the new voice. The man standing central in line, directly across from him. His sneer visible beneath a face shielded from the glare of moonlight by a hood. Will understands this isn’t about the car, but about getting even. He doesn’t recognise their faces, but they clearly know his.

“I wouldn’t come any closer,” he says.

The hood tilts.

“Or what?”

Will stares at the lopsided tug to the corner of the man’s lips while a ripple of sniggering passes through his associates. Lifts the gun the same time they all start running towards the house and pulls the butt against the pocket of his shoulder. Cheek tight to the stock, he aims for the leader’s leg. Pulls the trigger.

Chapter 8

The road past Will's gravel driveway has been relatively untraveled by strangers' vehicles since Hannibal's arrival. It makes the sound of an engine stand out, strange. When that engine noise throttles down, only draws nearer, then turns to silence he already doubts it bodes well for Will.

He understands at the sound of car doors slamming, the muted sound of the front door being unlocked and opened and raised voices, that Will's company can't be friendly. Understands it better because Will, a recluse, has no friends, and, very recently, no dogs.

Lying on the bed upstairs, it becomes imperative to unfasten the knot Will tied.

Possible to do so with his teeth, because this rope isn't soaked with his slick in the manner of his first binding. Difficult, regardless, because Will wrapped the rope in a way amenable to comfort but tied a knot meant to hold.

Now, the explosion of a firearm.

While he considers his time spent with Will may have just been cut short, he remains studious at his task.

Next, he can hear taunting, then jeering voices, and knows no one has died. If Will had, there's be no one to taunt. If one of his rude guests had, there would be outrage, not laughter.

He knows what a group of Alphas, and they are necessarily Alphas, would be doing at the house of an unpopular specimen of their own breed when it possesses an Omega in heat. The species of Alphas whose ire Will's earned already have a habit with Omegas that aren't theirs.

It disgusts him. Their ugly violence. Their arrogance and their entitlement. It's the crude depravity of Alphas like these that reduces their living bodies to so much meat waiting to be carved.

Far more personally, whether vanity or vestigial instinct, it angers him to know they presently have their hands on something he's certain belongs to him.

As the knot budges, he understands that he needs to think rationally about the application of force but finds nothing to equivocate over. However many there are, they overwhelmed Will. He's in heat, and he's naked. No matter his capacities, he could easily face the same. Which means he has to remove one from the equation at first chance, and kill the others by whatever means he can.

He knows, as the rope comes loose, that sufficient means to start lie between himself and Will. His mental catalogue of his thorough rifling underneath the bathroom counter provides options, suboptimal but sufficient. Sharp tipped steel scissors. Old cast iron pipe wrench for equally venerable plumbing, top heavy but brutal.

He stands from the bed, discarding the humanity that would hinder him.

The first shot had only clipped the lower half of the pack leader's leg as he bolted under Will's aim. A quick pump of the slide and a sharp turn to his left had him ready to stop one of the other pack members in his tracks had he not been leapt upon from behind by the female who had managed to clear the railing. In the struggle that ensued, she'd managed to buy her friend enough time to get closer without being shot at. Undeterred by the weight at his back and the slender arm attempting to choke him, Will had refused to let go of the firearm as the male approached to grab and try to wrench the shotgun from his grasp. A hard kick had dislodged his second assailant enough to give him space to ram the butt of the gun back into the female. The crack and throaty cry of pain had told him he'd likely struck her in the face.

By the time the male had recovered and lunged for him again, together with his leader and fellow pack mate, the girl had let go and stumbled back groaning into hands cupped over her nose.

"Fucker broke my nose," he'd heard her snarl as the compounded impact of fists and knees finally made him relinquish his hold on the shotgun. Two of them had held him captive by the arms while the leader tossed her the gun. And it was with a bloody smirk that she'd turned it around in her hands before returning the favour.

They drag him inside and slam the door shut before the leader releases a vivifying whoop.

"How do you like that then?" says the man, tugging off his hood and stepping up to Will. "Taste of your own medicine."

Holding that self-satisfied stare, he says nothing.

"Smells like he got lucky," says the female, and Will glances askance to watch her strolling up to the bed. Shotgun resting idly across her shoulders.

"Find the rich bitch."

At the sound of his voice, Will returns his attention to the Alpha smirking at him. "Bring her here."

"Gotcha."

He murmurs something inaudible.

Waits for the overconfident Alpha to lean closer before biting his face.

Crouched before the open bathroom cabinet, he hears a scream. Not Will's.

"What the fuck, man!" a masculine voice exclaims.

“Guy needs a fucking muzzle,” the woman says. Closer, now.

/“Find the rich bitch.”/

He stands, scissors and wrench secured, and makes it easy, leaving the wrench on the counter and knocking the old, discolored porcelain soap dish off it to clatter to the tile floor.

The scissors he lets hang open, left hand gripping them through the long side where the steel tapers to the narrower point.

He can smell the woman now as she climbs the stairs. Can't scent her companions, yet, to count them. He waits in the bathroom, listening to her come closer, not creeping but walking carelessly, while her companions mock and chatter.

Simple, to step from the bathroom while she curses /Shit/ because he’s surely larger than she expected, and armed. Although she’s tall and built like an Alpha she’s not ready for a fight.

The problem with shotguns is they’re difficult to manipulate in very close quarters. He steps past the barrel even as she unslings it from her shoulder, grabs her opposite shoulder, spinning her body around and pulling her into him as the jolted weapon, her finger on the trigger, discharges uselessly.

The slim blade in his hand plunges into her throat.

He withdraws the steel and her arterial blood comes in gouts. The firearm clatters to the hall floor as she reaches to clutch uselessly at herself. He throws her dying body away from him to stumble and fall and crouches to the ground to check the double barrel for ammunition, on the chance it’s been reloaded.

Despite the lack of pleasure to be found in guns, he’s disappointed to see it wasn’t. He isn’t concerned with feeding his needs, only with expediting the Alphas’ deaths.

He steps over the terrified, choking Alpha dying wide eyed on the floor to retrieve the pipe wrench. Hears one of the men calling “Megan?” from downstairs. Stairs he’s learned the creaks of.

He starts down them after her companions, silently barefoot. Halfway down, he registers he can smell three.

Jaws locked, Will had refused to let go of the leader’s cheek, and no amount of hair pulling or elbow dropping could free the Alpha from the grip of his teeth. Until the man kneed him in the dick, and Will could feel the other scratch himself on the spines of his semi even whilst the pain exploded. It had made his breath catch in his throat. But not as much as the sound of the shotgun going off upstairs.

Distracted, the Alpha calls her name, and Will hurls himself to the right under the men’s grip. Crashes their skulls together and wrenches himself free of his hold whilst kicking him back. His remaining captor and the leader work in tandem to subdue him, the former restraining his

arms behind him while the other grabs a bottle from the side and smashes it against the edge of the desk.

“Check on her,” he says to the one having righted himself from Will’s assault. He watches the man slip a flick knife from his pocket. Stares at the sudden glint of the unfolded blade as the Alpha ventures in the direction of the stairs, and struggles against the grip on his arms until the jagged points of the broken bottle are shoved close to his face. He glares past the razor edges to the man and his bleeding cheek.

“Chew on this, you sick fuck.”

The scent of the Alpha approaching him thickens as his footsteps draw near. Strange, that even in heat mood can change so much. If he has sometimes confused Will for something he should dispatch and consume, he only distantly registers this Alpha and its peers as something that could breed him.

His pulse no longer rises on the hunt, except in physical exertion. He long ago lost the ability to see his prey as more than walking carcasses. Sometimes a threat to him, but it’s safer to assess that threat with a level head.

This one, though armed, has no chance to be a threat. He steps off the bottom steps with calm purpose and swings the wrench sidelong and wide, driving the blunt, rounded axe-head of its cast iron body into the Alpha’s temple. Watches him stagger. Brings the implement up and brings it down, hard, onto the Alpha’s bowed head.

A damp crack of bone, this second blow, the leverage excellent, and the thing crumples. He hears the knife clatter to the floor.

He ignores Will, evaluating the two startled, cursing Alphas who have him at glass-point. The wrench is a wonderful option with momentum behind it, but too unbalanced for close, quick exchanges when there’s better opportunities at hand. He casts it behind him, glancing down, and takes two steps backwards to crouch and take up the switchblade, the scissors, the female Alpha’s blood streaked and beaded on the downward pointing blade, still gripped in his left.

He intends to leave them plunged inside someone.

His lip flinches as he advances on the Alphas before they get they can make a production of having Will hostage, because from the one with the bottle’s bitten face and the sounds of struggle he’s heard, he’s sure Will can take care of himself.

Despite having just witnessed Hannibal calmly take out one of the pack members, Will wants the man to stay back.

“Don’t,” he grunts, and feels an arm wrapping round and tugging him by the neck against the chest behind. Feels the hammering of the man’s heart.

“I’d listen to your Alpha,” says the leader coolly as he hands the bottle neck to his friend before pulling a hunting knife from his lower back.

“Or he won’t be one for much longer.”

Will stares frowningly at Hannibal as the pointed ends of the jagged glass are held to his throat the same time he feels the tip of the hunting knife digging into the top of his thigh.

Hostage threats are based on a tacit social consent that any harm befalling the body of a hostage would be worse than the potential net harm of standing down.

But losing the element of surprise is a detriment, and realizing the opportunity exists to regain it, Hannibal stops, silently, some five feet from the mouthy Alpha, his eyes never leaving him, unmoving but, in his mind, measuring the admittedly poor balance of the switchblade in his hand.

Hannibal is too close. But that look tells Will the man isn’t going to back down.

“Where’s Megan?” asks the Alpha with a lofting of his brows.

He lofts his own.

He can see this Alpha is made of cruelty enough that his friends admire and no doubt fear him him for it, and becomes curious if it matters.

“Just upstairs, bleeding out. If you’re a very quick boy, you might save her life.”

If he remains focused entirely on the mouthy Alpha, he speaks to unnerve the friend restraining Will.

We saw what you did to Toby,” says the Alpha. “She’s already dead.”

“Vince...” says the man from behind Will. Voice unsure. His heart pounding against Will’s back.

“He’s lying, Sam,” says the other without breaking eye contact with Hannibal.

“But what if-“

He savors the fear in the second Alpha, a facet of the endlessly enthralling aesthetic of witnessing someone, Alpha or Omega, first confronted with the horror of hope in the face of

death's approach. Takes his pleasure, gaze fleetingly caressing him before returning to his master.

Unconcerned by it all, not in pretense but in fact, he speaks over him.

"I've come right down. Arterial bleeds take minutes. Tick tock."

He's aware of his own gravity, seeks to create the impression that in all the ways that matter the two of them are the only people in the room. Because if this aggressive Alpha forgets they aren't, Will might take his freedom. And if the Alpha kills or disables Will, they all but will be, and he'd like them to share an understanding between them that that would be much worse.

"Vince-"

His captor sounds even more unsure, and Will can see the leader refusing to let his friend compromise his composure in front of them.

"Don't fall for it," says the Alpha firmly without breaking eye contact with Hannibal.

"She's my-"

Will interrupts the protest by grabbing the man's wrist with both his hands and biting down hard on the arm restricting his neck.

Standing passively so close to three Alphas he could feel, despite himself, a sudden lurch within him, and his attention has shifted, momentarily, to the sweat cooling on his bare skin, the slippery wet of the slick drenching his inner thighs.

Not, even as Will assaults his captor, the ideal mentality to fight from, his self perception sliding like mirrored glass plates, breaking up into fragments and glimpses.

He has no other choice than to throw himself forward and, while the instigator remains turned in toward Will, plunge the switchblade into his exposed shoulder. And again.

He knows that the hunting knife is plunging toward him. He doesn't have time to bury the scissors as he shoves, then kicks, his opponent away.

A poor and distracted opening gambit that did no more lasting harm than whatever few balls of buckshot that have buried themselves in the hostile Alpha's calf, leaving holes in and blood soaking his dark denim jeans, but causing no real impairment.

He's been in enough situations gone sideways to not hesitate in throwing himself after the unbalanced Alpha, but it makes for an expensive exchange. Without time to ready his knife, the Alpha's curved blade still finds flesh, cutting into Hannibal's thick torso, even as Hannibal slashes diagonally across a face that both repulses and irresistibly attracts him.

A sloppy exchange, but one that pours blood into his opponent's eyes as they break apart from each other.

He'd seen Hannibal go for the leader. Had cursed internally before breaking skin with his teeth and fighting for possession of the bottle neck whilst his opponent growled in pain. The distraction allows Will to tilt the glass and jam it suddenly into the other's arm before dragging downwards. He hears the man cry out. Hears blood hitting the floor. Pushing the arm from his throat and wrenching the bottle neck from twitching fingers, he leaves the one cradling his injury to stride over to bigger prey.

Slipping up stealthily from behind, he jumps on the blinded Alpha. Catches his head in the crook of his arm. Stares past their adversary to the blood flowing down Hannibal's chest - the sight of which makes him breathe in deep with a furious flaring of his nostrils - and jams the sharp end of the broken bottle into the underside of his jaw.

He inhales the scent of one Alpha's fresh blood flowing over the glass. The scent of the blood that flowed from Will's broken nose, too, which has caked Will's skin and stained his clothes. He experiences both attraction and hunger to each, but in unequal and opposite proportions.

Arousal drags him into its undertow. He no longer registers the diminished personhood he once attributed to the hostile Alpha. He reserves his gaze for Will and what he's inflicted, fascinated to see him again in now-heightened violence, come to his defense a second time. He engraves the image of him into his mind: Clenched jaw, sweat matted curls, bullish determination, and a fierce rage in him over this offending Alpha's transgression.

The pleasure of seeing this partner occupy the same liminal place where he commits his own cruel acts accelerates his pulse in a way the cruelty no longer can.

In his anger, he had acted hastily. Had wanted nothing more in that moment than to hurt the Alpha for what he'd done. As a result, the hunting knife that he should've removed is driven with a fitful burst of adrenaline into the top of his thigh. The sharpness of the pain makes him jerk bodily, and growling through clenched teeth, he pulls out the glass. Rams it back in. And pushes as far as it'll go as the man chokes wetly on his own blood. His eyes remaining on Hannibal until a movement on the periphery makes him look over at the man clutching onto his gouged arm and staggering in the direction of the staircase.

Letting go of the bottle neck, the glass remains buried in the Alpha's head as he lets his limp body drop to the floor. Grabbing the handle of the hunting knife, he pulls the blade out of his leg with a grunt.

Walks across and plants his left hand on Hannibal's chest. His eyes on his own fingers as they measure the bloodied skin. Feeling for the depth of the cut. Satisfied the man won't bleed out, he exhales aloud before tearing his eyes away and stalking towards the staircase.

Fingers on his right hand flexing around the handle of the hunting knife.

He watches him with an unfamiliar satisfaction. It would still be satisfying to know he's driving someone to act out of fidelity with himself even if Will didn't already take to aggression against his own kind. More pleasing, and more trustworthy, that he knows Will already takes to exactly that.

A cold part of him slices through his enjoyment with cutting recognition that his heat has him too eager to trust.

But the warmth of Will's hand lingers on his skin.

His dick had been steadily hardening since he'd smelt Hannibal through the stench of blood. Reminding him of why he's still here. But as much as touching the man's wounded flesh had excited him, he can't relax until all threats have been eliminated from his home. He will not stand for another Alpha in his presence. In Hannibal's presence. /Not after-/ He stops upon reaching the top of the stairs. Tightens his grip on the knife as he looks upon the Alpha kneeling with the limp body of the female pulled against him.

"She's dead," says the man hollowly as Will approaches. His bare feet damp with the blood spilt on the hallway floor.

"He killed her."

He stops to stand behind the other. Watches down past his shoulder to her blank staring eyes.

"Sis."

The man makes a choked sound and begins to sob. Will grabs the hair at the top of his head.

"So be with her," he murmurs, tugging on those tresses the same time he lifts and drags the blade across his bared throat.

When Will's presence and the thrill of him loses its immediacy, the Alpha away upstairs, habits ingrained since he was a young man in Europe wrest his mind back from the heat.

Not entirely, but enough to go to the side of the pack's fallen leader, crouch barefoot just beyond his still-pooling blood, and assess if his death is certain.

He places a hand on the Alpha's sweating forehead, smoothing back his hair as he considers him as he would an object, ignoring at first how the thing's widened eyes roll toward him until he sees the jagged assemblage has cut flesh enough and attends them with fascination.

“You’re fortunate it was Will who allowed you to deepen your acquaintance with pain and not myself. What I would have inflicted if you had killed him would have been longer survivable,” he supposes, voice low to assure their privacy from Will.

He wets his lips, watching the Alpha’s nostril’s flare as, heaving, he draws in air loud and too wet. These are the moments he finds the most beautiful, when a victim realizes the precious value of a life already leaving it.

He’s unable to be repulsed by the attraction he feels to this stranger’s otherwise pathetic and reprehensible body. The heat doesn’t allow him that distance. He knows, however, that if he were any other Omega the attraction would be cut with fear, and that he’d for once find that preferable.

He reaches down, wrests the bottle out of the Alpha’s body to allow it to bleed more freely and expedite the cessation of breath.

He pushes away and stands, hissing at his own vague yearnings and going to his own unconscious victim. He crouches by him, too, checking for a pulse and finding it. He takes hold of the Alpha and brutally twists until familiarity tells him the cervical vertebrae are catastrophically displaced.

He checks the pulse again, because it isn’t a sure thing, and to his satisfaction finds it absent.

He stands there looking down at the two Alphas. At the mess. The soles of his feet wet. It’s a sensation that irks him even whilst it whets the appetite. Makes him want to strip off his clothes and step under the hot spray of the shower as much as it urges him to tackle an Omega down onto the blood smeared floor. /His/ Omega. The one currently under his roof. /I can smell him./ He feels himself throb and shuts his eyes. /He’s close.../ Grip tightening around the handle of the knife, he licks his lips. Takes a deep, slow breath.

In the fresh absence of purpose, the divided splinters of his consciousness war again. He needs to go upstairs. Needs to ensure the last Alpha has been fatally dealt with, regardless of his willingness to trust only the thickening scent of its blood. Needs to put his hands and his mouth on Will’s body knowing Will can make a gorgeous partner in rending lesser bodies apart. Needs to dispatch Will, because can’t trust any part of himself telling him the Alpha can safely be safely brought into his confidence. He’ll be too hormone driven to see it if Will intends to turn on him when Will’s possessive passion fades. Needs to maintain his distance from Will and preserve what of his mind he can.

He looks toward the weapons he left on the floor behind him, near to the pack’s fading leader. Finds himself unable to retrieve them. Follows Will’s scent upstairs, instead.

Arriving behind Will, any words he intended fail on his lips and joy subsumes every other thought when he first sees the bodies lying together, his victim’s and Will’s. Separate thoughts of his hands on Will’s body with divided imperatives coalesce however fleetingly

into a single need for his skin. A pause as his mind reconciles and then he silently draws near to Will's back, fingertips now on his Alpha's clothed shoulder and head tilting with the thought of lowering his lips to his skin. Tasting, again.

The touch scalds him. Makes the fire within burn the harder.

"This wouldn't have happened if you had left," he says slowly. Voice low.

He shuts his eyes against the hostility. Breathes only Will's body, close in front of him and muscular under his touch. Feels the knife in Will's hand bury itself into his awareness. Is suspended between his worse fantasies of trapping the Alpha's dangerous mouth under his hand to silence any disorienting commands and committing brutal acts upon him and the happiness, blind and persistent, that he'd prefer to enjoy with him.

His voice finds him, words more careful and gentler than Will's at Will's ear.

"Should we call the police?"

He turns around slowly under Hannibal's hand. Eyes half drawn as he frowns at the Omega. Nostrils flaring at their closeness.

"Why?" he asks, voice a rough half whisper.

The immediate impulse to dispatch with Will gutters, though it's not in his nature for it to absent itself. No matter how appealing the Alpha is, a gulf exists between what Will's done in passion and what Will doesn't know. Though, magnetized by Will's body, Hannibal can't mask the hunger the monster of him with so much blood on the air and Will having bled and still bleeding freely.

"Your home's been invaded. There's bodies," he observes, words soft as if he could possibly be the voice of reason.

Holding that hooded gaze, Will slowly steps forward until he has Hannibal backed against the wall.

"You invaded," he murmurs under his breath, close enough for his words to be felt on the other's face. "Bringing this body..." He touches the side of Hannibal's thigh with the flat of the blade.

Thoughts of the bottle sliding through the flesh of the Alpha who intended to take him from Will.

He feels a phantom sensation of Will splitting him with his cock, his slick welling freely around him as his body embraces him.

He sees Will's eyes rapt on only him as the crude weapon is withdrawn, then buried fatally deep. He imagines the blade dangerous against his skin as it dragged across the bare throat of the dispatched Alpha laying scant feet away.

"I invaded," he parrots, agreeing, voice deep and smoky as it falls too low to carry his lilting accent, the words drifting over Will's skin.

His ability to rule himself slips, again, for all that he would otherwise despise losing command of himself in this moment, like strands of cobweb, gossamer and intangible, being brushed aside.

His eyes fall to Will's lips, to Will's dried blood clinging to them, though the touch of the knife has him fleetingly obedient with the sudden aspiration that Will has some use for him.

It would be so easy. To cut his cock free. Bury himself back inside the Omega. Take him right here against the wall. Acknowledging their strange meeting. Their desire for one another's bodies. Their combined capacity for homicide. What it would mean if he gave this man his seed.

He lifts and slams his arm frustratedly against the wall the same time his brow drops to Hannibal's shoulder. Lets out a ragged sigh as his grip tightens on the knife pinned close to the other's head. /It's just bloodlust and heat. That's all it is./

It would be easy. To kill him like this. To preserve himself in his paranoia as the knife plunges into the wall beside him.

If he had the capacity.

But he's been robbed of every capacity he relies on by the unconsummated promise of the body that drove him into heat.

He shudders, fiery streaks of arousal burning through his cock, his cunt, as Will's head rests against him, his Alpha's body close.

What he knows isn't easy is getting his way with Will. Before, he would have tried to force Will to satisfy him, with Will so close and Will's guard lowered. Even in his animal fervor, he's learning to shape himself to him.

Like the touch of the blade imposing control, the intimacy of trust imposes new dimensions on his heat, slaking its desperation. He turns his head in, slightly, and his hands fall on Will's

clothed body, but not violently. He follows his newer impulse, the thought to entice, gently wandering and stroking him through the fabric. Fingers and thumb caress him separately, slow and coaxing touches that bring him new, more closely detailed knowledge of the shape of him.

His gouged side aches as he moves.

/It's just bloodlust and heat. That's all it is./ And yet, it takes next to nothing for these gentle touches to compromise his resolve. To subdue that voice of reason and speak to the creature that hesitates in the face of anything that isn't animosity.

Brow still on Hannibal's shoulder, he slowly breaches the remaining space between them to press his chest to the bare one before him. Lets the shape of his arousal be known between their bodies.

Ecstatic, again, with the same delight that moved him seeing their victims intertwined.

Some dim part of him can see his moods shuffling like a deck of cards. It can't discern which face of them, if sane, he'd consider himself. He can't command the acuity to know if he's right to be paranoid, or right to be glad.

The whole length of Will's body rests warm against his fevered skin exists as a single fact. His new liberty to explore and grasp it consumes him. He's wanted, almost since they met, to make himself intimate with Will. The curiosity that had been intellectual embodies itself as he clutches at Will's buttock to drag the promise of his erection against him, feeling fresh slick swell from his thickened skin to know with immediacy how deep in his abdomen its barbed length could again bury itself.

He nuzzles into Will's mop of curls, breathing against the shell of his ear. Holds his words behind his teeth, swallowing against the impulse to speak, having seen his hopes wrecked by providing reminders of the vexing responsibility Will feels toward him.

Dropping the knife, he reaches down with both hands to clasp Hannibal's behind. Pulls him hard against himself as he lifts his head and turns his face to stare searchingly into those dark eyes without knowing exactly what it is he's looking for. Lips parted to his heavy breaths, he says nothing as his chest pushes against the other's with each inhale. /Is there more to this than my cock dragging us to my relief and your ruin? Can there be?/

Hands tightening on the Alpha, he lets his hips roll up against Will's, mindless of how sore his cock still is from his abuse in the face of enticing him. The ache that spreads through his hips when Will presses against him is already as much pain as sexual satisfaction, but he

lacks motivation to preserve himself. He wants something more consuming that another awful nick could no more than distantly presage.

Yet, even in his heat, he's met damning frustration so many times that the mindless beast of him has shifted to draw on useful faculties. Adapted.

A day ago he might have closed his lips on Will's in the same way he would another Omega's. Grasps, now, that taking only leads to his Alpha's resolve kicking up.

His eyes slip from Will's to Will's lips, again. He only brushes them with his own, a caress, beseeching. He raises his gaze back to Will's as he licks the fleeting taste of Will's blood off his own bitten lip.

He's absented himself. Much the same instinct-driven creature that attempted to coerce Will inside it. Made patient, now, when patience has the advantage.

Watching the man taste him, Will frowns and catches Hannibal's bottom lip again between his teeth. Bites down hard enough to draw blood before, holding that gaze, he lets go to slowly swipe the swollen surface clean with his tongue. The fresh taste of him makes his trapped cock jump against the other's. His erect spines digging into vulnerable skin as his fingernails sink deeper into dense muscle.

He shuts his eyes after Will, with fresh pain, takes, but fails to continue taking. The urge to seize him and try to demand what he's due grabs Hannibal up, then passes. He groans low with frustration, opening hooded eyes to look on the Alpha with a thwarted carnal fixation, a gaze ratcheting in intensity.

He holds that stare for a beat longer before stooping to pick up the knife. /Stop./ Straightening, he presses it into Hannibal's hand. /You're making a mistake./

The heat of Will's body leaves him at the moment he should have pressed the advantage. It's a cruel, wrenching sensation to have made a fresh appeal and find Will still as stubbornly in command of himself as before. Puts sense in him in a way that kicks his pulse up and brings on deeper breaths. He looks, for an instant, accusing, but his eyes fall to the knife in his hand, curiosity too dear.

His mind a morass of competing thoughts — to end Will, at this moment of opportunity; that Will in the unnatural cruelty of his damned practiced control around Omegas won't even use the knife on him himself, to please him, now — it's only the fact he can see the arousal in the Alpha's gaze besides smell it bold in the air when he looks up to search him that lets him seize on the understanding that, in this moment, Will wants him.

From recognition, to interest, to intent.

In the pause, with Hannibal looking back at him, Will is struck with a sudden thought so strong, it overrides even his physical need. /If there is more to this than your cock dragging you to relief and his ruin, you won't have the chance to find out if you don't protect him./

Despite having witnessed Hannibal successfully execute a surprise attack, as well as attempt to defend himself against an attacking Alpha, the two of them cannot fight packs all night. Cannot answer to a visit from the police without having dealt with the current body count littering his home. On paper, they still barely know each other, and yet the thought of them incarcerated, of Hannibal, with child - their child - incarcerated, sparks within him a hot jolt of caution. His hand darts out spasmodically to snatch back the knife.

"It's not safe," he grunts, using all his willpower to take a step back. "The cars attract too much attention," he says whilst avoiding the other's eyes, painfully conscious of his attempt to detract attention from their own lust wracked bodies. He means to stir on the spot and head towards the stairs on the premise of figuring out a solution for the problem at hand, but his traitorous body is slow to obey. "We can't take on the police," he adds distractedly, finally regaining command of his feet to turn reluctantly from the man he wants so much to fuck into the wall.

The catastrophic whiplash of Will changing his mind, again, with the same suddenness as ever, leaves Hannibal standing in pause between the scant sense he won back and the staggering imperatives of the heat.

His words glide over and past him, as slippery as the fresh blood now slowly drying on the floor at their feet.

Another rejection seems impossible, even in the face of its reality, until he sees Will turning away and the curls not fully obscuring the vulnerable sun beaten skin at the nape of his neck.

He moves on him like prey, as quick and as brutal as when he caught him downstairs, or in the act of dispatching his first two victims before the imperative to be bred disoriented him.

His hand snakes around him, clutches over the mouth dangerous enough with its teeth but more dangerous with its imperatives. The other hand grasps the wrist short of the knife, fingertips digging into the tendons.

He drags him backwards and against him, wrenching his head to the side and baring Will's neck. He gazes dazed down on it — though his impulse isn't to kiss the bared skin.

But he isn't completely robbed of his sentience, the competing impulses of the animal and the monster in schism so that something of himself remains.

“The way you treat me is unconscionably rude,” he warns, voice low again and rough, aswamp in wild impulses and his sanity tenuous.

He doesn’t wait for Will to mount a response, buries his teeth in him brutal and barely restrained until he feels the skin give and tastes him. Imagines dragging him to the ground in the gore. Imagines dragging him to the bedroom. Imagines having rope of his own to coerce his limbs with. Holds close in mind the tangible fantasy of the penetration that eludes him as fiercely as he holds him to him.

Instinct would have him fight back. Drive the knife into some part of his attacker. But the returning empathy stops him from doing so. Lets the angry Omega take his frustration out on his skin instead as he tenses under the sensation of teeth ripping through his skin, but doesn’t attempt to pull away. /You’re right. I haven’t given you what you want. And I won’t. Not like this. So./ With effort, he reaches up his left hand to grab Hannibal’s hair. Making his protest known without declaring an all out fight. Not yet.

As his instincts inevitably shift from his first attracted thoughts to the vulnerable reality of the heavy body against his bare and sweating skin, it quickly folds into place that he’s already made a decision — has, in venting his anger at the insult into Will’s flesh, already chosen not to break his neck, or tear it open.

He exhales the last of his frustration through his nostrils, a warm caress on Will’s skin with his teeth still buried in him. He savors the rich taste in his mouth. Thinks, as the violence passes, that he could still cook with him without doing him any harm. Let him coagulate into blood sausage. Letting the liquid of him commingle with vinegar or wine, inhibiting the platelets and making him suitable for imparting flavor and minerality to a broth.

He imagines it would displease the Alpha whose hand fists in his hair to be thought of as dinner. Would be distant from where they are at this moment to seduce him to be served himself at a table.

But he doesn’t want him dead, so he relaxes his teeth. Accepts that he’s assaulted him, again, and that as violently bad his paranoia forbids the idea of allowing himself to be restrained, he’ll have to navigate the consequences.

He releases his wrist, drops his hand to Will’s hip to feel out his balance and then relinquishes the vise he’s secured on his mouth, letting his fingers drag down, though he can’t quite bear to divorce himself from the potential to gag him and his hand rests splayed in the crumbling aftermath of the Alpha’s broken nose clinging to his stubble.

“You vex me,” he relents, warning in this, too, his urges hardly defused, his hard and leaking cock dampening Will where it touches his shirt.

“The feeling’s mutual,” he utters, deeming it pointless to try and explain his thoughts to the man. /There’s no telling a heat frazzled brain./ His cock is still painfully hard despite being attacked just now. He needs to relieve himself before he can focus on anything else, but doesn’t want to risk the indignant Omega kicking down the bathroom door. Attempting to restrain him now doesn’t seem like a good idea. But if the other refuses to cooperate, he will have no choice.

“Will you help me with this mess,” he says quietly. Everything aches and all his body wants is to slake its lust before falling into repose. Understands Hannibal must be feeling similar just now, yet knows better than to suggest he takes his frustration out on the glass dildo.

A sound of resentment escapes his throat. He expected nothing else, but grapples with the desire to pull Will down into the gore behind them. The fact the Alpha is making himself accommodating does nothing for his need to have him inside him, even if he has to dig his fingers in the cheeks of his ass and coerce him to thrust.

His heat-addled mind ignores the near impossibility of realizing the idea. And if he could pull himself off his cock despite the pain of the barbs provoking him to make himself limp, it might not be so impossible.

He rests his head against Will’s. Allows his desirous self the intimacy. Enjoys the tension of the hand knotted up in his hair still threatening the possibility of retaliation should he choose to gag him again. Has not, in fact, removed his own hand.

“If there’s space for their car in your barn you should pull it inside. There won’t be a safe way to sink it in the immediate present.”

He speaks detached from their circumstances, sounding not only deceptively sane but as if the statement is normal to him.

He feels a familiar compulsion insinuate itself into his confused impulses. Knows he’ll have scant chance to satisfy himself removing anything from his victims in Will’s proximity, but loathes the idea of having them near and his acts of violence left half complete.

Advantaging himself of the distraction of his competing needs, reluctantly lowers his hand from Will’s face, against all his instincts warning him leaving the opening will be as appealing to Will’s own as a bared neck.

He doesn’t address the fact that Hannibal seems rather adept at taking life as well as being knowledgeable about hiding evidence. It’s questionable, of course. But so is he. He clearly feels some kind of affinity with the man, even if he’s fast becoming the most hated for not breeding the heat crazed Omega. /Rather he hates me now than later./ As Hannibal releases his face, so too does he let go of his hair.

“I’m going to try and get both cars in,” he says without stepping away. “Going to need to move some things around.” He glances down at the blood streaking his leg. /Should clean that up, really./ Turns his face to look back over his shoulder at the other. “If you want to give me a hand, we should get you cleaned up first,” he says. “Unless you prefer to stay here and wait.”

He has to rely on certain aspects of Will to assuage himself that the Alpha won’t immediately turn him over the authorities once out of his sight. He understands the impulses that would spare him. Will’s affection, and his tendency toward guilt which shows no evidence of existing past the personal to extend to the social contract. Hannibal fixes in mind that even if he might feel it over the dead Alphas in his home when distant from his possessive urges, Hannibal remains very much alive and, in Will’s mind, Will’s responsibility.

It’s the first scant and quickly fleeting appreciation he feels for Will’s obnoxious behavior. His fingers tighten familiarly, not coercively, on his hip. He nuzzles into him in a small, affectionate way. The same impulses exist regardless of the need to ingratiate himself to Will, and he nearly loses track of his mind.

“I’m not opposed to the exertion, but you were right to reprimand me for trying to go on the porch,” he selects and points out, attempting to marshal his faculties to the task of forensic cleanup while faced with the sloppiest crime scene he’s had the misfortune of creating.

Resentment of his own heat finally pierces its haze.

As much as he may try to shake the urge to have Hannibal, now, this very moment, the man only stokes it, consciously or unconsciously, with his touches. Though small, they make that unruly part of Will stir until he must pull himself away before he gives himself the chance to act on it. Or ought to pull away. Except he doesn’t.

“Then stay,” he utters, looking back at the other from the corners of his eyes. “There’s a first aid kit in the bathroom.”

He recognizes, now, that Will not combating him despite injury, and Will assenting now to his grooming, hasn’t defused him. His chaotic thoughts remain scattered like broken glass in his deeply altered mind.

He’s disappointed in the terrible mess they’ve made. He’s planning a coverup. He recognizes Will a more than suitable addition to his diet. He wants to affectionately enjoy his company. He could throw him to the floor, shove his hand back over his mouth, and fuck or dispatch him. He holds in mind Will posessively executing the Alpha that made designs on him and sees a potential for Will to satisfy his appetite while he gives himself over to his nature, round and heavy and bred. He can’t escape the thought he could easily be betrayed if Will understood his desires.

He understands Will's premise: Will will leave the house, and he'll be left to mend himself.

It gains no traction.

He closes his other, hovering hand on Will's shoulder. He drags his tongue across the injury he just inflicted, not yet so aggravated as the ways Will has marked him.

"A heat makes a strong case that environment dictates behavior. My thoughts and who I've believed myself to be can't inform my actions," he observes from the distance between mind and impulse, salivating from the taste of him.

Even his new tactics to ply for real penetration can't stem from a desire to be more or less gentle, are only an animal response to the fact he can't easily coerce Will to breed.

His jaw flexes as he feels that tongue stroking provocatively over his broken skin. Right hand squeezing the handle of the hunting knife as his body continues to refuse pulling away.

"I just need to know you're going to behave..." he says lowly. /Do I need to get the rope?/

His pulse picks up in the swollen skin of his cunt at the Alpha's passivity. It tests any urgency to maintain his own.

"Aren't I behaving? Are you still under coercion?" he murmurs, fascinated.

If he asserts his needs, hasn't Will permitted it?

The erotic ache of the injury Will dealt and tortured runs parallel to the ache of his high arousal, and the slashed flesh of his ribcage suffered for Will's preservation smarts fiercely against Will's back while his neck, too, speaks of abuse and his lip hurts pleasurably.

He closes his teeth on Will's ear; gives its thin, folded outer helix a sharp but harmless tug.

He speaks with his lips brushing that same sensitive cuff.

"I can feel you in my skin at every moment. I've begun to think you prefer tearing me piece by piece to changing me inside."

He fails to suppress a shudder from the sensation of teeth and lips on his ear, and jerks away with a low growl only to round on the man. Knife held to the other's throat as he leans in with a narrowing of his eyes.

"Stop it," he grunts despite facing the Omega once more with his raging arousal. Spines rubbing and poking through the already stretched and half soaked material of his shorts. The

ache of his injuries combined is dull compared to that of his cock. “Or I’ll leave you tied to the dining chair.”

The dried cut on his throat beneath the knife’s edge speaks as loudly as Will’s erection that the weapon, under their circumstances, fails to suggest a mortal threat, and that, to Hannibal, regardless of any other paranoia.

He watches him from above the blade with wide-blown pupils, undeterred.

Calm, he lets his hand rise.

His eyes fall to the lifting hand, but he doesn’t otherwise move.

His gaze sharpens as he slides his hand to cup Will’s face, thumb stroking his cheek and fingertips resting in the curls at his nape.

His mind tumbles further. He knows what Will wants of him while in this moment on longer feeling the threat, the urgency of possible discovery. The cooling blood and cooling bodies strewn behind him remind him only of the carnal, and that this Alpha drew so near him.

Will could be nearer, now. Doesn’t have to remain hard and uselessly leaking front of him but could be buried in him again and better than before, slick loud around his moving girth, slippery flesh helplessly clutching him and clutching again when he’s rudely buried amid accommodating organs with no intention but to drive himself to pleasure at his victim’s immediate and months of expense.

Hannibal remembers standing under the spray of the shower. He feels possibility inside himself. Lets potentials weave themselves from skeins of desire. His fantasy makes itself imperative, a part of the need that urges him to bring himself closer to Will’s body even at the expense of shedding more of his own blood.

“Promise me you’ll give me the child stolen from me with my sister’s loss.”

His brow furrows as he holds that seemingly lucid stare. Uneasy with both the intimacy of Hannibal’s touch and his plea. Twice, now, the man has spoken of his sister. Of his loss. But his words conjure in Will’s mind a series of confused scenarios, each so alien in concept, he can’t grant them credulity.

If he breeds Hannibal right here, right now, or over the course of the next few days, the man will eventually leave with what he /says/ he wants, but also face ostracisation - something the Omega may come to regret when he is once more of sober mind.

Or, as the other had alluded to earlier, he leaves it all. Raises the child in another country. With or without Will. And suddenly, he sees the surprise attack again. The ease with which the man had dispatched of the Alpha. The fact that Hannibal chose to be here. Out of sight. If Will doesn't leave with him, it might not be down to choice. But his expiration.

"I don't make promises," he says simply as he closes the fingers on his left hand around Hannibal's wrist.

A rush of excitement at Will's words. At his touch.

He can't control or dictate to Will and part of him already knows he wouldn't be able to in his right mind. What he relies on in his most facile manipulations — his social graces, his status — is meaningless to the recluse. Will's intelligent, besides. And there's a mean streak that has nothing to do with an Alpha's sadism, a weapon by which he defends himself from intimacy.

He wants Will to have him against the wall. Knows the Alpha came to the cusp of exactly that. There's no obfuscating Will desires him, not after handing him the knife and not when his shorts cling wet to the enormous outline of his bound erection.

But Will won't. Hannibal can't know if he himself still, in this moment, might try to attack him for it. And yet his desire for Will to inflict his control on him and relieve the mind shredding element of the heat remains almost as dear as the desire to be torn by him.

"You're right," he draws out with a touch of the fondness he's shown before in his words and his gaze still lucid. "The struggle makes it more exciting."

He's not wrong with the claim. It speaks directly to that deeper part of Will whose existence makes him one of the worst of a bad bunch of Alphas. And his body answers. Has been drooling steadily all this time, even with the interruption. But he needs to do something about those cars. Needs to get the Omega to cooperate.

"I need to go," he says firmly, squeezing Hannibal's wrist before tugging it down and back. Pinning it above the man's rear while he leans in and lifts the knife in his right hand to press the flat of the blade against the crest of a cheekbone. "Behave," he murmurs, stroking cold steel down the other's cheek. "Wait."

At Will's command and the cold touch of the hunting knife something thin and insistent disappears inside, like a sound at the furthest range of hearing going silent, the stress it inflicts barely recognized but its absence tangible.

His own arousal remains as apparent, both his erect and dripping cock and his legs still gleaming in the embrace of the slick that ran down them first in rivulets and by now has spread glossy over his skin, constantly replenished and slow to dry.

‘Wait’ suggests there’s something to wait for. But, only recently, Will’s given him that. Has stopped leaving him completely unfulfilled, although indulging desires separate from the occupying need to fill the emptiness now just beginning to spread within him in its previously volition-robbing way with a growing life that would stave off the heat itself for nine months and more without the constant dosing that leaves little room for error.

“Remember to turn the lights off before you start the engine,” he concedes, enjoying the liberating calm no matter that he wants Will’s hand and the knife to remain on him, controlling, and more of his still-escalating abuses.

No need to draw extra attention to the fact he’s hiding the cars away in the dark.

He accepts the advice without saying anything, and it takes all his willpower to step away from the man. Turn. And start walking down the hallway back to the staircase. The blood streaking his leg from the stab wound is partially dry. Makes his skin feel stiff as he moves. He really ought to clean it up before sitting himself behind the wheel of both cars.

Making a detour to the bathroom, he places the knife beside the sink and squats down before the cabinet. Opens the doors to retrieve the first aid kit he was telling the other about, and pauses when he sees the toy. Ignoring it, however, he retrieves the kit and closes the doors again before straightening up.

“Hannibal,” he calls whilst setting the kit down upon the sink and opening it up. “Come here.”

The unexpected sound of his name ripples though him.

He’s moved in imperceptible steps from /Omega/ to a new degree of intimacy, despite having brought violence and the potential for arrest into Will’s life.

He doesn’t know exactly what Will wants with him, except that it’s likely to involve Will’s first aid kit their injuries or might be as simple as sending him on an errand.

And he’s seen Will’s self-control, the fickle way he can break from one mood to deviate down his own stubborn path.

Still, he allows himself to enjoy this sliver of pleasure as he lets his inclination toward obedience direct him after Will.

He sees the other approaching in his peripheral vision. Looks up from the contents of the first aid kit to that mild countenance. At the hair still falling across those hooded eyes.

“Does it need rinsing?” he asks, eyeing the gash over the man’s ribs.

He lets his eyes fall to the same wounded stretch of skin, raising his fingers to touch near but not on the gash.

“You should always rinse a wound.“

He thinks about the broad array of fishing polls downstairs, and the fact that from the array of beds and the fading but diverse scents of them there were obviously many dogs.

He smiles, amused.

“—but, you may be the overmasculine type.”

Despite acknowledging the smile is rather disarming on the Omega, Will does not return it.

“Not too masculine for infection,” he says flatly, giving the other a quick once over without dwelling too long on all the things that he shouldn’t be dwelling on. Namely the man’s wet cock and slippery thighs. Those long slender legs giving his abundant slick free reign. “You want to use the shower, or...?” he mutters, eyes returning to the first aid box.

Curiosity picks up in his gaze.

“Easiest, yes,” he agrees.

He can’t keep his eyes so chaste as Will. They linger over the poorly concealed bulge of him irregular with shibari. But he holds Will’s words in mind — /Behave/ and /Wait/ — and while those commands may not restraining him indefinitely, they do for now.

It seems obvious that whatever new sentimentality motivates him, Will intends to dress the wound, now.

Hannibal moves past him to the shower stall, feeling no need for false modesty, and turns on the cold water.

“Do you have surgical glue?” he asks as he steps unflinching under the spray, realizing despite his excellent visual memory he never so much as looked inside the first aid kit.

He hums in response. Affirmative. He has one more applicator left. If there’s any glue remaining after Hannibal, he could use it on his thigh. Looking towards the stall, he watches the naked shape of him through the glass.

Briefly entertains the idea of joining the man before pushing it aside to grab and rinse a wash cloth under the running tap. As he starts to wipe away the blood on his face, dabbing gingerly

when his hand nears the fractured bridge of his nose, he glances from his reflection in the mirror to the Omega.

He soaps and cleans the wound, and the smaller wounds Will has left on him, too. He foregoes masturbating despite the difficulty of touching himself beneath the water when the injury to his cock immediately brings back sensual memories, remaining brisk and efficient. The cold water does nothing to deter his erection.

“We should suture at least you, after you’ve moved the cars,” he supposes. Will’s wound is deeper than his own.

It’s distracting to think about kneeling at Will’s knees, level with his cock and touching his thigh.

He begins washing the blood from his feet and cleans the slick from his legs as far as practical. It wouldn’t be behaving to clean the rest. It takes a great deal of soap to break down slick clinging thick to his skin, and for his upper thighs and his cunt that means putting his hands on his own body in a way not particularly conducive to ever cleaning up the worse mess beyond the bathroom.

“I’m doing it now,” he says, looking away before the man catches him watching. “After you’re done with the shower.”

Thoughts of pressing the other against the glass of the shower stall flood the forefront of his mind, and as he leans in to check his nose in the mirror, he feels the erect spines on his cock scratching the cabinet doors through his shorts. Knows he ought to pull on his hardiest pair of trousers before heading out. Preferably after his dick has gone down some.

It won’t take much at this stage. Just a few seconds with the toy under the spray. /Even though he’s right there, ripe for the taking.../ He pushes a bit too hard on the bridge of his nose and hisses with a grimace. /Stop it./

“Then, I doubt I’ll be able to help you,” he supposes when his head is out of the spray and as he turns off the spigot. “But you seem like the type to—“

He stops, momentarily disoriented, the scents from beyond the bathroom flooding his senses like sound suddenly amplified by the careless twist of a volume dial.

His body, not especially enamored of Will, intends to rebuke him for having four willing Alphas and being rid of them all. He shuts his eyes and can feel himself on his face, driven limp by penetration. He’d be bred full, though not with the child he wants, and wouldn’t have wanted for sex for the rest of his heat.

He stands calm and silent, except for his too-quick breath, grounded by the reality that he can smell each of these fantasy paramours are already dead.

He hears Hannibal stop mid-sentence and looks over to find him standing still in the shower. Water dripping off his skin.

"...the type to what," he says after it becomes apparent the man will not be finishing his sentence.

Will's voice restores him to the present. He exhales the grip of his affliction on his mind, highly aroused but certain he's disinterested in leaving to find someone who'd fuck him who he'd despise.

He lets his eyes drift to and over Will through the shower glass, a solid presence in the small room, the density of him attractive. He traces his thoughts back at the sight of the knife wound gouged in his thigh.

"Something about being stubborn enough to stitch yourself, I think," he says, lifting his blown eyes to Will's.

He recognizes and enjoys the strong, avaricious sense that Will is /his/.

He should be Will's, and he wants to be, but that isn't the sentiment that drove him to kill objectively more likely prospects.

"It would be inconvenient if I had to rely on another pair of hands," he says without looking away from those hooded eyes. That affected gaze. /Heat, most likely./

And yet. He did help. And it's not entirely Hannibal's fault, what happened with the pack. No. It wasn't that he was blaming Hannibal when he accused him of bringing this upon his house. In that incensed moment, the words leaving his mouth had in fact betrayed an angry recognition that went unacknowledged. /It's for the best./ Brow furrowing, he turns his eyes away /It won't help the situation./ Picks up whatever is to hand in the first aid kit. /Letting him know you feel connected in some way that is unrelated to the heat./

"Things would've gone differently, though, without your help, I guess," he mutters reluctantly, staring down at the small writing on the back of the packet in his hand. "I'm..." /Glad you were there./ "Going to need that shower," he grunts, meaning to sound less distracted and more impatient in front of the other.

He acknowledges that inwardly. He reaches up, pushing his hand back through his hair, pressing out the water.

He regrets not masturbating, tries to remember why he didn't when Will's seen him enough times and hasn't been moved to consummate anything. He can't say he's completely clear on what constitutes good behavior. Masturbating in front of Will and remaining aroused are each lewd in their own way.

Nonetheless, he steps out of the stall, aware he's running with and dripping water.

"I didn't ruin the towels on the bed, yet," he supposes, distracted, himself, and undecided on who should retrieve them.

He really doesn't have enough towels for this. Putting down the packet, he walks out of the bathroom and down the hallway, eyes falling on the dead siblings lying there in their own blood still. Another problem to see to. Taking a breath, he ventures into his temporary bedroom. Walks up to the sofa bed and looks down at the towels he'd put down for the other. He knows he'll be leaving little space for Hannibal to toss and turn if he takes one for himself too.

Walking back into the bathroom, he pauses when he meets those hooded eyes. Reads dissatisfaction in that dark stare. It makes him want to put down the towel and leave. Instead, he steps up to the first aid kit at the sink. Rummages one-handed for the surgical glue. Then, walking up to Hannibal, he stops before getting too close. Puts the applicator in the same hand as the towel before holding them both out to the other.

He doesn't immediately move to take them. Keeps Will trapped there in offer while he lets the object of his revived ire feel his displeasure.

He couldn't help but touch himself, left alone, and couldn't avoid the reality he neither had the time to masturbate in Will's absence nor the inclination to be alone.

"I shouldn't be left palming myself behind your back like an ashamed teenager when you chose to mislead me," he points out measuredly.

He feels the furrow in his brow deepening.

"Mislead you," he repeats tonelessly. /Don't. Just put the things down at his feet./

Unimpressed, his tone remains mild.

"Did I misunderstand you were prepared to let me cut you free?"

It’s true. He had been. Just before that voice had spoken.

/If there is more to this than your cock dragging you to relief and his ruin, you won’t have the chance to find out if you don’t protect him./

He knows the man is frustrated. He can either ignore it. Or do something about it. The former will likely make him worse. The latter won’t take long, by the looks of things, and should alleviate some of Hannibal’s grievances, even if just for a short while.

Dropping the towel and applicator, he steps forward, breaching the other’s personal space as he snatches that smooth, wet cock with his hand, and walks Hannibal back against the wall of the shower stall.

He takes immediate pleasure in the touch, even before his back meets the glass and it firms on him. He couldn’t be more fantastically sensitive than for his skin to be aroused and sore under Will’s grasp.

He releases his irritation, accusative eyes softening as he recognizes Will intends to indulge him and anticipation rises to the fore.

He lets a hand rest on Will’s side, fingers curling into the loose fabric of his stained shirt. Pulls on it a little to better reveal the wounds he’s just left in Will’s skin.

He briefly wonders how it feels to Will to see his teethmarks in his flesh. The same exaggerated sense of the vulnerability of the body marked must be an element of it, but the resemblance may end there.

Any thoughts of Will restrained naked and sweating and being taught to plead have nothing whatsoever to do with sex and Will necessarily wouldn’t survive the experience.

Inhaling through the nose, he keeps his eyes on Hannibal’s dick as he begins hurriedly to stroke. The rub of his fingers aggravating the nick on that silky smooth shaft. So different to his own. He brings his left arm up to brace against the glass as he squeezes the man’s cock tight with his right hand. Ups the pace, aided by the Omega’s own slick which he catches and smears up over throbbing veins. His fingertips grazing the source of the flood.

He groans approval as Will makes use of his slick, at the touch that sends electricity racing through his cunt. Looks away, distracted, from Will’s shoulder, to the arm flexed beside him, the thick muscle of it and the irregularities of tension.

Will had him trapped this way, desirous against the wall, just earlier, when Will let his head rest against him their bodies were close. Intimate, then, in a way they aren’t, now. Will, who killed for him, eyes latched to his as he dispatched the Alpha who dealt the shallow gash hurting on Hannibal’s ribs as he breathes the cool but humid air.

The excitement of the pain and the fact of Will's escalating indulgences elevate an orgasm that comes unexpectedly and too soon, his body high strung from confused expectations. He shudders with it, hand at Will's side tightening to a fist as he pumps over Will's knuckles, leaning heavy against the old glass.

He hears Hannibal's release hitting the bathroom floor. /Just adding to the mess./ Comes close to his own again. Exhaling, he lets go of the spent cock in his dripping hand.

"Patch up and lie down," he utters, taking hold of the wrist at his side with his clean hand and pulling free the fist caught up in his tee before reaching down for the towel and surgical glue that had managed to avoid the other's firing line. /Probably better he stays out of the way. He's far too much of a distraction, and you're incapable of leaving him alone enough./

Pressing the towel and applicator into Hannibal's arms, he leans past him into the shower stall to turn on the spray. "Get some rest," he says to the tiles just before the crash of water.

It isn't until he opens his eyes and can see Will's face that a part of him grasps to imagine the Alpha's hips snapping against him, moving his girth inside him as the spines score the fabric of his flesh and his mind. That newly nagging emptiness begs for him to drag Will on top of him and coax him until he consents to drive himself inside him.

It feels closer than before. He nearly had it from him, and even right now Will is hard in his shorts.

Then, Will's words latch into place, entering him effortlessly. Hypnotic, they fix his attention on the articles he's been provided and draw attention to every tired part of him, no matter that a part of himself rebukes them.

Concerns of one nature, those he's never planned to act on, form a thread through his thoughts: It's better to get to the guts quickly, with less time before they begin to spoil. And important to separate them from the meat, before they taint it.

Even as he shifts his own victims toward the category of self defense, part of him rebels at the idea of being parted from them. In the way a kill feels incomplete without a ritual element, he understands he fits the profile of a serial killer despite the fluidity of his methods. Because he despises them, and relishes seeing them shamed, and he's rarely faced a scenario of real insult where he both doesn't or can't display them and can't defile them.

Not to begin on the rankling mess of it that even if he trusted Will to effectively clean it is better attended before the blood dries, and they've left four bodies.

But he's dried himself, and he's applying the surgical glue, feeling entirely in control of his own actions while knowing he isn't.

He had hoped Hannibal would've taken the towel and surgical glue and made his way out of the bathroom. Realises, as he watches the man dry himself off before using the applicator, that he hadn't been specific enough with his instructions. But neither had he wanted to ask the Omega outright to exit the bathroom so he could afford some privacy - after everything that has happened, he feels he has perhaps lost the right to such. So he'd waited, initially, standing at the open door of the shower stall. Seeing how long Hannibal would take with the surgical glue.

As the seconds pass, he grows increasingly convinced it will not be a good idea to walk back to the sink and tell the Omega to step aside so he can get the sleeve. So he leans in to take the shower head. Pulls it down while stepping onto the tray, and pushes the hem of his shorts leg out the way before rinsing the stab wound and the blood streaking his skin.

He feels he is being watched, but doesn't look over, not even when he's returning to the sink for needle and thread. Just stands there next to Hannibal as he looks through the first aid kit. Eventually finds what he's looking for.

It's unusually simple to be in Will's presence only just spent on the bathroom floor and with his absence of volition replaced by Will's commands. If he needs to tease apart the fact that he has what he needed and, now that he does, may not entirely appreciate it, it's no urgent need.

Keeping pressure on the wound waiting for the glue to dry, he has the liberty to appreciate the Alpha sharing his space, still recalcitrant but without hostility. Will must be miserable, hard and unable to touch himself without tearing his own skin and bound, besides. He makes a wonderful picture wet from both his own precum and the spray of the shower, clothes clinging so close to his muscular body they no longer obscure him, the useless attempt at modesty all the more lurid than simple naked flesh.

He'd like to drag his nails over that fabric, its ridges and flats. He remembers taking them off the bed and lying atop Will, arms hobbled but able to find his cock with his fingers and wonderfully liberated to kiss, taste and bite.

Will may have no sense of sensuality, but there's never been anyone to touch him.

"I'd ask you about your hobbies, but that would be hellish of me," he supposes, for the sake of treating Will like something other than meat, while realizing how freely he's looking and not feeling any guilt at all.

He keeps his eyes on the packet as he opens it to get at the needle and thread. Can't decide if he prefers it when the other is too feverish with heat haze to converse like a normal person. He wouldn't feel as obliged to respond, then.

"Fishing," he utters, preparing the thread and leaning over to pinch together the edges of the stab wound in his thigh.

Surprised, he focuses on the Alpha and not his body. The aborted willingness toward penetrative sex, the use of his name, sharing touch without a struggle and an actual item of personal information. He can't help but think killing other Alphas puts Will in an excellent disposition.

It might simply be experiencing the possibility of losing him to other Alphas, an instinctive intensification of interest, but he refuses to limit his optimism. Because if they're united in their pleasures, he'd have a better outlook on Will's lifespan.

Although he can't say fishing has ever been one of his own.

"It lends itself to solitude," he supposes. "And water is nothing if not abundant."

If he considers the Chesapeake Bay watershed a lucky place to live, it's to do with the endless amount of disposal options it potentially affords.

/Did I say converse like a normal person?/

He both wants the man to take himself to their room and for him to stay where he is. Talking idly. Better that accent of his than the silence of dead company.

"/You're/ abundant," he mutters under his breath as he pushes the needle through. /Of water./ He presses his lips together as he creates a loop with the thread. /Stop./

"For what little good it does me," he agrees smugly, cheer rekindling, while looking down his body — not down to the primary culprit, but to his wound, which he double checks in the mirror as he cautiously releases the pressure on it.

He touches the edge of the wound probingly and, finding the glue holds, sighs satisfaction and sets the applicator on the bathroom counter. He reaches across and rifles the first aid kit until he comes away with a packet of butterfly stitches.

He considers them, wondering if he'll be sweating too much for the adhesion to hold. Decides to chance it, as his skin is momentarily as dry as it can be with his body cooled by the shower.

It's a bit strange, seeing someone go through his first aid kit.

"You shouldn't need that," he says, glancing sidelong at the packet in the other's hand. "As long as you do as you're told, and don't leave the bed," he adds, returning his attention to the suturing.

The part of himself accustomed to his own total liberty rebukes the implication that he'll do as he's told. But his mind has already begun working on the Alpha's earlier words, slipping traitorous affirmations into his thoughts. That it only makes sense not to risk exposing the real extent of his crimes to discovery by manipulating the bodies. That he should take advantage of Will's command, because it's best to rest and let his flesh attach to itself beneath the glue no matter that the forensic disaster beyond the bathroom can't be cleaned up by one person in any reasonable timeframe.

He can't stop and doesn't trust any of it. For all he would have welcomed the relief of Will acting in his role before, he can see the present danger of Will learning to use his influence when the Alpha understanding certain realities is either a matter of time, or has already occurred.

Will hasn't told him to put down the closures, however, and he tears the top of the package off.

Will also hasn't strictly told him not to leave the bed — but he by no means intends to point that out.

"Considering our guests were a surprise, I think it's best to reinforce the glue," he says, and not defiantly, adding more to the point: "There's no first aid not meant to be kept dry and that won't be possible. I'm condemned to soak in myself."

At least the glue will keep the sweat out of the wound, when hand stitches won't.

/Heat or no, he is not going to do as he's told. Don't be deceived./

He wasn't going to say anything. Just focus on sewing up the gash. But that obstinate part of him just can't seem to help himself. Maybe he secretly has a death wish. /Condemned?/

"At least you'll be discharged in a few days," he utters drily. "Assuming we manage to evade a clash with the police."

He smiles, asks fondly:

"You seem law enforcement averse. Do you have a criminal record, Will, or has society written you off as a crank?"

He's aware as the situation evolves the equation is changing, in terms of what best serves himself. Is aware he needs the information. But for all that, he can't help but be charmed at the idea of Will having run up a rap sheet abusing his peers.

“You mean /you’ve/ written me off as one,” he says, pulling on the thread before feeding the needle through for the final loop. “It’s fine,” he continues to mutter. “Not like you have to get married to me.” Tying off the thread, he looks to the first aid kit. Grabs the scissors and glances sidelong at the other before returning his attention to the sutures. Snips off the excess.

He sets the packet of remaining butterfly stitches on the counter by the used applicator while considering Will, eye contact effortless for him with his heat at a low roar, everywhere in him and undeniable but not inhibiting his speech.

“I don’t remember writing you off,” he points out, pleasant mood undiminished.

“I won’t argue you’re in a better position to make up my mind than I am. Getting better at it, too.”

“Well,” he exhales, straightening up and replacing the scissors. “I wouldn’t date me.” He gathers up the remaining items and puts them back in the first aid box before closing it. “I’m going to move the cars,” he says, walking to the doorway. Pausing at the threshold, he turns his face to the side. “Shouldn’t be long.”

While he’s accustomed to allowing for flexibility in his plans, he can’t say he enjoys the idea of relying on Will to do the job right. Not because the Alpha appears incompetent, but because he’s only ever killed alone and in his right mind is meticulous about evidence.

But he recognizes, in his concern, that at the moment he’s far less likely to be conscientious about evidence than Will. And a body constantly and generously producing slick shouldn’t be around the victims’ car.

It’s better to let Will leave evidence on their car, alone. Better, in fact, to let him clean alone in case he needs to assume the pretense of victimhood — however uncertain he is he could maintain it if Will provided a correct account that matched all the evidence.

He studies the Alpha in profile. He’s considering letting him do his best to clean, then killing him and claiming captivity and coercion at the same time he’s hoping Will won’t be long apart from him, hoping letting him out of his sight won’t permit him to reinforce the now-waning distance he’s so far maintained between them.

“I’ll leave you to wonder if I’ll behave myself,” he teases.

There’s nothing Will needs to know.

He looks over his shoulder at the man.

“I know they’re Alphas, but they’re dead Alphas,” he says sardonically with a raised eyebrow before facing the front and walking out.

As coolly as he’d conducted himself in the bathroom, he aches with every step down. Sidestepping the body of the Alpha dispatched by Hannibal, he makes his way to his chest of drawers, glancing briefly at the dead pack leader on his way.

/What a mess./ He pulls on some clean trousers, socks. Avoids stepping in blood as he moves to the front door. /If anyone comes now, that’s it. It’s over. All because you couldn’t control yourself. Well. You probably deserve to be locked up, then, you idiot./ As he puts his hand on the door, the voice pipes up again before he opens it. //He/ doesn’t deserve to be locked up, though./

Standing there, he thinks back to that moment he’d trapped Hannibal beneath him. Feels his dick twitching at the memory and runs a hand over his face. Turning around, he makes his way back to the staircase.

“Hannibal,” he calls to the other from the bottom.

He hasn’t left the bathroom. Has remained in front of the mirror, studying the face within it showing age in its lines and wearing stubble growing more profuse with time.

No form of self-reflection will permit him to take control over his heat. It disquiets him he can’t know if Will ordering him to bed reshaped his cognitive landscape such that, although he’s found myriad excuses to lie down bed, he had no choice but to come to the conclusions he did, alternatives pruned off.

But he enjoys the sound of his name in that now-familiar voice and won’t ignore the fact he wants to be near him and the rush of warmth in his cunt.

He appears at the top of the stairs, relaxed in his nudity.

“Have you reconsidered leaving me alone with your competition?”

“You make it sound like I’m worth as much alive to you as they are dead,” he says flatly, looking up at that face. “If anyone comes, you’re my prisoner,” he adds quickly before the other can comment. “No point both of us going to jail for one person’s mistake.”

/He still thinks it was his mistake. That he’s a poor host./

As much as his mind feels like it’s playing a trick on itself for them to come to similar conclusions, he can’t doubt Will’s record of self-castigation. He may be disinhibited, but there’s no evidence he’s delusional.

His eyes flicker over Will's promising body, the clothes still pornographically wet.

His gaze rivets itself back to Will's.

"I really must smell incredible."

Will knows the trousers do nothing to conceal his almost painful arousal. Doesn't appreciate the man's gloating.

"You do," he admits reluctantly before averting his eyes and turning away.

He feels nothing but satisfaction at his words.

If his first impulse was to avoid being too ingratiating, he has the sense to know Will deserves gratitude for his offer, now — simply not yet.

It's with an appreciation for his own disorientation that he takes himself past the cooling bodies in the hall to Will's junk room, finding the towels laid out almost as he last saw them but for one and the bed waiting.

Behave. Wait. Patch up. Lie down. Get some rest.

He's certain he has the distance from Will's words not to feel particularly beholden to them, but although he tests his judgement again it doesn't budge in its assessment that reason produces the same results.

It feels too convenient, and surreal, this and the fact that Will has concluded the same thing though different avenues: that it's expedient for the Alpha to take a fall.

Despite spending a great deal of time walking the corridors of his own mind, Hannibal took for granted his ability to discern his mental reality from the physical was absolute.

Chapter 9

He has to move a few things around in the shed before he can attempt to slot in the cars. It takes a while, but he eventually creates enough space for him to drive the Alphas' in first, before throwing a cover over the vehicle.

Climbing into the Bentley, however, makes him feel immediately like a chauffeur. The notes of an expensive aftershave linger in the car's interior, reminding him of its owner's once groomed appearance as he drove Will home. How composed he'd been then.

Having parked the car, he sits there in the driver's seat, thinking about how different their lives are. Or were. He had wanted to believe they'd be able to go back to how things were before their paths had crossed. Now he accepts it's hard to know if this is still possible.

With the cars slotted side by side inside the shed, he leaves cleaning them for later. The bodies weighing heavy on his mind. All four of them. If he buries them in the dank ground like he did the other, he'd have to be careful to avoid exposing the current inhabitant.

And he fully expects Hannibal to be watching him. It wouldn't surprise Will. What /does/ surprise him is how he almost expects the Omega to impart useful advice through the window during. Either the man possesses excellent logic, Will thinks to himself, or he knows a thing or two about concealing evidence. He admits that, despite being susceptible to heat brain, Hannibal is still very much capable of problem-solving. Which is both useful and a pain in the ass if he doesn't see eye to eye with Will's way of doing things. And lets Will know about it.

Coming back into the house, he closes the door behind him, and makes his way to the staircase. Standing by the body at the bottom, he listens for movement upstairs. Hears none. Looking up, he sees an empty landing. /He actually listened./ Leaning down, he hooks his arms under the dead Alpha's.

He's aware when Will returns to the house. He stirs, and sees dawn light in the windows. When he's sure from the sound of something heavy dragging on a hardwood floor that the person is Will, he urges his consciousness to lapse.

For all the energy he has, the heat is constantly unkind on his body and sleep not impossible to find when he knows that the moment he moves that the slick on his buttocks and thighs and already dampening the towels will cool and the bed will become inhospitable.

When Hannibal opens his eyes, again, it's to the familiar sound of plastic uncrumpling beyond the room in the hallway and his mind latches on in interest.

He chides himself that what was true in the dark of the morning and true half an hour ago holds true, now. All he has to do is nothing to let Will incriminate himself, now that he's partly obscuring the original sequence of events.

He's very bad at doing nothing. Heat or no, lying in bed is antithetical to his essential nature. His curiosity begins to seep into his thoughts and soon has hold, and waves of arousal lap through his body with the contractions of his cunt as Will's scent, spice and oak and sweat, reaches him on the air.

Surrendering the bed, he rises, making a private expression of displeasure at the profuseness of his own slick and thinking of the towel he left damp in the bathroom as the ones beneath him are useless to clean it. He heads into the hallway, stopping to take in the scene before him: Will moving the first of the bodies onto a spread tarp.

He approves that Alpha isn't making a further mess of the house.

"I'm going to be cross if you send me right back to bed like a child," he says, a fond and friendly warning, before Will can reflexively exercise the increasingly habitual command in his voice.

"Go back to bed," Will mutters without looking up as he rolls the female up in the tarp.

The words, without force, cause an impulse that rises and passes. He takes a few steps closer to consider what Will's doing.

"What are you planning to do with them?"

"Less you know, the better," he says, glancing towards those bare legs and the wet glimmer of slick making its way down Hannibal's skin. His nostrils flare, and his dick jumps. Puts into his brain the idea of dragging the Omega down and pushing him over the closest body.

"Go back to bed," he says again, dragging his eyes away and hastily securing the tarp.

In Will's distraction, it's easy enough to make himself intractable to the words, although the sound of Will's voice and the strength of his scent have his blood pumping.

"I want to use your bathroom. Genuinely," he states. It would be particularly miserable not to clean up if Will ultimately steels his resolve.

Feeling otherwise at home in a house soaked in his own scent besides Will's surly attitude toward him, he doesn't wait for an answer.

As Hannibal continues on his way to the bathroom, Will watches after his ass even though he knows he shouldn't. But when he straightens up with the wrapped body slung over his

shoulder, he does so imagining it's the Omega. And by the time he's descended the basement steps, he imagines it's Hannibal that he's throwing down from his shoulder onto the two bodies already lying there. Leaning back against them with his long legs open. His velvet dick jutting. His drooling hole a-twitch. The tarp catching all the slick that splatters as Will fucks him atop his bodycount.

/What?/ He shakes his head in the attempt to dislodge the increasingly morbid train of thought, and makes his way back up the steps.

In the bathroom, alone and holding the towel, he shuts his eyes, feeling himself running down his legs slow and warm-then-cool. He lets his free hand sink behind him and pushes his fingers within himself, feeling himself plush and slippery under his own fingers, the hungry skin swollen.

He should use the dildo, he knows as he strokes himself, needing not to leave himself completely neglected. Though it would be better with Will on him, or at the very least with his cock on Will's mouth and the Alpha's tongue caressing him.

He uses his slick to masturbate himself, holding complete silence until Will has gone, fast and mentally abstract — images of his Alpha, of their violence, of acts they've yet to commit.

He dislikes the quickly returning lack of real release.

Then with the towel and some soap, he's cleaner than he's been in some time.

He'd prefer Will to ruin that.

He opens the door to the corpse Will has yet to retrieve. Considers it, disentangled from the other Alpha and cast in a stiff sprawl, rigor mortis beginning to set in and the flesh beginning to go off.

The meat will be worthless, soon.

Reaching the landing, he sees Hannibal standing over the remaining body in the hallway.

"What are you doing?" he says after a pause.

Having been looking, expectantly, toward the Alpha mounting the stairs, he casts his gaze back to Will's victim, a smile slit across his throat. An act gorgeous in its deliberate brutality.

"Do you pray, Will?"

He steps past, avoiding the blood still decorating the floor, and hunkers down to shake out the tarp.

“Do /you/?” he says flatly as he moves back to the body, glancing briefly at the other.

“I’m almost entirely unconcerned with God,” he says truthfully, attending to Will spreading the tarp, again, but admits:

“When I’m in the company of death, I sometimes wonder why anyone would seek to attract the attention of a god who conjures the atrocities God conjures.”

“People commit atrocities,” he utters, dragging the body onto the tarp and beginning to wrap it up. “You make it sound like you spend a lot of time with death,” he adds suspiciously whilst securing the tarp.

“Death is an intimate constant in my life,” he assures him easily and guiltlessly, watching him manipulate the body with a similar lack of reverence to what he himself might also fail to express.

“Is it in yours? I have the sense you have no family, either.”

“It is now,” he grunts before dragging the body towards the stairs. Prefers not to comment on his familial status. He wonders if the man is going to follow him downstairs with his idle chitchat.

It would be difficult to do anything besides follow Will, simply because he wants to be near him. But besides the idea of Will leaving off his task to mount and pleasure him, he’s damnedly interested in exactly what Will’s doing with the bodies, and asking got him nowhere.

Not to mention the singular appeal of Will freely consenting to speak, again, after his reticent period.

But he watches him silently, for a moment, before following him to the top of the stairs.

“I appreciate your offer to leave me at liberty, Will. Don’t think otherwise. But even if the police find your story plausible, I don’t want us to assume you’ll be arrested.”

Something unfamiliar has a hold of him, beyond the gaze of the heat. The fact that not a single other person he’s known would make the same offer.

“I can tell whatever story you want me to, even if I know better,” he assuages.

“You gave me a lift home. I took advantage. Am still taking advantage,” he says woodenly, the body thudding as he pulls it down the steps. “Bunch of Alphas came. I got rid of them.” He waits until he’s reached the bottom before adding, “You got better?” Glances up.

He watches the muscles of the Alpha’s arms moving beneath the skin as he hails his victim from the scene of its death.

Will has refreshed his clothes, but the next t-shirt he’s chosen to be ruined hides nothing more than the previous. Hannibal thinks he’s beginning to look haggard from so much exertion and no sleep, although the fatigue looks handsome on him, his large eyes heavy lidded.

“Best to keep it simple,” he says agreeably from the top step, and chooses to make his way down. “It seems like the challenge is explaining the mess we’re amid. They restrained you, the woman went to look for me and her friend half followed… You freed yourself, were violent to the two, but only killed the mouthy one? Left the other on the ground.”

He’s entertained with his own story. It’s a pleasant contrast to the heat, to have something for his logical mind to latch onto.

He’s privately more entertained running the true events back through his mind, examining them again.

“How to explain the wrench— Well, there’s a toolbox just by the front window. And then you must have disarmed and killed the woman. And the last one who you left downstairs came running up after only to meet his friend’s knife? I would have heard the struggles in the hallway.”

He shrugs his own muscled shoulders.

“It’s not perfect. You may already have an improved idea.”

“I handled it,” he says tonelessly, proceeding to drag the tarp all the way to the basement. Carrying would smear less blood around on the floor, but the male is heavier than his sibling. And he wants to conserve his energy - or what he has left of it. When this is all over, he wants to sleep for days. Right now, he doesn’t even care if it’s in a prison cell.

“You did,” he approves with well-rested brightness.

He winces in displeasure as Will takes off with the body, watching completely unnecessary smears be left on the floor.

It’s appalling.

“If we could focus on you never having to give a confession,” he asserts where he stands, short about it.

“I’ll avoid having to give one if my house is shipshape,” he states as he continues to drag the body. “If you’re not doing anything besides standing there talking, you might as well give me a hand with the cleaning.”

He is, in this moment, possessed of the very real impulse for murder.

Advances on Will suddenly, remembering exactly how effective it is to attempt to command him.

Comes to him and lays his hands on his back and elbow, firm enough to arrest him, not mindless of his own heat. But for all the feeling of Will’s skin and the heat of him through the shirt stirs the animal of him, arousal molten in his veins, he still only just satisfied himself.

“I said, ‘You’re getting blood everywhere,’” he clarifies, voice low and silken, now — compelling — and his confidence total.

Letting go of the tarp, he straightens up. The touch had made his dick stir with a vengeance inside his trousers. Brow furrowing, he turns his face to stare with half drawn eyes at the Omega. He had hoped increasing tiredness would abate his heat induced hardon, but this has thus far not been the case.

“Is that a no to cleaning?” he says, trying not to breathe the other in too deeply.

The proximity pleases the greater part of him. His stilling touch lingers, his eyes rapt on Will.

“A ‘yes’ to cleaning, a ‘no’ to doing everything your way,” he amends with better cheer.

His eyes flicker down Will’s fully clothed body, poorly matched to his own nudity, but he fixes his gaze back to the Alpha’s.

“I can see you’re exhausted. I’m not. I want you to let me help you.”

It’s a statement he’s never found on his lips. Even when his intention is to intervene, he keeps a habit of bringing the subject of his intervention around to pleading for his help.

Except Will is obstinate, independent-minded and too contrary to take any bait.

Better to be plain with it.

It's true. He is tired. And there's more he must do.

"You can help me lift and carry this body," he says, acquiescing. /Need to move quicker./

There's a moment in which he isn't certain he'll be able to release Will, the earlier commands having completely lost their hold, disappearing like water falling into flame on his range top.

He can, and he does, though he lingers, briefly, and thinks of the times he might have lunged without the rope to remind him of his humanity before the threat of him recedes, eyelids fluttering as his thoughts slide.

He shifts his attention to the tarp, which would be easily carried — for Will, too, if he wasn't fatigued — but on account of the blood, he takes the other end weightlessly and without comment.

With Hannibal's help, he carries the tarp to the open trap door of the basement. Puts his end down beside it. Wants the man to do the same. /He shouldn't go down there./

"Last one," he utters, walking past Hannibal to grab another folded tarp before heading the way they came.

He pauses at the basement, his general curiosity toward his surroundings foregrounding itself although he's already fully aware that, besides the already-familiar scent of the corpses stowed below, the place smells like cool earth.

His nostrils flare. He's somewhat disappointed at the thought that it would be forensically unintelligent to see what is or isn't in the basement when he's already rifled through the rest of Will's home. He's never been ruled by his need for sensory stimulus in the way he's ruled by his heat, despite the way it can reshape his emotions, and satisfied he's explored the place at least in an olfactory sense after this slight pause and a little angling of his head to confirm there's absolutely nothing to see through the trap door from where he stands except the stained basement wall he follows Will.

No music. Little food, and none of the smells of his kitchen. No supplies to express his artistic inclinations. A wall full of books, but his mind can hardly adhere to one. If his skin wasn't over-sensitive with heat, he might bemoan the tactile deficiency of the place, too.

But Will's captivating presence makes it easy to forget the absence of everything that otherwise sustains him.

“There’s comfort in inhabiting a home as old as this one. Were you raised here?” he asks with a keen curiosity slightly more pointed than typically conversational.

The interest makes him uneasy.

“Can we do this without talking?” he asks, squatting near the last Alpha and rolling out the fresh tarp.

He looks at Will with the displeasure of someone opening the door to discover a spoiled container has put the entire refrigerator off.

A moment later, assumes a more polite demeanor.

“Yes.”

Having wrapped and carried, with Hannibal’s help, the remaining Alpha to the trap door and set him down beside the other body, Will straightens up.

“Thanks for your help,” he says, meeting that gaze. More to send the other on his way back upstairs than to express true gratitude.

For all that he’s perpetually gregarious, he knows that keeping himself talking isn’t only about his personal interest in Will. Moving the body without occupying himself with conversation, he’s trapped with his own frayed mind and in his rapture with every sensual detail of the Alpha’s moving body.

Speaking won’t prevent a mental break, but it might delay one, and the presence of words between them again offers a certain relief.

“Of course,” he says, measuring Will’s gaze with his own.

“If I tell you you should leave me with supplies and sleep, will you be even more cantankerous?”

“Supplies,” he echoes flatly, watching back at the other. Not that he’d go along with it. But he wants to know how the man intends to deal with four dead bodies.

He looks expectantly at Will in all innocence.

“Cleaning supplies. For the house. The stains are already setting.”

He realises he is not being realistic, thinking he would just carry on until everything that needs doing is done. He needs significant energy for the next part. And focus. Could probably gain more of both from a brief sleep. A power nap. But he hasn’t been at ease with the notion of Hannibal being at liberty in his home. And the offer of cleaning up the crime scene doesn’t alleviate this feeling of unease. Nor does the man’s attempt to look innocent.

“Best get to it, then,” he says. “You’ll have to use whatever’s in the cupboards.” /No idea if I have enough for this much mess./ He turns his attention to the two bodies wrapped in tarp lying by the entrance to the cellar. “Get started. I’ll join you in a sec.” He just needs to stash the remaining bodies first.

It’s apparent Will simply won’t leave him in peace, at least not yet. But he decides it’s no longer his responsibility if things go amiss, when he’s really been behaving himself.

He withholds comment without feeling sour about it, energized by the fact he has something to set himself to. Nevermind that his entire body remains overheated, overstimulated, and is growing increasingly parched and he can never be unaware of Will’s proximity or the potential for him to reduce him to something to rut into, dispossessed of sane cares.

Set to rifling, he collects likely items on the counter he’s not going to be fucked over.

He glances to Will when the basement hatch has been shut.

“Do you have WD-40 with your tools? The solvent, not the lubricant.”

After what happened last time, Will had covered all the floors with an oil based polyurethane. Chose it for its resistance to heat and moisture. He recalls the red words in bold on the side of the tin: extra tough.

“The wood’s treated,” he says, glancing down at the floor as he straightens up from locking the latch. Key folded inside his hand. “Water and soap ought to do it,” he adds, looking up and meeting that hooded gaze. “I’m going to use your bucket.”

“I wouldn’t need that unless you intended to restrain me again,” he points out breezily, moving on as if it isn’t worth considering. “Considering the size of the stain, I think spraying WD-40 might be the best choice to save the area rug. But, I can’t say I have confidence it’s worth trying to save.”

The house will look bare without the thing, but he supposes it’s cluttered enough that it’s believable Will wouldn’t own one.

He pauses long enough to measure that might sound unkind.

“Because it’s cream colored, not because it’s hideous.”

He stares back tiredly at the other. “We’re not wasting any more time,” he utters, walking past Hannibal on his way out of the kitchen. /Not on the rug. Not on talk about saving what’s not important./ “There’s another bucket under the sink,” he says on his way out. “WD-40.”

He retrieves the bucket from beneath the sink and after sorting through other aerosols secures, too, the spray solvent. He adds sufficient dish soap to the bucket and turns the faucet on and, for now, doesn’t worry about the paucity of useful cleaning supplies.

He recognizes the new surreality that veils acting in any ordinary way when his body has intentions completely at odds with his behavior. And, for once, retreating into the labyrinth of his own mind — adding another layer of the unreal to his circumstances — might, yes, take him from the present but it might also make the situation worse.

He shouldn’t be attending to anything except his Alpha and his heat loathes it. An equally unpleasant reversal from the earlier disquieting feeling of being entirely under Will’s command.

There’s no cure for it, because it’s all too obvious that if he draws too much of Will’s attention the Alpha will saddle him with the irrational decision to send /him/ off when Will is barely awake.

Coming back with the bucket, he finds Hannibal standing at the sink, filling up his own, and steps up to him.

“I’m going to start on the mess downstairs,” he says, putting the empty bucket down by the sink and taking the full one from the other’s hands. His dick twitches from their close proximity, but he continues stubbornly to ignore it. Turning, he snatches a handful of rags from the worktop and walks back out.

He watches him leave, tense with the frustrated desire to demand how, exactly, he’s meant to do anything with the carpet when Will — who isn’t thinking but will likely resent having that pointed out — is cleaning the floor nearby?

He should have locked Will in the basement and it’s a shame he passed on the window of opportunity.

He closes his eyes as he lets the second bucket fill. Feels his tongue thick in his sticky mouth. He could ignore his dehydration for some time, intended to, but gets a glass, instead, and,

moving the bucket, turns the water from hot to cold to drink.

As the cool water douses the fevered furnace of his abdomen he marks the continued instability of his mood. Terrible to see himself fighting himself while knowing he needs to commit a single act that he has no capacity to realize without either Will's cooperation or total incapacitation.

When he's drunk his fill, he makes the decision to take his own supplies upstairs. To try and establish space for himself if not, realistically, to think, then at least to be closer to the option of the toy than of assaulting the Alpha.

That's how he finds himself frozen with the bucket at the foot of the stairs, simply staring at Will there kneeled on the floor in the living room, again, where Hannibal overcame him before.

Having drawn the curtains to shut out the breaking light of day, Will stares, under the yellow glow of lamplight, at the way his own reflection distorts in the dark pool of blood that he continues to transfer into the bucket beside him. He is glad for the coating protecting the wood. It's much easier cleaning this time round than the last. Not that he had expected there to be another incident. And despite him blaming Hannibal verbally for the outcome, it's not the first time blood has been spilt under his roof.

As he works, he starts to think back to that night. To the same lighting. Thinks he can feel himself being watched. His attacker coming round from a slit throat to drag himself bonelessly up into a sit. Head lolling back to the spurting red fountain as he wheezes wetly through his slashed voice box.

The rag falls still in his hand. He looks back suddenly over his shoulder.

He stands unmoving, bucket and supplies still in hand and eyes fixed on Will, but something moves inside him as Will startles, the lurch of excitement felt when prey bolts.

He suspects all Omegas have some capacity for violence, rarely aroused in a heavily punitive society except, most often, to defend their children. He can't say they all would feel the potential for predation he sees on Will's bared nape or his own teethmarks in his shoulder each concretizing what he might have from him with a determined assault — sexually or calorically.

He recognizes Will when the Alpha turns in that he sees him as a person, again, and not permissive flesh. Though that person remains especially vulnerable in his exhaustion.

"You're careless with your neck."

For a moment, he just watches Hannibal. His eyes heavy lidded. His lips parting faintly to the silent exhale of relief to find the Omega standing there and not the Alpha he put underground.

“That floor’s not going to clean itself,” he says without registering the mild threat.

“And your mouth,” he observes, standing another moment, letting his eyes fall to Will’s lips before raising his gaze back to Will’s.

Will can’t be expected to be wary of him as far as he has no natural concern, and as far as he’s constantly unaware of the scope of the danger to himself. He could, rationally, if he wasn’t overextended.

“Your breed can afford to be indifferent. But you’ll make me miserable again if I can’t control myself.”

He glances away, upstairs. Would rather be there and active, although his eyes return to linger on Will a moment longer out of curiosity if he’ll possibly grasp the point.

They’re getting along much better, and Hannibal would hate to ruin it on account of Will’s incaution.

Face remaining impassive, he picks up an unused rag. Tugs it over the back of his neck.

“So stop looking,” he utters with a tired lofting of his brows before turning his back on the man and picking up the saturated cloth.

The desire that grips him, now, isn’t anything like the impulses stirred in by Will’s self-exposure.

However accommodating Will’s made himself since the arrival of the Alphas who meant to be his rivals — not immediately binding him, choosing not to fight when seized and bitten, speaking his name, allowing him close in the bathroom — it’s this moment he can be sure he’s being treated as an equal in the same measure that he’s afforded equality to Will.

It isn’t something an Alpha should do, covering his nape like a vulnerable Omega would.

It makes Hannibal affectionate in a way he’s unfamiliar with, and which has nothing to do with his heat. The excitement that curls inside him has nothing to do with his prey drive.

—and Will wouldn’t appreciate him expressing any semblance of it, when the house is, factually, a wreck.

In fact, might not appreciate attention being drawn to it at all. But that’s a matter for experimentation.

Later. Because he's found the capacity to move, now, and to pursue the tremendous amount of blood in the upstairs hall.

It's not until he's climbing the stairs does he realise he is glad for Hannibal's presence. Glad for the distraction from his own memories. Glad he isn't alone. As he climbs to the top of the stairs, bucket and rags in hand - the one still hanging off his nape - he sees him.

Down on the still bloody floor.

"Hey."

With a little space from Will, he's found pleasure in actually applying himself to a task. He isn't capable of being bothered by Will being in between himself and Will's dresser, deterring him from clothing himself, or that the incredible amount of blood spilled requires him to be on his hands and knees.

These things aren't undignified unless they're a part of some kind of shameful concession. Instead, they're facts of his heat and an increasingly rewarding act of shared violence.

He looks up to see Will either offering to help, which doesn't seem particularly wise, or offering to take over, which would give him nothing to do again. But he didn't wrench the rag in his collar off immediately after he left him, and that by itself is endearing.

"Not to be crass, but I think you'd be the most useful behind me," he flirts smugly.

"Not to be crass," he echoes with a lofting of his brows as he watches down at the other through half drawn eyes, "but it's not just blood you're cleaning up...is it?"

"Almost entirely but not exclusively," he admits. It's not ideal, but he's left his slick and more than that so many places at this point it seems irrelevant. "The flaw in my alibi isn't that I can't be scrubbed from the scene but that you've almost totally failed to use me."

"You're a masochist. I'm a sadistic son of a bitch," he says monotonously as he moves closer. "I enjoy tormenting my hostage by denying him," he adds as though by rote whilst setting down the bucket just outside of the red perimeter. "Or would you rather people didn't know that side to you," he says whilst lowering to his knees and tugging the rag from his neck to begin mopping up his side of the dark pool. "And for the record. Refusal is not the same as failure." He glances up at the other.

He inhales as Will kneels, as he bares his skin. Pauses washing. Is in a poor position to take him down, but recognizes he should separate himself.

Which seems unfair, when — besides tearing Will's flesh to taste him, yes — he's been on excellent behavior.

"You're free to say it. More tenuous that anyone would believe it," he points out, ultimately unable to force his body to retreat. He tightens his hand around the rag he holds, ruddy water flooding from it to commingle with the blood beneath it and bubbles rising on its wet surface, as he tries to keep his head.

"Are you enjoying yourself, right now, beyond your sullen and cranky act?"

He turns his attention to the blood he wrings out of the rag into the bucket beside him.

"I am tired," he utters, pressing the rag back into the pool. "It is not an act."

It pierces the haze that, if Will had been taking pleasure in all this, he might have been content.

"You won't give me relief on account of the blood and you won't leave me in peace. Better if one of us was enjoying it."

If he sometimes meets Will with irritation, it isn't present in this moment. But no matter that he's favorably inclined, he can see himself hurting him. He can't separate his mind from the possibility of touch both gentle and violent contained in the Alpha near in front of him to continue at his task.

"I'll leave you in peace when it's safe," he utters as he lifts the saturated rag, pausing briefly at the disparity of his own words.

The reason he didn't breed Hannibal against the wall earlier was because he didn't think it was safe. He didn't want to jeopardise the chance they could - /what, precisely?/ He swallows down the traitorous yearning rising in his throat and, frowning, keeps his eyes on the blood that he wrings into the bucket. /You're an idiot./

He gazes down into the blood he isn't cleaning, still wet this deep into the puddle, though the edges had dried. Liters spilled before the two hearts each stopped. He can't see his reflection, but thinks upon it and the sudden fact that he'd frankly like to shave.

That wouldn't fit neatly into a captive narrative. But the possibility of one sticking after an investigation seems tenuous.

Briskly over in some circumstances — if they search under the floorboard of his trunk.

His tongue sits thick in his mouth, but not from dehydration. A stubborn thing hobbled by instinct, as if the millions of years between himself and an unspeaking animal have been erased in a crash that crumpled time in on itself.

He wants to warn Will he feels only tenuously sane, and can't, but feels the slick welling in earnest in his empty, swollen cunt with Will near.

The man doesn't speak. For once. Will decides it's not a good thing.

"I'll finish up," he says without pausing his mopping. /If he's that uncomfortable, he should retire to the room./

With the implied dismissal, he feels his body unfolding, lithe and graceful, possessed of a cultivated, careless power. But not to leave him.

Nothing binds him to a simple implication. An implication might bind if he was fearful, but he doesn't fear Will despite seeing him kill.

Wants his aggression, his hands bruising and choking and Will penetrating his skin with his nails, his teeth or his knife.

He can't remember if he first meant to leave him when he stood. Seeing the exhausted Alpha bent over the floor below him, head bowed, eliminates any obedient impulses.

Bare feet. Cold blood beneath them.

He turns, ready to wring the rag into the bucket, and pauses when he sees Hannibal standing there staring down at him. Brow furrowing, he stares back. Keeping his eyes on that face and not those long, slick streaked legs.

"...what?" he says after a pause.

Even as Will speaks he's fast and cruel, hands on his body, in his shirt, as he hauls him upwards. Flips him over. Slams his body into the blood bathed floor with force in a sudden brake of momentum even as he steps over him. Pins him beneath his sitting weight without regard to if Will can catch his stolen breath, forcing the rest from him.

His predatory instincts impel him to throttle him, when nothing else has worked. Concuss him. Make him malleable. The darkest fantasies that still end in fulfillment that he's had in his frustration at his fingertips.

It isn’t what he wants.

He shudders with the heat, the hot, spreading ache between his thighs seeking to strip him of control of his own muscles, again.

He touches his face, knuckles resting in the same blood soaking into Will’s curls as his thumb strokes his cheekbone in this moment Will can’t breathe to command him.

He can hear his own breath heaving, feel his heartbeat against his ribcage in a way he hasn’t in violence since his youth.

“Be a better Alpha.”

A harsh demand. A clear warning.

He’d felt the air being forced out of him upon contact with the floor, followed by the other’s weight. The blood as it soaked and continues to soak through his clothes. The back of his head is wet as he looks up at that expressionless countenance and frowns at the small, yet soft touch to his face. It’s enough to make him strain anew in his trousers. He can feel himself thickening from the smell of him. The saliva as it wells enough in his jaws to trigger the urge to swallow.

Strange that he feels almost grounded with Hannibal sat atop him. Or it could just be the exhaustion taking root.

“I’ll find you a pitcher,” he utters drily in response, voice a little hoarse as he regains his breath. His hands pressing into the blood covered floor.

His breath slowly escapes his lungs and with that exhalation his heavy weight sinks more heavily onto Will, his eager body readily soaking his Alpha’s shirt.

He brings his other hand to Will’s opposite cheek. Knows his own strength with sudden, piercing clarity as he recognizes he could leave Will speechless with the sharp impact of his head into the last remains of their victims and the unforgiving wood beneath them.

But, this time, Will isn’t acting like prey.

He lets his hands drift lower, thumbs trailing in parallel down Will’s cheeks and his fingertips curling from the floor to touch the sides of his throat. Drags one hand down Will’s shoulder, smearing the dark liquid down his shirt as he seeks to discover his pulse.

“We can find out together if you’re a masochist.”

An offer or question, now, more than a threat.

To act, when Will refuses him again and again.

Steeped in blood and now the man's slick, Will senses he may be in trouble this time as he feels that part of him flex - the same that had urged him to rut the Omega into the cooling bodies of their attackers. His hope of being too tired to act fizzles out as his cock pushes with renewed effort against the fabric of his trousers. Straining towards that ass sat further up his body. Before he can stop himself, his own hands lift from the floor to clasp wetly at the globes of that posterior.

His eyes falling to a half close as he stares up at the other.

"You wish to hurt me," he says lowly.

Arousal sears hotter still through his weeping flesh and he rolls his hips not against Will's cock but where he sits at the base of his ribs, into his diaphragm, seeking to cut off his breath, his hand large and masculine over his chest.

He's arrested in reverence. In fevered disorganization.

"I imagine your heart fluttering like a bird in a snare."

He exists divided between the chaste way the monster of him wants to unmake Will, reduce him to raw parts, and his desire for the intimate harm he's sought to have inflicted on himself only to be reproached with cruel, unnatural rebuke.

Experiences Will as flesh, alive under him and where it grasps him, knowing it's meant to be put to a purpose.

He grunts as Hannibal grinds against him, forcing the air from his lungs. Digs his fingers into the dense muscle of his ass cheeks in retaliation as he takes a slow, deep breath beneath the other's weight.

"I'm not the one trapped," he utters slowly through his teeth. Voice rough at the edges from the pressure on his chest. /If my heart is pumping hard, it's from the prospect of ploughing your shamelessly gushing cunt as you lie there, drooling and completely out of your desperate little Omegan mind./ The vulgarity of the voice in his head makes his eyes narrow a notch as he holds that hooded gaze from above.

His cunt clenches uselessly as Will's blunt fingernails spur pleasure in his flesh. His own deepening breath is an affliction of nothing but the heat.

A part of him understands he is. Trapped. By his own ravenous body, if not by Will. By the walls of the house that entrap his scent and preserve him from undesired Alphas he'd let fuck him full.

One hand still at Will's neck, he lets his thumb drift to caress his jugular, that soft depression of flesh between Will and another font of blood to further deepen the pool spread beneath them.

He has no weapon, but he has his teeth. Remembers Will's blood fresh in his mouth and feels his own saliva well.

He feels affection, again, beyond the animal of him. Feels pleasure, recognizing Will's body responding, the scent of him as thick as that of stale blood.

"I could take your freedom. Your child. All I have to take is your voice."

Act out his own rebuke.

"I don't use it much anyway," he murmurs, watching Hannibal through his lashes. "Until you came along."

He studies the Alpha with caution. Thinks about the rag tugged over his nape, again. Recognizes he's being amenable, now.

Wonders how amenable he is.

He presses his thumb warningly against his bare neck as he reaches behind himself to, unseeing, nimbly push the button of Will's heavy, work-worn canvas trousers through its hole.

"Then, free yourself. And hold your own tongue."

"You do this and you'll never be free of me," he says in quiet warning. "Every time you look at your dead sister's replacement."

Anger flashes across his mind even as his cunt throbs with the fact that he hasn't been denied. A memory of Mischa, a toddler, fair haired and pretty with baby-round cheeks. The idea, tangible, of an infant lying against his mature chest.

Lost time. His hands are around Will's throat, the long fingers and the palms too calloused for his station.

He regards Hannibal without expression, even as the man threatens to strangle him. His inner cruelty spurred by the Omega's response and spoiling recklessly for a fight in his rushing

blood. It makes his lip twitch.

“You took someone’s sister tonight,” he states, voice light and mildly accusatory. “It caused a lot of pain and distress.” Hands still clutching the other’s ass, he gouges smooth skin with his nails.

His own panting breath rasps loud in his ears. His teeth clench in a hiss as Will seizes his flesh. His mind, insane both in speech and silence, can’t find traction against Will’s passivity, fundamentally ill designed to understand why the Alpha keeps talking as if nothing acted out upon it is occurring despite the fact of the thick neck hot beneath his bloody hands.

He feels curiousity. He feels unreal. He wants a reaction, and bearing down, tightens his grasp.

Sees the blood creeping up near-black through the fabric of Will’s shirt.

He can’t be sure if the man heard what he said about the Alphas. Perhaps the tightening of those hands on his throat is in acknowledgement of his actions. An affirmation of his own murderous tendency. Or perhaps it’s the frustration of not being bred.

Despite being choked, Will holds that stare with a flexing of his jaw. Hands prying apart his cheeks, he sinks two fingers of both hands into Hannibal’s slippery heat. Pulls in opposing directions to open him up. Can feel his own dick jump as slick sluices down his digits.

He knows—he thinks he saw Will flinch. Sneer. Saw the aggression he remembers tearing through his guts when the Alpha had him face down suffocating in his dead dog’s bedding while he rutted him in a way that would break the delirium that fractures his thoughts and vanishes every individuating part of him. But Will refuses to resist him, now that he wants it.

Will’s touch contrasts with Hannibal’s violence, welcome on slippery skin plush with arousal that begs at his fingers, contracts and relaxes against the stretch. Except Will is clothed and bound and mocking him, his flesh parted only shallowly and nothing to follow and fill him even as grinds hungrily against Will’s hands. Is lost enough that, for a moment, he forgets his hands, which spasm tighter.

As those hands start crushing his windpipe, Will fastens his own about the other’s wrists. If Hannibal persists, it’s possible he could black out. And he doubts it would take long for the man to take his child, as he’d put it.

Teeth clenching, he grips hard at the slender joints, nails digging deep as he uses all the strength in his arms to pry open the clamp of those hands.

Disorientation. Mind-erasing pleasure building in his cunt, then nothing at all, and hands, suddenly — several fingers hot and lubed with slick, his own strong scent — around his wrists.

Will's grasp grounds him more readily than the rope and he slackens, eyes shut, breath shallow between his parted lips. Not in the way Will would have, the utter limpness of total unconsciousness, but alert and letting his tenuously returning senses resolve his surroundings.

Feeling the give in the other's grip and reading a temporary lowering of defences in the closing of hooded eyes, Will manages to force those hands back from his neck. Presses one of Hannibal's wrists to his own chest the same time he grabs the other's elbow with his free hand and drags up his leg. Using his ankle, he pins Hannibal's against his side, and, with a loud grunt, bucks suddenly against blood slick wood.

The movement rolls them over until he has the man trapped beneath him. His hands on Hannibal's biceps as he leans over him, pinning his naked body to the wet ground. His slender legs wrapped around Will's waist as his trapped arousal digs into the Omega's exposed heat. The heavy scent of him stirring the air between them. Invading his senses.

A drop of the crimson substance lands cold on Hannibal's cheek as Will's sopping curls fall to frame the deceptively pretty face entranced above him, dazed in some fraction of the same way as the Omega.

Upper arms trapped against the floor, Hannibal's hands find Will's shirt and clutch, dragging the thin fabric over the Alpha's stout body as if he could pull his body past it and have him in the dominating, penetrating way he's craved for days.

Everywhere made sore from the wrong abuses, he's more sick than ever of being denied, of the thick and barbed cock he's seen one more times than he's had still being kept from him, now by both rope and canvas. His hips move in jerks as his body pleads at Will's open fly to feel only the hard edges of the fabric dragging against its sloppy, swollen mouth nothing like the blunt-and-sharp, cruel sensation it seeks.

Under his Alpha, he's no longer rudderless and adrift. His instincts remember how close he's come, and how little Will resisted when he made himself biddable. His eyes watching close, the word comes rough over his bitten lips:

"Please."

Staring down at Hannibal, he thinks about giving the man what he wants. What his baser self wants. And if the authorities discover the bodies, he will own up. Hannibal can be a victim of

rape. Not sure how that will affect his social status, but the other might not care, preferring to run away with the child he's been craving to fill whatever gaping hole his dead sibling has left.

Perhaps he shouldn't worry too much about an Omega that won't be his, and a child that won't know him. As much as he'd wondered at the possibility of some kind of understanding, perhaps even friendship, he has a feeling Hannibal is suffering from a deep sense of loss, and that all his actions leading him here have been driven, consciously or unconsciously, by the search for something to replace the emptiness.

He might be wrong.

But right now, seeing Hannibal lying there beneath him on the dirty floor, too proud to plead convincingly while his strong body blatantly begs to be taken, Will is struck by how much he wants the Omega. And his eyes remain on Hannibal's as he leans back. Pushes his tee up his body before working his fingers through the knots in the rope.

Arousal powerful enough to render his legs tremulous, again, as his inner thighs shudder rushes through him. His hands go slack as Will pushes away from him with the same look of intent as when he so briefly handed over the knife, here before against the wall.

His hands flex in the air in the absence of his Alpha, fingertips red and his forearms, too, where Will smeared blood and slick together like he smeared them on his ass and in his flinching, greedy cunt.

His aching cock rests rigid against his stomach, hurting with every heartbeat, but that and the rest of the still new injuries Will has cut and bruised into his body dim in his consciousness. Desire continues to heighten, deepen, and if he couldn't watch Will's fingers work his body, void of any other power, would have him humping helplessly, again.

He forgets his bait, pleading unfamiliar to his nature, nothing he's good at, and now seemingly unnecessary.

His voracious mind has latched to drinking in the detail of the body above him.

The knots are tight. His fingers are slippery from slick. The struggle to undo them buys his logical mind time. But it remains hampered by his reaction to Hannibal's heat. By the new idea of giving. The so-called generosity of an Alpha sowing its seed.

The more he gives his own lust an inch to breathe, the more it strives to take the reins and steer him onto the path of flawed reasoning, dismissing all the signs that he's travelling down the wrong way and fast.

It tells him the Omega will evade the authorities. That he'll be satisfied having got from Will what he wanted. A gift that the man, even when stone cold sober, will not regret receiving.

He himself could be left behind bars. And yet, the voice argues, that is simply a matter of time.

He continues to stare down at Hannibal. At that face. His dick feeding him both biologically sound and romantically driven notions about there being a reason he has the Omega beneath him this very moment in time. Nevermind the fact that it's one whose mind even before the heat may be compromised by his own demons. But then, whispers the voice - whose isn't? /For all your misgivings about your own existence, won't it be a relief to finally feel aligned?/ To cast aside thoughts shackling the animal born from violence, whose inherent purpose is to repeat history? /You were made for this. And he was made wrong for you./

With a ragged exhale, he drags the slackened rope from skin rubbed raw with restraint. Feels every spine on his pulsating cock flex as the monstrous weight of him juts from his body. Unfettered and angry.

Only his legs touch Will, now, long and slim and in their own way as deceptive as the more delicate elements of his innately cruel Alpha's features. The muscles that tighten to demand him closer and inside are exceptional in their well-conditioned strength, part of a larger creature no Alpha living an ordinary life could hope to contest alone.

Will hangs too heavy to be rigid to his own stomach, enormous and created by nature for a unique cruelty. The fact he's tortured his own flesh for days with need of him sets Hannibal's mouth and his cunt welling with saliva and slick. The precum leaking from its slit, over the large blunt head and into razor spines far more desirable that the comparatively blunt toy presages the better within Will's capacity, that would deliver his mind lasting freedom with a tradeoff he right now desires.

He can only just imagine what it will feel like to be penetrated in heat, a fierce agony he's never known. Remembers, a blind and mathematical calculation, that holding his tongue produced better results and holds it, though he presses the tip to the roof of his mouth. Swallows through a throat choked with desire.

He sees the man looking. Eating him up with those dark eyes. Swallowing in anticipation. The visible undulation in his throat stirs Will into motion, his cock jumping impatiently as he grabs the streaked undersides of Hannibal's thighs and forces them back as far as they'll go.

Opening up that powerful body and exposing to his famished gaze the weakness in an otherwise Alpha like anatomy - the opening impossibly small, yet shamelessly spewing forth a slow stream of slick. No preamble required.

Drawing a heady breath through the nose, he maps his body to the one beneath, chest pressing down against the other's as his spine arches low to lift his hips and create space for his devastating line up. Staring into Hannibal, he wraps his hands around his throat. Brings his face close enough for the man to feel the shaky sigh slipping from his lips as the very tip of him nudges his sex.

/Mnph!/

Released at last, the animal bursts through the surface with a vengeance, and he drops everything that has been holding him back to snap his hips forward and stab his entire length into Hannibal's cunt.

He feels himself exposed to the cool air, Will's strength a strain on his muscles. Shudders against the opposing strength of him, aware of his dangerous vulnerability and craving Will forcing himself into the hidden, aching length of him searing hot in its need.

Will's weight rests on him. He registers his Alpha's hands closing welcome around his throat. His world brought further into order, mad desperation slaked by the further imposition of control.

Grunts at the first touch of him, the physical fact of the inescapable size of him against an opening pliant in arousal but swollen tight.

His body seizes around the huge and sudden intrusion even before Will has buried himself hip deep, the sharp prick of the spines under his clutching flesh spurring him to spasm and seize again, convulsions of his abdomen as his hips buck hard up against Will and his legs helplessly jerk as if to close against the Alpha's sides. No practiced control over pain exists without exercise of his mind.

An abbreviated groan, his throat catching, a ragged breath in. His hands are at Will's back, may have been for some time, his fingertips digging hard at his flesh. His hips buck up again, as if he could drive him deeper, but meet only the weight of his balls against him and the muscle of his abdomen. The starburst stabs of pain of only this motion wring from him a real and wordless plea, unashamed greed, as he shivers around him, body sweating, strong and animal.

Best Will has him by the throat, when within the inundating scent of blood the urge to sink his teeth into his flesh again seizes him, silently snarled away except for the lesser bite of his nails.

Just like the first time, the man fits him like a second skin - his tight passage stretching to accommodate every last inch of him as well as his girth.

"Ngh!" he groans throatily from the hot clutch Hannibal has on him and clenches his own fingers around the other's throat.

His eyes falling half closed with pleasure as his lips fall open to his quickening breaths. It feels that good, he doesn't acknowledge the nails digging crescents into his skin.

Lodged deep between plush, wet walls, he twitches hard enough to feel his spines gouging the surrounding flesh. Snatches a breath the same time reflex drags his hips back, making

him shudder as his cock rakes its way forcefully out of Hannibal's spasming cunt - the clawing of his helpless flesh forcing a fresh flood of slick in its wake as he withdraws all the way to the thorny crown. And slams back in.

He's as defenseless as any Omega to the long tear of the pain scouring his gut. Truly terrible, now, with his flesh enflamed, streaming like the burn of ice along his scored skin, stabbing into his abdomen like long splinters of glass. He wants all of it: the way his body cleaves to Will inside only to wound itself however durable the skin, his abdominal muscles flinching and shuddering, and his own heaving, open-mouthed breaths that gasp beneath hands that could silence him.

Will buried, again, his body slackens except for his grasp on Will's body and the seizing jumps of muscle outside his control punctuated by his own intermittent, humping thrusts. His eyelids are heavy, his mind already inhabited by little other than sensation. Except he knows, consciously, that the body atop him has a power in it to transform him simply by taking its pleasure, and, with ferocity, that he might injure Will if his Alpha rediscovers his desire to deny him.

He doesn't like the way Hannibal bucks under him. Prefers it like their first time. The man lying prone and helpless. Releasing Hannibal's throat, he leans back, pulling out with a stream of slick, and grabs the other's arm with the intention of rolling him over onto his stomach.

Winded and heaving in the wake of the pain of Will's withdrawal, he still knows exactly what Will intends. Remembers, with the sudden individuality of past frustrations, the aggravation of being denied the sight of him and denied the freedom to act. Doesn't have sense to spare to think of consequences, wrenching back even as he shoved his own hand into Will's bloodsoaked hair to wrest hold of him.

"Like this."

It irks him. Being told. Being held.

"I'll fuck you how I want to fuck you," he says lowly through his teeth. "Omega."

Heat suffuses in his injured stomach, heady excitement, his breath still heavy panting. He doesn't readily release him. Resents the idea of being forced onto his stomach even as the anticipation of force or command excites him.

"If you can, you're welcome to it."

/Fine./

He bites down hard on Hannibal's arm until the man releases his grip on his hair, then moves to sit on his chest just as the other had earlier. Grabbing Hannibal by the throat again, he leans forward, putting weight into the hands strangling him.

The deeper Will's teeth sink into his flesh, the better it feels, until with numbness streaking through his nerves his fingers gladly relax and he's left with the afterimage of Will, angered, latched fiercely onto his arm. He feels his pulse pounding in his hurting cunt and in the fresh bruise on his arm, and Will has him by the throat and rests like an anchor on his chest, makes air hard work when it was already hard to come by.

Despite danger he can't find action inside himself that would make the Alpha unable to penetrate him again. One hand seizes his wrist, fingernails cutting, and the other digs fingers into Will's thigh where stitches hold his flesh.

Lips pressing together, he bears down on Hannibal, fingers squeezing hard enough to feel the throbbing of his arteries. Seemingly in tandem with that of his angry red cock jutting above and leaking pre-ejaculate onto the soft pelt of the chest below. Outraged to be feeling nothing but air when it has barely started leaving its mark inside that deliciously tight passage.

Ignoring the mischief of the Hannibal's hands, Will flexes his jaw at that mild countenance. Means to choke the man until he's ready to pass out.

He knows that if he fought to harm Will he'd be denying himself something he craves with a ferocity unfamiliar to even his covetous nature. He wants to make his point, to leave his Alpha smarting, and not to unman him. And then, as his consciousness begins to dim and tunnel and sound starts to again go wrong while his throat aches from the pressure and his constricted chest fights the thighs pressed heavy over it with each breath, he begins to experience his own obstinacy escaping his grasp. The desire to be full, again, and reamed apart floods his body, his smarting cunt drooling with it.

His hands slacken, but that's a matter of the blood Will's clutch denies his mind when he only wants their bodies knit tight.

He feels Hannibal's hands losing their grip. Can see it in his hooded eyes that he's beginning to fade. Snatching a breath through his nose, Will lets go of his throat. Pushes up on his knees to make room for the man as he's rolled over forcefully onto his stomach.

/Fuck./

The sight of Hannibal lying prone upon the bloody floor with gleaming rivulets of cunt juice running down his thighs sends a white hot bolt of excitement shooting through his body, thickening his already swollen cock with the faint rippling of merciless spines.

He wants nothing more, in this very moment, than to leave his mark inside that powerful yet utterly susceptible body.

Without another thought, he throws himself onto that strong back with a hungry growl. Grabs the man's arms and pulls them back in order to pin his wrists to his lower back - just before the swell of his tempting posterior.

Rearing up, Will pushes his weight down into the hold. Back arching low, he begins to rut into the trapped body beneath. In his haste, he jerks his hips forward too fast and ends up grazing the underside of the other's dick. Grunting, he pulls back then snaps immediately forward. The wet sound of his cock breaching and forcing the air from Hannibal's tight passage as he slams home is almost drowned out by the loud, throaty moan tumbling from his parted lips.

It is followed quickly by the rhythmic slap of skin on skin as Will starts panting whilst thrusting in earnest, remembering now just how incredible it feels to be inside the man.

He suddenly and rudely meets the blood-streaked floor face down even as oxygen rushes back to him and he drags in air. He's started to move to bring his arms beneath him when they're wrested back and trapped against the small of his back by the Alpha now on him.

He thrills with the denial, and desire ploughs past his proud resentment to further heat his abdomen with need even as Will, in his eagerness, rakes his already wounded cock with spines exposed in full. The beginning of a sharp inhalation— except the breath is forced out of him, his cunt suddenly filled deep, the flinch of his muscles no more than a jerk flat against the floor.

The pain blooms, a detonation through his abdomen when Will rips backwards. He can no more than press his forehead into the floor and choke a cry more hurt and pleasure now than spite not because he's ashamed of being heard but because his throat's wrecked and his breathing ragged.

It doesn't stop. Even as his dominated body shudders and spasms around the intrusion forcing him wide and tearing streaks of first ice and now thin, scorching, relentless hurt, the rapacious plunge through his soaked skin rips the stubborn independence of the Omega loose from his heat-flooded mind.

He's never met with a truly unbearable agony, but nature has meant for him to bear this only in that the pain strips him of power over his own body. He's lucky Will's clothes and their hair soaked up much of the liquid that would otherwise lie beneath him as his nerves sting like living things separate from himself and hostile and the muscles that jump of their own power are no longer confined to his stomach and hips.

If he intended to hold his head up, if he meant his shoulders not to slacken, it wouldn't be within his considerable ability to master them. He's left, instead, with a rapidly evacuating self and moaning into the wood as he becomes something absorbed in the pleasure of his own dismemberment.

Deep in his heat, he hadn't enough of a mind left to begin with to retain it as his body makes itself pliant for use, begins to transform into something that sucks and clutches at his Alpha's cock with its soft wet walls now, however tough the skin, swelling beneath Will's cruelty beyond the thickness of full arousal.

Except he's phenomenally strong and can't simply be immobilized, the rebellious muscles recoiling from the pain still jostling his intended subjugator. One among many inborn perversions.

He feels Hannibal's flesh seizing up around him. Feels his eyes beginning to roll into the back of his head as he plunges repeatedly into his tightening hole. The hallway filling with the loud rasp of his breaths and the frantic slap of skin. With the obscene squelch of an Omega's body being viciously violated.

/I'm going to come./

"Fuck," he pants, eyes squeezing shut. /I'm not supposed to-/

"Fuck, I'm-"

He hears a noise.

/What was that?/

Freezing, he holds his breath to listen.

He isn't so aware, nor glad for the interruption, no matter that in Will's stillness he can feel his pulse throbbing in the sore skin engulfing the Alpha and his muscles, spurred to convulsion, feel weak in a way utterly unfamiliar to him even when the heat has contested his control.

His shoulders twist and his arms jerk in irritated provocation as he hauls in air against the floor.

Keeping his hold on Hannibal, he says nothing as he listens intently. The sound had come from somewhere outside. Suddenly paranoid someone could be trying to get into the shed, he pulls out with a grunt. Releases Hannibal's wrists as he gets up off his back.

“Stay,” he utters in a hushed voice whilst standing and pushing himself back into his trousers before slipping into the nearest room to use its window.

Devoid of rational thought, his mind latches onto the command like it has commands before.

It’s moments until he begins to resolve himself here in the hall and Will gone. Utterly possessed by his heat, his memories don’t form a narrative. He knows, with what thoughts his fluid mind holds on to, that something could be amiss.

Finds himself breathing into the floor, nose mashed flat, and rolls onto his back where the light stabs his dilated pupils and searches for context through a heat that has no intent of giving him reign of his sweat, slick and blood soaked body.

Looking out, he sees the shed standing there in broad daylight. There’s nobody there. He waits for a moment, eyes scouring the land for the signs of a potential intruder. He is sure he did not imagine the sound. But after a while, he exhales against the glass.

Realises suddenly that he doesn’t want to simply fuck Hannibal. Not if his fear of danger was strong enough to stop himself reaching his climax inside the Omega. He’d been so close to achieving the release his body keeps craving ever since the heat began, yet the paranoia of their situation being compromised, the instinct to defend what’s his, has apparently proved stronger. /Not that he belongs to me,/ he thinks to himself. But it’s the closest he’s been to feeling a connection. Allowing himself to. /I know I shouldn’t./

He turns from the window and hears the sound again. Knits his brows as he tries to locate it. Without the feverish cacophony of bodies colliding, fluids flowing, breaths being caught and lost, the sound carries with it a certain familiarity. /The backdoor./ He leaves the room and steps back into the hallway.

A sliver of a memory of a childhood fever glimmers in and out of grasp like light off a broken mirror, the only experience in his life comparable to the incapacitation wrecked on his unfulfilled body, now.

/Stay/, spoken with the belief he would, interrupts his delirious thoughts each time they latch onto the fact that, yes, Will is absent, and he might need to seek him. A skipping record, static disappearing into silence again and again as an inferno of little tears in unimaginably sensitive flesh stabs deep into his incomplete body in pulses.

He feels no relief when the Alpha reappears. Blind desire, instead. Except he isn’t so near, yet, that he can grasp him, and he feels as slack and heavy as a corpse.

He returns to find Hannibal lying on his back upon the floor. Looking like he's in the thick of a fever. His hooded gaze half delirious. An empathetic voice tells him to put the man out of his misery the same time his so-called instinct demands he finish what he'd started.

But the loudest voice - the one that managed to untangle him from the Omega - says no. /Deny him. Let him want you./

It is not the fear of being compromised by outsiders alone that made him break away. No. Rather, it's perhaps a somewhat darkly possessive resentment for potential interruption. For, as he stands there, watching down at the figure lying bloody and vulnerable, he suddenly imagines dragging Hannibal down the cellar and pulling the trap door shut after them. Locking themselves in a confined space. No room for manoeuvre as Will takes him again and again. To hell with whatever else is happening above ground.

This is what he needs to keep a leash on. The part of him that would've killed her himself if he hadn't released his murderous urges on her attacker first.

"Stay here," he utters, unable, he knows, to offer anything that could alleviate the Omega's discomfort. "I need to check something," he adds, beginning to step past.

He understands the imperative, still /stay/, a simple enough concept for his febrile mind to grasp.

Not the Alpha who a minute before had forced himself devastating inside him, the hall loud with the wet squelch of slick and the slap of skin, the Alpha who's now almost disabled him, allowed his heat to build to a frenzy and stripped him down to an animal, simply walking away to leave him wrecked, empty and uselessly grasping for thought on the floor.

His arm snakes out as Will's shifting his balance from one foot to the next, that animal still capable of all its aggression. He seizes him and wrenches his leg out from under him.

He feels a hand catching suddenly at him and loses his footing. Pitching forward, his arms shoot out to brace upon impact with the floor. His hands splayed and wet again with blood. He hears the sound again. Believes he knows what it is.

Face turning to the side, he glances back at Hannibal. Doesn't think the other has noticed the recurring noise. He holds that heated gaze a beat longer before facing forward and beginning to pick himself up.

/I'll be back... Just behave for a moment./

Despite the consuming urgency with which he's driven to act, for the first time in his life he calls on his body and is met with refusal. The muscles of his legs don't coordinate, an alien thing to a mind expecting its instant compliance.

He recoups. Recalibrates. Snatches hold of the Alpha, again, and hauls on him harder than before, recognizing little besides that he's trying to elude him. Drags him over onto his back. This time, his body moves, climbing over him, once more.

Except his knees hit the floor over Will's hips and unlike in the living room he can't simply raise himself over Will to engulf him. Fine tremors shudder through his wet thighs.

Yet he grasps him behind himself, without hesitation, heedless of the barbs piercing the thin skin of his hand.

He grunts when his back hits the damp floor. Grunts again when he bolts upright to grab Hannibal by the upper arms and throw them to the side, dislodging the tenacious Omega. Grabbing the man's wrists, he slams them down on either side of his head the same time he rolls on top.

Body hunched over the other without touching.
"Stop," he pants, frowning down at the scratches in Hannibal's hand. At that glazed expression. Only one thing on that heat consumed mind. At least his has found something else to latch onto. That recurring sound distracting him from finishing what he'd started even whilst his arousal continues to hang like a rock between his thighs. "Snap out of it," he commands lowly as much to himself as to the Omega.

Will's hands give definition to the fluid world surrounding him, setting incontestable boundaries even as his hips grind against the hard, stained floor. Downward, not humping up toward Will, spurring a useless swelling of sensation at only the mouth of him when his agitation reaches as deep as the massy head of Will's cock raked him.

The words take their hold on him, regardless of the clutch of the heat. He recognizes himself, bloody and fucked open, the heaviness on him from muscles still lax with Will's abuse, the high temperature of his skin and the fact he's still writhing in pointless pursit of sensation, pressing himself with small motions toward the floor.

He flexes and opens his stinging hand, exploring the thin, sharp, pleasant papercut pain. Focuses his gaze on Will's with difficulty. His body has no use for the cumbersome consciousness with its desires that run counter to Will fucking him flat into the floor until it's bred.

"I'm not sure I…"

He loses the words mid sentence in the same way he's lost track of words, before. Jerks reflexively under Will's grasp before /Stop/ asserts itself in his mind, again, rendering him lax.

"Please" passes his lips aloud a second time, because it gained results the first and the Omega needs Will inside it, won't find real release without consummation, and more sanely because

it’s the least humiliating word to express the incapacitating need flensing him of though, rendering him back and again into only a body.

He watches down at Hannibal. His eyes falling half drawn.

“If the earlier you could see yourself now,” he murmurs, remembering the first time they’d looked properly at one another. “What would he think...”

A bang from below makes him look up. /The back door./ The next sound keeps him from moving. His eyes watching the landing ahead as he continues to hold Hannibal against the floor. The scrabbling of claws fast ascending the staircase.

He’d think. Which is more than can be said for the creature being rent apart by its biology, its human identity dismantled.

Though gifted a fragment of his sanity, his senses still have to fight to make sense of anything past Will’s body and the fact he needs a release he can only win from the hurt of Will’s spines. The fact they’ve pierced his hand and just again scraped his cock no longer enough when he’s been dragged to the brink of more.

In the moment, the sounds that come to him from the stairwell make no sense at all.

Chapter 10

As the sound reaches the very top of the stairs, Will suddenly finds himself staring at the excited face of Ghost, his white German Shepherd who he did not expect to see again. From the way he bolts straight towards them, Will knows Ghost is happy to see him. So much so, that he doesn't seem in the least perturbed by the presence of a naked man beneath his owner.

"Easy, boy!" he calls, releasing one of Hannibal's wrists to hold up his hand. "Easy!" he cries again, the word falling on deaf ears as Ghost leaps full pelt onto him with enough force to send him reeling back and down with an armful of dirty dog.

His breath hisses out through his teeth as he finds himself bereft of the Alpha only just restraining him and the unmistakable scent of dog, mud and filth that had no time to precede the thing.

His mind has, despite itself, begun to patch itself together, though his aroused, wounded gut remains difficult to breathe around, the circumstances jarring.

He's sure he has to find release, and fast realizing the likelihood he's been abandoned.

"Your dogs are dead," he asserts.

The fact conflicts with the physical presence of what's obviously, offensively a dog.

Pushing off the floor, Will frowns as Ghost proceeds to lick his face.

"They took him," he explains, leaning away from that lapping tongue. "Guess he escaped."

He meets Hannibal's gaze. Wonders if the dog's sudden appearance has freed him momentarily from the hot grip of his heat. At least enough for him to speak coherently, as sexy as it was to hear the man fumbling his words. /Stop it./

As glad as he is to see Ghost, he doesn't need something else getting in the way of his cleaning, or adding to it; both himself and Hannibal are now covered in blood, yet they don't have enough clean towels for another shower. He wants to shower and leave the Omega and his dog in the bathtub until he finishes cleaning the hallway.

"His name is Ghost," he utters, unable to think of anything better to say. /Can you take my dog and stay out of my way?/

Despite his present state he can make some fleeting sense of that. This dog, as large as it is and regardless of the stench of it of excellent conformation for a shepherd, purebred or not,

could be seen as a prospective guard animal, or could be sold.

He shuts his eyes against the overhead light and against the sensory explosion of the dog.

His mind swims. His heat futilely asserts itself. The violence in him recognizes a dog is dangerous, stutters away from the impulse to assault Will once more. The thing is happy, now, but he's in no shape to overcome it if it's aggravated nor is he familiar with it to command it.

Can't similarly push himself up, yet, his mind shifting like ripples of sand, the wind shredding them grain by grain to build new shapes even as it destroys them. His legs remain unfamiliar to him, penetration in heat as disabling to him as to any other Omega, the same impairment that's delivered his suffering breed to Will's beyond the history of civilization and ensured over and again that it catches.

He can't find words for his difficulty.

He simply needs there not to be a dog.

He can see Hannibal is slow to respond. Knows he can't be comfortable, lying there on the floor. Covered in blood and unbred. Dissatisfied, again.

"I'm going to run you a bath," he states, glancing from the Omega to the dog in his arms. Its paws braced against his chest. /And I can't have you running around here, trailing bloody paw prints./

"Just give me a second," he says, standing up with Ghost in his arms.

He recalls the sensation of a second Omega's cunt gripped around him, spasming and clutching, flinching and flooded with slick against his skin. Not, in this instance, his cock. He felt powerful, yet knew the body engulfing him demanded gentleness, diminishing the pleasure the situation could provide.

He amends his understanding of his present situation. Once again recognizes with clarity the aberration it is for an Omega to be aroused with the intensity he is. His condition exists to incapacitate a frightened, potentially violent Omega.

He isn't the former. He could be violent, but not to the same ends.

With no fear to deaden his arousal, only release can free him from the impact of the pain on his rebellious nerves.

He looks up at his deficient Alpha. Ignores the dog.

"Short of finishing what you've started, the only thing I want is you elbow deep in my guts."

He considers the thick forearm tense around the slobbering animal. Entertains the idea that if Will is incapable of performing he could still impact already-torn skin. Aches with wet pleasure at the idea of Will artlessly forcing himself inside him.

Knows he'll be abandoned.

His cock twitches, of course, from Hannibal's provocative words. He has swung to and from the Omega like a pendulum since his heat began. A fickle Alpha. It's not what the man wants. He knows. But the more the other demands to be sexually, biologically fulfilled, tragic family story of loss or no, the more Will wonders - in those brief moments he has managed to pull away enough to sporadically contemplate - just how much he is valued for his dick. At least, while Hannibal is thinking with his heat brain.

"My arms are full," he utters as he steps around the man to get to the temporary bedroom. He knows he's being cruel. But it's starting to weigh on him - exhaustion mingled with his self-made sexual frustration, and now the feeling he is no good to the Omega unless he successfully breeds him. Even if it's not what Hannibal truly thinks, it's still a constant demand on him to perform. And he's starting to tire of the inward battle he's constantly having with himself. It has always been there, that much is true. But it's amplified, now, by the other's presence.

"Stay," he tells his dog after dropping him into the room and easing the door shut. He turns his face to look down at Hannibal. "I'm running you a bath," he repeats firmly before turning to head towards the bathroom.

Hope rises in his chest when the dog is put aside, a dizzy thing holding him fascinated. His eyes graze over Will's body, the back of his shirt stained blood black, his curls heavy and wet, his pants straining against the cock poorly concealed inside them.

A moment later, a handful of demoralizing words, and Will has walked past him, enters the bathroom, leaving him alone in the hall.

He drags in air that only serves to bring his stomach tight against the wounds inside him. Understands he's been abandoned to himself as starkly as he despises it. He doesn't have the mind or the words to articulate the terrible state of his body — the insatiable, incapacitating need in his gut.

Ignoring what Will might think to watch him as completely as the Alpha is ignoring his body, he closes his fresh-wounded hand around a cock now marked with slim new nicks from Will's misplaced thrust and still aflame from earlier provocation, hurt and pleasure rushing through his skin to draw a little attention away from his throbbing cunt. He pushes his other hand down his body, takes up his balls and coaxes his hand over the already-tightening skin.

Eyes shut, he can't see the Alpha. If he's being observed or has been abandoned. Shameless in need, attends only to giving himself some fraction of what Will's denied him.

His hand seizes tightly around his own flesh as his orgasm spreads through his skin. But it's no more than skin, utterly superficial to the desire that's wrecked him inside, even as, free with his throat, he spills pearlescent onto himself.

Stepping into the bathroom, Will takes one look in the mirror at his blood soaked hair before pulling his equally sodden tee over his head and depositing the garment in the sink. Tugging off his trousers, his turgid cock springs from its confines, freed yet wanting to be trapped again inside the narrow passage it had only recently been crammed into. Stepping into the shower stall, he turns on the spray. Hurriedly washes off the blood.

As he turns off the water, he hears Hannibal from down the hallway. Exhales at the thought of the man seeking release. Moving to the bath, he runs the hot water. Plugs the hole to let it gather. Then crouches before the cupboard beneath the sink. Opening the door, he takes the backup rope.

Despite failing to slake his arousal, the orgasm renders it duller and deeper. Come commingled with the blood kept fresh by his sweat on his stomach, he finds himself more easily able to sit.

He draws his legs up, and thinks to stand, but Will has stepped into the hallway, now, a familiar but unwelcome companion in his hand.

He understands, rationally, that he had his hands around the Alpha's throat, no matter the chances Will didn't take not to exacerbate his situation, or the fact he was provoked. Except under the circumstances, he's certain he wasn't at fault.

A flicker of his gaze toward Will's, but he averts his eyes politely.

"I understand you're exhausted and unlikely to be moved by the fact my account of events is unlikely to match yours."

/There you go again. Talking./ Ignoring the comment, he crouches down before Hannibal. Grabs his nearest wrist.

Relaxed, he doesn't pull away. Nor does he offer up the arm resting on the far side of him.

Now, he fixes his eyes on Will.

"I'm not interested in being restrained for something that's your own fault."

There’s curiosity there in place of hostility, and an intonation of ‘No, thank you.’

“That’s too bad,” he utters, eyes down as he makes to grab the man’s other wrist.

He knits his brow as he withdraws his hand, in the way simply by being too large to easily reach over.

He feels his body respond to Will’s, a throb that’s entirely pleasure, though it pulses through flesh in real agony.

He holds his tongue, because refusing aloud will probably prickle Will’s instincts. Although, in fact, he has no idea how to indicate he isn’t actually interested in antagonizing him with any chance of success. Yet he remains uninterested in being restrained.

“Just...give me your damn hand, already,” Will grunts, trying again.

He can see the shape of Will’s control over him, suddenly. The fact that the degree of command in Will’s words is proportionate to Will’s conviction he’ll be obeyed.

He’s happy Will doesn’t know, because he doesn’t want to obey anymore than Will believes he’s going to.

He removes his hand, but not as far. Exhales, because having Will naked and wet and half on top of him feels fantastic. His eyes travel the skin in front of him, it’s imperfections, the moles scattered across it, and the way the muscles move.

Feels glad to have Will’s body near him, regardless of the fact he refuses to fuck how he should.

“Beg me.”

He stops. Eyes sliding onto hooded ones. Standing up, he steps past Hannibal. Hands obscured as he forms a lasso.

“It’s not what Alphas do,” he murmurs before turning suddenly to throw the rope over the man’s head and yanking it secure around his neck with a quick step back.

He has to admit he simply wasn’t expecting that. Feels an unfamiliar excitement.

It’s a victory to have his hands but it’s almost humiliating to have the rope pulled taut underneath his throat, nevermind that he can appreciate a good retort.

He reaches up to touch the rope tugged tight against his skin.

“Do you care so much what Alphas do?”

Again, he chooses to ignore the comment as, dropping to the ground, he uses his legs to get Hannibal in a grapple, pinning the man against his chest the same time he winds the rope around his arm and pulls harder to strangle the Omega. His hard cock digging into the other’s back.

Lucid, he knows they’re too close to sex to be peers and, worse, he’s now advantaged himself of Will twice — this second time, dangerously. No matter Will should have expected it.

As the rope tightens rough against his throat, the way his release has sensitized him to pleasure urges him to indulge himself in place of a struggle. He wants to enjoy the crushing pressure and the friction on his skin until his consciousness dims and he’s at the Alpha’s pleasure, even as he recognizes that rope is a far greater danger to him than the uneven pressure of Will’s hands has been.

It lodges at a wrong angle how dearly he enjoys this aggression, no matter that he’s never denied himself any other pleasure, as his mind, calm in the presence of violence im his new sobriety, connects with the fact that the pitch of his heat in the presence of this Alpha is unmaking his identity.

In these first seconds Will’s words return to him: /What happens when you’ve achieved your goal? When you’ve been reduced to nothing but a hole./

He feels himself swollen several times too thick between his lacerated buttocks, his body cored and welling liquid from the violation like ripe fruit. Can’t preserve himself, only recognize that the absence of a desire to rid himself of the Alpha his gut has been all too lightly torn by could be one more thing his mind is creating reasons for post hoc.

In fascination of his own affection, moving divorced from the burn of hemp and constriction of arteries and airway and those parts of him condemned to strain, he reaches back as if nothing else is happening, as if seconds more won’t bring him to unconsciousness, to cradle Will’s cheek under his fever warm hand.

Those jarringly affectionate touches keep catching him off guard. But he won’t let it distract him this time. Not when Hannibal must be close to passing out. And he has to hand it to the man to appear so calm in the face of having his air cut off. He doesn’t make an attempt to

dislodge the other's hand. Just grips harder onto the Omega with his thighs. Right fist making one more rotation to cinch the rope even tighter. /Come on.../

The feeling of his throat pressured provokes his survival instinct, but clarity of mind allows him to simply experience it while Will's body wraps hot around him, wet and naked, and deep, successive pulses of pleasure short of orgasm spread through his flinching abdomen.

In the tunneling of his consciousness, it tastes of the intimacy Will, in his separate nature, has shown no real idea how to give.

He collapses, world gone black, until the almost immediate slackening of the rope.

Now, blood rushes back to him, his pulse beating heavy in his ears and heavy in his cunt. The euphoria his tortured body has sought rips through him, each tiny tear in his skin it's own explosion of pain now indistinguishable from pleasure.

He feels the man falling lax. Immediately stops pulling and drags himself away to leave the other lying on his back upon the floor.

Crouching by the dazed Omega's side, he tugs the rope from his neck and uses it to quickly bind together Hannibal's wrists. His eyes glancing up occasionally at that euphoric expression between the securing of knots. Once secure, he snatches up from the floor an excess length of rope and falls immediately to work on the other's ankles.

When opens his eyes to the ceiling, his wrists are already bound. In his deep relaxation, his muscles feel like slow cooked meat that falls easily from the bone.

He tilts his head to look down his body, pleased enough with Will's accidental utility not to be cross even as his throat smarts from the Alpha's misuse.

"Can you be persuaded to leave my legs alone? What I needed was a better orgasm. You've affected that."

He's entirely forgotten to see what's happening with his legs, eyes caressing the Alpha's naked flesh, instead, the sculpted shoulders, the notches of his ribs, the excellent definition of his abdomen and the fullness of his ass above his muscle thick thighs. His cock, which would be fantastically excruciating inside his sensitized body, besides.

"Well done me," he says flatly, finishing securing the rope binding those ankles together to stand and move behind the other. Stooping over, he looks down at that mild countenance before hooking his arms under Hannibal's and pulling him up into a sit.

“Bath time,” he grunts before starting to drag the Omega with him towards the bathroom.

He doesn’t feel very helpful, his body dead weight, not because of any special malice but because the further he drags Will down the more intimately their bodies connect.

“You’re being a child about this. I asphyxiated you a little when you allowed me to go out of my mind because you were unkind about a sensitive subject. And I stopped.”

It’s fun, now. Will being petulant when he himself isn’t feeling petulant at all.

He’s sure he’d even take a bath.

Which is the moment he realizes Will, exhausted and stubborn, is going to have to bathe him and becomes inclined toward the idea.

He considers it a waste of his energy to respond to the other’s comment. So doesn’t. Instead, he puts Hannibal down on the floor on his back when he sees the bath is close to overflowing. Turning off the taps, he tests the temperature. /A touch too hot./ Puts his arm in to pull the plug and bring down the water level. He’s not sure how he plans to get Hannibal into the bathtub. Sit him down on the edge. Swing his legs in first. Easiest would be to pick him up bridal style and drop him in.

If it takes being bound again for Will to be comfortably nude around him, it’s still a sacrifice he doesn’t wish to make but at least has a benefit.

He acknowledges they’re living two different experiences. Both of them are capable of violence, but while the injuries Hannibal has accrued are curious pleasures, Will has a poor disposition for having injury inflicted on him by surprise.

He’s not in the least trusted, but covered in the evidence of their crime. It’s a pleasing situation for him, and tense for Will who, anyway, has offered to pay for it.

He ought not torment him.

Disconcerting thoughts just before the rush of aborted asphyxiation brought him to orgasm a second time stalk the edges of his presently-recovered mind, but he focuses on the fact that there are things he needs to impress on Will.

Best to be on good behavior, and he settles comfortably into sobriety, his head tilted in interest of Will navigating the logistical issues, his expression mild and his body possessed of the relaxed elegance he largely discarded.

/Get on with it./ Turning from the bath, he glances down at that mild expression before moving to plant his knees to the ground behind Hannibal. Sliding his arms under the other's once more, he pulls the man up into a sit against his chest. Ignores the way his still erect dick presses against Hannibal's lower back.

"Push up on your feet," he instructs while starting to stand with the Omega in his arms.

A simple thing, even with his legs bound, to hoist his own weight. Reassuring in a way he never knew he'd seek reassurance, to have his legs respond exactly as they're meant to and with the strength he's accustomed to. Skin still climax-sensitive, he silently inhales at the tiny pricks of Will's spines on the already-marked skin of his back. Feels pleasure in his cunt, aroused, swollen and dripping slick but not yet seeking to sever his mind from him, again.

Without successive release, a matter of time.

It's not an effort to hold his tongue, but he imagines talking freely with Will, and would admit he'd prefer it.

With the other's cooperation, he sits him down on the edge of the bath. Then, leaning down, he slides his left arm under Hannibal's legs while his right arm braces against his back. Lifting those legs, he turns the man in towards the bath. With a grunt, he lifts him up just enough to slide down into the water.

The temperature, by the time he's in the bath, is amenable enough, the water coming up to his waist. He enjoys baths, but this old tub is distant from the options he has for them at home. All are high end, one is a jacuzzi.

This will do the job for the job at hand, keeping his knife wound out of the water.

"I need you to know if you put the dog in with me, it's going to be a bad time for you later," he flirts with the suaveness that, like his grace, the heat has had him abandon, while thinking it's exactly the kind of thing Will might do.

"As opposed to now," says Will flatly as he steps away to grab a washcloth. He'll have to give the man a hand, but knows that isn't a good idea. Best get that floor clean first. Taking a knee by the bath, he avoids touching the other whilst pushing the cloth into the water. Decides it's hot enough for Hannibal to be left sitting in it for the time being. Rinsing off the cloth, he leans in, clasping the back of the Omega's head with his left hand and using his right to brusquely wipe that face down before dropping the cloth on the edge of the bath.

/Sober up./ "Don't go anywhere," he utters, moving out of the bathroom to get back to his abandoned bucket and rag in the hallway.

He thrills with the hand clasped to his bloody hair commanding his face, Will carelessly treating him as an object to be dispensed with at his whim.

His whim only fractionally and unpredictably accounts for Hannibal's desires.

And now he's gone, leaving him to prune in the tub with a pathetic range of motion unless he applies his teeth to unknot the rope binding his wrists and meets whatever consequences.

He has nothing else to sit with but his recognition that this heat, utterly unlike those spent with his own breed or spent alone, has dismantled him in a way nothing like his most perverse fantasies of use. Domination, in masturbation, in only his mind, comes hard and reckless and orgasmic with a disposable mate his imagination takes for granted will be dismembered on completion of the act, though the disposal is of only occasional erotic interest.

Reality looks like Will: Haltingly entertaining his libido only to interrupt them with denials that far worse than metaphorically drive him insane as his hormones coerce him to pursue an orgasm Will stridently won't have. An Alpha he won't kill, who he might be truly fond of or might, as he's otherwise seen his brain spin rapid justifications, be incapable of killing apart from any sober choice he might make.

He's never before been forced into this intimacy with his Omega nature. Can see the horror of it, suddenly, with his mind his own, that he's so readily taken to a course of action that could leave him alternately growing ripe with Will's children or desperately seeking them in relentlessly successive heats until his own cessation or his Alpha's permission to be sterilized.

A part of him refuses to see himself in submission even as every action he takes affirms his eroding independence.

He knows, rationally, that something about himself will or should change when the heat ends. But no heat past has changed a thing about him by coming over him. Where reality seems thin he can't feel assured of that.

He wants the child, besides. Feels covetous of the thought there's some slim chance simply being penetrated when Will is freely leaking precum was enough despite the repulsion otherwise staining his perception.

He notes to himself the hurt in his stomach has turned into something new, no longer a burn punctuated with papercut stings but a single ache that lances his flesh when he breathes.

For all Will has left his flesh riddled with tiny nicks he knows it isn't so bad as it feels, that the slick his aroused flesh sweats almost entirely prevents tearing compared to the myriad cuts Will has otherwise left on his drier skin.

He's left sitting to wonder what it would feel like to be fucked for days, or by more than one Alpha. If he would scream.

Knowledge he craves.

He ignores the washcloth.

He returns to the bathroom once to empty the bloody water from the bucket, rinse it out, and fill it back up again. All the while keeping his back to the Omega sitting in the bath. Eyes watching the rising water inside the bucket, he turns off the spray before it reaches maximum capacity. Straightens up impatiently before marching his way back to the open doorway. He doesn't look at Hannibal.

When the entire hallway is clean, he carries the bucket and rags downstairs. Cleans them at the kitchen sink before taking them down to the basement with him. Walking past the tarps stashed in the shadowed area beneath the staircase, he puts the bucket down to one side. Steps up to one of the large cardboard boxes and rummages inside it until he has found what he is looking for.

By the time he returns to Hannibal, the man is still sitting waist deep in what is now cold bathwater. His blonde hair still matted with blood. Measuring jug in hand, he plants his knees to the ground beside the bath. Dunks the jug in between those legs before lifting it out of the water - the excess running off its sides as he holds it over the other's head.

"Close your eyes," he instructs. And the man does. Just in time before Will starts pouring.

By the time Will deigns to attend to him, some of his clarity has smudged by the returning imperatives of his hormone-coerced body. Will has just been inside him and, even as he's doused in cold water, the furnace inside him rekindles with the hurt of him on his skin reminding him of what more he could have.

He escaped to other times and other places for a little while while the feet of his skin softened and puckered in the bath, but his palace, however sprawling, is only a refuge when he has his senses around him.

It's important to make Will listen, and he isn't sure the Alpha will.

"I'm unwell," he confesses, immediately pressing on before he can be interrupted with a sarcastic remark while ignoring the dripping hair plastered to his head, the water stinging his eyes. "The decisions you're making for us don't make sense to me. You feel like it's your personal responsibility if I catch, but I want to catch. You act like you're not responsible if I accost you, but I don't want to accost you.

"You have empathy for my kind, but you don't know how my body works in pleasure or in pain and I need you to be more curious."

It isn't Will's fault. Offering an Omega comfort or pleasure isn't anything an Alpha would be taught.

He has to insist, but he isn't angry, or even annoyed. They're each in a way separate species.

"I need you to stop talking," he grunts, eyes half drawn with exhaustion as he finishes rinsing the blood from the other's hair and dunks the face cloth back into the water before dragging it over Hannibal's shoulders.

He is glad the Omega is sitting in water. It lessens the scent. Makes the struggle with his own dick feel a little less like wrestling with a tireless dog.

He restrains himself from the variety of nonverbal expressions that could still communicate how he feels about /that/. If Will even heard him, the Alpha will need time for reflection.

Will looks pitiful, which further inclines him toward compassion if, in part, because compassion is more likely to get him his way.

(Despite the fact Will is, in his opinion, inflicting all this on himself.)

It feels fantastic to be touched, even by proxy through the cloth. Will is much too cranky to mistake it for affection, but he tilts his head to give him better access to his admittedly filthy skin.

He has no complaints about the cool water. It keeps the fever down. But he suspects it will be an hour out of the bath before his feet feel anything close to normal.

Soon, Hannibal is sitting in red bathwater. Reaching down, Will pulls the plug from under him. Stands up and leaves the cloth sitting on the edge of the bath before pacing out of the bathroom. Stopping at the door of their temporary room, he can hear Ghost approaching on the other side. Eases the door open to see the white German Shepherd looking up at him. Blanket between its jaws. Like he knew.

"Give that here, boy," he utters, but Ghost will not relinquish his hold, and Will comes further into the room to wrestle the blanket off the dog.

Glancing over at the sofa bed, he sees the towel laid out for Hannibal. All bunched up from being messed with. Ghost no doubt having taken a sniff or two of the scent saturated terry cloth. Making his way over, he picks up the pillow. Tucks it under his arm. And walks towards the door. Shutting Ghost in the room, he comes back into the bathroom. Steps up to the bath now empty of water, yet full of one miserable looking Omega.

"I need you to sleep here tonight."

He becomes still as he looks, disbelieving, at Will, not appalled but cautious.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have the ability to sit in the bath indefinitely, even without a blanket. Hours could pass. He could even piss himself, although he might get cross over that. For all that he's a hedonist and aesthete, he'd be capable of removing himself elsewhere in his mind as he's just done when Will left him soaking.

He wouldn't prefer it, but it would be possible.

He can't be sure that under his present circumstances he wouldn't slip his bonds, once the heat starts working on him again.

He marshals his patience with the fact the Alpha looks absolutely haggard and may not be cognizant of his environs.

"It's daylight. I've only just slept."

There are more important issues:

"That smells like your dog."

"Everything smells of dog," he says flatly, shaking the blanket out and dropping it over the other despite not having anything to dry the man with beforehand. Taking the pillow from under his arm, he pushes it down behind Hannibal's head. Steps back.

"I need to sleep," he states with his eyes half drawn.

He looks down at the blanket now covering his sodden body, moderately clean but soon to be swamped with his own sweat again and not having been bathed of slick, this time, in the first place.

He looks back up to the Alpha, completely amenable.

"Then sleep."

Standing there, he watches down at that mild expression. That dishevelled head above the blanket. And is in half a mind to crawl into the bath himself. Fall asleep against the man. He grunts instead, turning to trudge towards the bathroom threshold.

Stepping into the hallway, he makes his way to the door of their temporary bedroom. /Their? His. Singular./ Can hear on the other side, the scuffle of paws upon floorboard and the sound of something being knocked over. /Theirs if he counts the dog./

Opening the door, he sees Ghost drawing near with his tail flicking back and forth behind him.

“Hey boy,” he murmurs, stepping inside and crossing over to the sofa bed. The towel he’d put down for Hannibal is now on the floor. Its scent too much, perhaps, even for the Shepherd.

Sitting down on the mattress, he heaves a deep sigh as he lowers slowly onto his back. Lies there staring at the ceiling through his lashes until he feels a dip in the mattress and sees a white face looming into view.

“Don’t ask,” he mutters, glancing into those beady eyes before finally allowing his own to close. He feels the shift in the mattress as Ghost lowers himself back to all fours upon the ground. Feels him watching.

“Alright, come on up,” he murmurs eventually and hears the jump before feeling the additional weight settling against him.

The warmth of another body. He barely has time to consider moving his hand to stroke the fur before he has fallen away.

He listens to Will move down the hall and into the spare bedroom. Hears him speaking inaudibly to the dog and the clicking of its nails on the hardwood floor.

As exhaustion devastated as Will looked, he trusts no otherwise characteristic second thoughts will bring him unexpectedly back and turns his eyes down to the expert knots binding his hands.

He applies his teeth once again.

It takes minutes, but with nothing pressing to weigh on him he remains casual and patient. Satisfaction roils and then relaxes into him even before he’s free as he realizes that for the first time in days he’s at his own absolute liberty.

Wrists free first, and next with a little more trouble his ankles. He still feels the crush of this same rope where it noosed around his neck and tenaciously severed ties between his brain and his heart phantom on his skin.

Leaving the rope and blanket behind in the wet bathtub, he pushes a hand through his own wet hair and rises to step onto the cold tile. His abdomen hurts as he moves and his cunt throbs at the thought of Will lying vulnerable, but the heat has largely abated.

He still wants to shave, but safer, he thinks, to forego the noise of the faucet for now and be downstairs. He relieves himself and makes to go.

He goes still, breath immediately arrested, as he sees the door to the bedroom is ajar. Not out of fear, but to listen for the dog in the silence.

He hears nothing and steps silently into the washed-clean hallway, making his way to and down the stairs.

He takes in a deep breath at the foot of the stair, soap the first and strongest scent but like a hound he can make out a tinge of blood. He looks to his left in curiosity, to the spare dining room where he hasn't spent any time at all, almost empty of furnishings besides the table. Invigorated, he has a look around it no matter before he heads into the kitchen.

The urge takes him to open the cellar trap door, to bring a kitchen knife and carve their undefiled victims into something more aesthetically suited to their crude perversion.

The unfinished act of murder sits ill with him as he stares coldly at the outlines of the door in the floor. He bids the desire to pass, though it will be a gnat in his mind for some time, and goes to the sink, instead, picking up the glass he left beside it to try and keep up his hydration. He can so far from imagine eating again it's as if his cunt simply replaced his stomach.

As he thinks to the demanding organ heat spreads through his lower belly. It will continue to spread, and rise, as the emptiness returns and Will is the bedroom with the one object made to relieve that suffering.

He shuts his eyes. Combs the house in his vivid memory. Opens them and sets the glass down and goes to the living room. A minute's rifling through Will's tools and he comes away with a hammer, running his thumb over the low ridges of the rubber grip, giving it a heft and knowing it's disappointingly heavy for the purpose he means to put it to. Except right now he needs texture more than he needs size.

When he's sunk over the hammer, the flat of the head on the carpet that's has clothes temporarily thrown over the stain and they're sure to dispose of, with his walls clutching against the implement, dragging the scrapes given that durable skin by his reticent Alpha against the implement's ridges provokes a seductive mix of pain and arousal.

He seizes at it tightly in spasms as he moves over it, his still-tired thighs burning in a way he ignores completely except to the extent it brings him further pleasure to bring Will thrusting sharp and brutal inside him to mind. His slick wells eager from his flesh to race down the handle and when he reaches between his legs to bring it into a more favorable position he grips rubber thickly and thoroughly coated, slippery to hold, hand coming away wet.

He yearns fiercely to be loud about it, to let his throat open unconcerned as his mind latches close to the now-immediate memories of scent, weight, and real agony that he allows blur and mingle with the present substitution. Won't be loud, because of Will and worse. The dog. But he imagines himself suffering on Will's cock, meeting the demand to move his own body over him despite the barbs that hook and tear him with each flex of his hips. He pictures forcing thighs that shudder and tremble into motion with hands braced on, nails digging into Will's muscled torso. Pictures the Alpha's looking up at him with hooded eyes, restraint wearing thin yet reining back his instinct to force him to submit to a breeding position, sadism in him refined to enjoy his own power to coerce Hannibal to pursue their release at his body's expense.

Its picturing that release, not his own, but Will unseen within his abdomen, his suddenly driving cock pulsating with its own orgasmic spasms as his body cleaves around it that has him gripping his cock with his slick-wet hand and surrendering to the cataclysm of release,

his groaning body shuddering as the small wounds Will caused each cut gashes inside him, an orgasm not so powerful as the last but promising new sensations unexplored.

What would be a boneless, lethargic recovery is cut short by the sound of untrimmed claws brisk in the upstairs hallway and then clattering down the stairs as the smell of filthy dog fills intensifies just before sight of the enthusiastic dog itself.

The white Shepherd stands there at the foot of the stairs, taking in the sight of Hannibal sat on the ground with a tool buried in his sex. Lying beside Will on the sofa bed, it hadn't been able to fall asleep like its owner. The hunger eventually drove him to leave Will in search for food. Or someone who will give him some. Trotting over, it stares unblinkingly at Hannibal with its beady eyes. Licks its nose.

Flush heavy on his skin and panting, he gauges the animal as he recovers his breath.

He has no hostility to the animal. To any animal but man. This animal is inconvenient, but incapable of inflicting itself on anyone in any degrading way. Degradation requires intent, or at least another's perception.

Both of which Will is capable of.

He'd truly prefer not to be awkward with the dog.

Supposes Will must have the thing trained and raises his hand above it's nose, confident in himself though only capable of being curt and firm, not assertively loud.

"Sit."

The dog tilts its head at his hand. Then starts to pace past before stopping and looking back as though to check Hannibal is going to follow. With another lick of its nose, it trots off in the direction of the kitchen.

He feels real relief at the animal leaving him, regardless that it paid him no mind. Rising on thighs in which he can feel the strain in each muscle, he grips the hammer and, pushing himself to his feet, goes to set it on the bedside table where the dog can, but might not, acquire it, slick beading in drips and falling in strings.

He looks back to the wet patch of come and slick on the already-ruined carpet and, amusement tugging the corner of his lip, feels self satisfied, his body a pleasure, cock spent and cunt radiating a single, comfortably expended feeling that fills his abdomen —even prickles on his skin as he breathes.

Will is, he decides, insanely ill suited to be anyone's partner in heat.

He's looking forward to the consequences.

But he isn't indifferent to the dog. Soon follows the anxiously hungry thing toward the kitchen.

Having sniffed around the cupboard doors and fridge, Ghost follows his nose to the hidden cellar door. Starts to paw at its edges, and doesn't look up even when Hannibal enters the kitchen.

Hannibal pauses, considering the dog, his hands, which he means to wash, both half covered in one fluid or another, poised in the air by habit although there's little to brush into to leave traces or stains.

A sudden thrill at the thought.

He ignores it, going to the sink.

"You'll have to forgive me, you've caught me in dishabille," he tells the animal, keeping his voice low, just as suddenly pleased at the fact the thing won't take sudden affront at the most casual speech.

He cleanses his hands, fluids both sticky and slippery tenacious at first and then dissolving away under the soap.

"If your Alpha's kept your food, I haven't seen it in the cabinets," he informs the dog collegially, the wounds in his stomach persuasively tugging /our Alpha/.

He opens the refrigerator to very little in the way of food.

Scans the shelves, then the freezer, and finds nothing promising besides that the old appliance could use a defrosting.

The idea itches.

The insult that four nothing Alphas meant to breed him itches, and so recently sated his body has only a weak argument to make for the spoiled possibility.

The meat has begun the spoiling process, bacteria propagating, but canine stomach acid is tenacious stuff.

He feels the thrill he forever feels at a tantalizing uncertainty, mind latching on to and as fully engaging with his reality as is possible for the first time in days.

He remembers each of the Alphas in life, and imagines any of them passing through the bowels of a dog.

He considers, a kaleidoscope of factors, of potentials, forming variegated shapes in his mind.

The corner of his lip turns up.

The next time he opens his eyes, the room is dark. Ghost - as though living up to his name - has vanished. He hadn't checked the time beforehand, but has a feeling he has ended up sleeping most of the day, and in the wake of this realisation, thinks immediately of the Omega he'd left in the bath.

/Gone./ Will stands there at the threshold staring down at the pillow and blanket. The only contents of the bath. Yet he hadn't woken up with Hannibal on top. Trying to coax an orgasm from him. /Or did he...?/ Frowning, he gropes instinctively at his dick with a hand. Feels the barbs digging into his palm through the shorts and realises he cannot be sure. /Maybe he's already taken what he wants and left/, Will thinks to himself, and suddenly inhales as he turns on the spot. Trying to sense him. Scent him.

His nose takes him down the stairs and along the hallway until he sees those long legs stretched out and crossed at the ankles upon the leg rest of the chair. Bare skin reflecting the warm glow of lamplight. Lying asleep at the foot of the chair, is Ghost.

A sigh of relief escapes his lips before he can stop it.

Though he remembers keeping his eyes lowered won him absolutely nothing when Will had been grumpy and violent, his eyes remain on the illustrated volume in his hands as the Alpha moves from upstairs to down.

Arousal pools heavy in his cunt at the sound of Will's feet on the stairs. It's become more difficult to find any kind of relief over the hours as the pain of the little tears the barbs left inside him further dimmed, so that the ribs on the hammer hardly produced the same returns.

Having an object at hand and more than sufficient determination to expend himself on it has, however difficult, been enough with Will remaining at a distance from him. Though it took the dog time to stop quietly whining and threatening to jump onto the now slick-ruined bed with the conviction he was somehow injuring himself each time a fantasy grew involving.

He tried to fuck a vodka bottle, once, for girth, but left off on the concern he'd lose the smooth thing inside.

Will's audible sigh strikes a chord with his near-perpetual optimism. He's never tolerated someone being as irksome as Will's been, but he both couldn't say he didn't largely enjoy it and he expects better of him, now that he's rested.

He can't be sure he'll get it.

He traces his fingers up the edge of the book in his lap, having been reading the words in fits and having used the pictures to fuel fantasies, touching the corner as if about to turn a page as his gaze rises curious to Will.

Standing there, he watches down at that nonchalant expression. Keeps his own neutral as he pretends the man's scent is not wrapping its invisible tendrils around him. Squeezing his morning glory and reminding him he never did seek release before passing out.

"How did you free yourself," he utters.

The pitch of his own arousal continues to heighten, so that he's breathing around a discomfort in his stomach making itself known again and all the wounds on his body are dragged back to his attention.

As irritating as Will became before he put himself out of the way, his conscious presence is a pleasure.

"With my teeth. Exactly the same as to save your life."

"Is the reminder supposed to stop me from putting you back in bondage?" he says flatly. As harmless as the man looks, sitting there with a book in his hands, making a mess of his furniture, Will needs peace of mind for what he needs to do next. His eyes drop to the Shepherd sleeping at the Omega's feet. /Don't get too comfortable, boy. He's not staying./

He closes the volume on shibari, images of bound bodies holding too many promises for his rising libido, despite needing to know exactly what it is Will knows.

The inebriating scent of an Alpha's musk spreads heady through the air and he inhales it, remembering Will inside him.

"No. I hope we won't have further visitors. The fact it's safer for both of us if I'm able to relieve myself is why you should leave me unrestrained. I would have made better use of your dildo, but I made do."

His legs, already overextended, are exhausted where the shorts he's borrowed cling wet to his inner thighs, seeking stimulation from only the slim shaft of the hammer demanding further unusual exertions.

Yet, Will remained unassaulted.

“Safer,” he utters, brows drawing together as he continues to watch Ghost’s sleeping face. “Is that supposed to be a threat?” He lifts his eyes to meet the other’s.

His expression remains both calm and open, the book resting over his lap, his hands resting on it, face too sharp-angled to be softened by the lamplight but his eyes gentle.

“I told you, though you weren’t particularly cogent: I never wanted to accost you.”

If he’s been unreasonable at the times he’s been capable of reason, he can’t see it. Beyond being an instigator.

“Take my perspective. You put yourself in my proximity when I hadn’t masturbated and despite my distancing myself, insulted my departed sister’s memory, and then left me insane on the floor and expected me to suffer being ignored. I remember it in impressions and in fragments. It happened a great distance from myself.”

He couldn’t say he likes that, the irrational way he’s behaving in heat beside, on and under an Alpha. And if he’s bound again, he won’t have any capacity to preserve his mind — already feels the returning urges that demand he pursue needed acts his rational mind knows Will has little intention of completing.

He could say more, but the unsettling translucent quality to his reality descends again, that none of this can be his reality when it bears little semblance to the long rest of his life that came before.

For a moment, Will says nothing as he regards the other.

“I’m going to ignore you, now, for some time,” he begins to say, voice quiet and low. “But you’re saying as long as you can satisfy yourself, and keep your distance, you won’t get in my way?” He scoffs softly. “From /my/ perspective, you should be able to acknowledge how risky that sounds...”

The one thing he’s certain of is he can’t tolerate losing more of his mind, and that if he sees a strand of rope in Will’s hands again, it’s going on the Alpha.

It seems counterproductive to inform him of the fact.

“I’ll do what I’m permitted to mitigate the risk,” he approves, warming to him.

Remembering being fucked into the floor of the hall, knowing what Will feels like forcing himself through his flesh in the fever of heat, adds greater appeal to subduing Will. Except he’s not so mindless again, yet, and has the liberty now to pursue the rake of sharp glass.

“I don’t trust you,” he says flatly. /But I’ll do what /I/ can to mitigate risk/. Deciding there’s no point in asking the man to remain where he is, Will heads to the kitchen. Hears the sound of Ghost suddenly picking himself up to follow after him.

Thinks the Shepherd is hungry and opens a cupboard door, only to find the dog heading straight over to the hidden one leading to the cellar. He watches Ghost dig at the spot as though he knows what’s lying beneath. He can likely smell the bodies, Will thinks to himself, and Climbing down, he pulls the cellar door over himself. Bolts it secure. Then feels for the light switch. Under the glow of fluorescent lighting, he removes the waterproof apron from where it’s tucked. Slings it over his shoulder before approaching the space where his axe is kept.

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Kneeling on the ground with the first tarp before him, Will begins to unwrap the first body. His hands fall still as the lifeless shape is exposed.

The first and most prominent new feature of the corpse is the long slit down the midline of abdomen, the pale, dead skin now lying loose over the abdominal cavity, sagging in places and elsewhere faintly bulging, promising that some amount of what once lay beneath has been removed while the cold viscera has also to an unknown degree been rearranged. The incisions open to shadows. From those depths the gut smells faintly spoiled.

The first of two desecrations. The thigh, too, has been cut, and cleanly. What remains lies exposed, skin absent. The muscles sit red and raw, each absent of chunks down to the exposed bone, the cut or cuts square.

No question of human intent exists, the excavations precise and, in the case of the orderly absence of thigh muscle, complete.

The entire gory production has a neat and cleanly feeling, no smears of effluvia or ragged edges and the body having been as tidily rewrapped as it was first wrapped, besides.

Taking a breath, he folds the tarp back up. Stands. Makes his way to the stairs.

Ghost is there to greet him when he opens the kitchen door. His tail wagging. The food in his bowl untouched. As the image of raw muscle returns to the forefront of his mind, he presses lips together and walks out, pulling the door behind him.

When he emerges from the hallway to stand across the chair and its occupant, he is still wearing the apron and the same disconcerted furrow in his brow. He stops clenching his jaw enough to speak.

“You fed him,” he says lowly.

He’s sat, waiting comfortably, since Will left the room. Listened, hoping, heart lofting at the sound of the Alpha’s return.

It’s gorgeous to see Will in his stress and his tension. In some unknown degree of /distress/, his mind penetrated by a discovery that’s lodged itself inside him and now blackens his thoughts.

Brings Hannibal a joy he’s enraptured with, a keen pleasure he keeps from his face almost entirely except that he’s rapt on Will, now, beyond his often-glassy arousal, and unashamed.

“The refrigerator was bare.”

/Did you check the cupboards?/ he almost retorts, but decides to get straight to the point.

“You’ve done this before,” he says in a voice devoid of emotion whilst staring at that unperturbed face.

The delight he takes in Will makes amends for the friction they’ve had since their bedding down was interrupted.

“Which part?” he asks, not taunting or mocking but invested in the question, lucid brown eyes probing Will’s blue, seeking the shape of whatever impression he made which Will seeks to conceal from him — the shape of the mind he wanted to know in the first place, suddenly fixed on him.

“The parts you took,” he answers in a hushed voice. /With surgical precision./

Arousal tattoos a rhythm in the flesh of his cunt, hearing another voice name his crimes a powerful allure.

It had come to him, looking at the eager dog and knowing what he could share with the dog, that for all his paranoia Will never did call the police. That he can be intuited to have a violent history, even if Hannibal can’t know the shape of it.

And here he remains, face to face, irrelevant of what he suspects.

“I fed the dog, Will. You make it sound salacious,” he assuages, voice velvet.

/I fucked the Chesapeake Ripper./ The possibility is strong. More than likely. Too much of a coincidence. So what will he do now? What does /the Chesapeake Ripper/ want to do with the Alpha that refuses to breed him?

“Have you eaten?” he asks lowly. The question innocent but not.

The question is a feather light touch exciting the part of him that has never been exposed to human eyes. Murasaki saw the violence in him and he saw in her face that she realized he had killed for his own sadistic pleasure. She never gave voice to the knowledge, and by her own deliberate choice withheld from knowing the extent.

Murasaki is dead and he has, for approaching two decades, been alone in a way that aches. Might remain alone, still.

He permits the excitement to hold sway, recognizing and disregarding he can’t know how compromised he is, choosing his own pleasure.

“I’m a chef. Even eating tartare, I’d make it a production.”

/I’ll take that as a yes./ For a moment, Will imagines the Omega tucking in to the dead Alpha’s liver. It’s theatrical enough for him. Yet, he can’t just walk out of this shitshow. Not after what the other had witnessed.

He starts to wonder if it had really been a coincidence, their paths crossing. Starts to consider the reasons a serial killer may wish to interfere with his life. And yet, if the Chesapeake Ripper was actually interested in killing or framing him for his murders, why would he allow himself to be bred? Because he wants a murder family?

It feels fantastic, after all Will’s aggression, being mishandled by the tired Alpha, after being rudely left to stew in his own filth and abandoned in the same still-damp bath, to see him struck dumb. To see his mind totally occupied by him when he had been so beneath Will’s consideration.

He doesn’t know if he has the power to choose to kill Will if the Alpha turns on him. If his biology will permit the conscious choice. He doesn’t want to anymore, and can’t know if it’s a fact of time and proximity over sane affection.

He doesn’t know if his sore legs would be amenable to anything besides being spread, after unfamiliar exertions and hours of masturbation. Every other pain hurting on his skin reminds him of the pleasure of being overwhelmed by Will. Bad math in a fight for his own life.

His tongue caresses over the copper-tasting wound on his bitten lip.

He unfolds his sore legs, excitement washing through his cunt as he stands. He approaches him in keen consideration of him.

No point in playing coy. What Will doesn't already know, he'd soon put together.

"If there was Omega in the habit of unburdening his world of noxious Alphas, he'd think our quartet of home invaders bent on violating him were separated from their lives too gently. He'd take his pleasure watching their flesh disappear down the throat of a dog."

His nostrils flare as Hannibal nears. His dick jumping inside his shorts despite himself. /He could've done it while you were out. Fucked himself on your wretched dick. But he didn't./ Holding that dark gaze, Will tilts his chin up upon the other's approach. His lashes lowering until he regards the wanted man through the slits of his eyes.

"That how you're planning to make me disappear, too?" he utters in a hushed voice. "Feed me to my own dog?"

He feels fond for him, even as the heat pours fire into his body and he fantasizes, inexorably, of being slammed over the bed and mounted from behind.

Gravitating close with the strong desire to touch him, he lofts his brow.

"Is it a disappearance if no one ever looks for you?"

Standing his ground, Will tries not to breathe in too deeply. As much as the other's scent has already got the pre-cum flowing beyond his control.

"I could ask you the same question," he murmurs lowly.

The threat is its own powerful pleasure separate from the sadistic urge for Will to feel fear.

He reaches up, but not for Will, long fingers alighting lightly on his own throat, touching bruises and the column of his damaged windpipe, chin lifted, though his gaze never leaves Will's.

"This isn't the first time you've considered how to hide my body."

He neither confirms nor denies the accusation. But at the mention of bodies, he is reminded of the task at hand. /Unless the Chesapeake Ripper has any better ideas./

“I assume you’re done harvesting,” he says, eyes lowering to the man’s throat and the fingers touching the marks Will himself had left. His marks.

With the caress of Will’s eyes on his neck, his mind revives his skin, and he can feel Will parting him thick and hot, the pucker of his flesh pushed wide around him.

His mind slips, so that he shuts his eyes, flinching the urge to catch Will up away. He as much as gave his word he wouldn’t interfere with Will, to whatever extent it’s within his power.

He opens hazier eyes that fall, considering, to the scabs where his teeth pierced Will’s flesh. Remembers the taste of him, metallic and vital. Meets Will’s eyes.

“There’s nothing edible left I haven’t passed over,” he points out -- a matter of fact.

Adds conscientiously:

“Meat spoils, even for dogs.”

The way Hannibal looks at him. It makes that part of Will step forth too easily, and raise his hand so it hovers over the Omega’s cheek. His fingers splayed as though in readiness to touch the sharp contours of his face. Eyes on that mouth, he presses the pad of his thumb into his bottom lip. The skin there soft and inviting despite his visions of it gleaming wetly with blood.

“Did he taste good,” he hears himself murmur uncharacteristically.

He wants to taste, and not violently, and to be touched, and the question enters his mind if Will has sensual impulses alike to his at all.

For all that he makes Alphas bend to him, it’s their bodies he broaches, the electricity passing through their minds dying and the cells going cold.

He sees the jealous misunderstanding of his carnivorous implications.

“Under this roof I’ve tasted only you, and barely,” he corrects. “Not for a lack of a willing tongue.”

Willing is the word. Until he’s not. Will wonders how much longer it will be until the end of the Chesapeake Ripper’s heat. And what that will mean for him. An Alpha that serves no purpose. Retracting his hand, he takes half a step back before inhaling.

“The meat is spoiling,” he utters whilst turning to go.

He understands with clarity that Will won’t betray him, except to put him in the ground.

In that, he thinks, they have a reciprocal relationship, except that he’ll dismantle him part by part, season and serve him. Looks at his muscled back and thinks the Alpha exercises far too much to be anything but lean and tough, and that he’d rather have the live weight of that muscle moving above him.

His body next asserts with fervor he’s betraying him every moment they’re together in his home and he abandons him to suffer when his single purpose is to relieve his heat.

His muscles tense, a carnivore on the precipice of lunging, and all that interrupts him is the heady knowledge that if Will retreats beneath the house he can make certain Will can’t further vex him with restraints.

He lets him go.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It takes hours to reduce the individual bodies into individual pieces. A further few hours, no doubt, to dig a big enough hole in the middle of the night. He has already left Hannibal for that long, he doubts it'll make much difference leaving him for longer. He doesn't think he will attempt to leave the house. The man could have made his escape when Will was asleep. Could've killed him. But he didn't. /Chesapeake Ripper or not, he's still an Omega in heat. Possessing a body that's inclined to stay close despite not getting results./

And yet. He feels he ought to tell Hannibal he's not going anywhere. Not that he owes it to the Omega. /It's not like I can imagine someone like him panicking./ He scoffs quietly under his breath. /But I can imagine him being illogical. A cool and calculating serial killer reduced to a needy hole./ The notion makes him inhale sharply as he rises from the cellar.

He had already relieved himself a few times whilst down there. Punctured some new holes in his toughest work gloves. Watched the bulk of his sought after seed drag its way through the drain in the old metal sink. Got back to work. Because hacking limbs two floors away from the Omega has apparently made no difference whatsoever to his dick. The real driving force behind his climbing of the stairs having found the bed and chairs empty.

Standing at the open doorway of the cluttered room, he looks upon the man's sleeping figure awash with moonlight invading through the window. Lying on his side beneath the blanket pulled up over him. The spiked dildo lying nearby like someone had used it to knock the other out with. /More like he did it to himself,/ thinks Will as his eyes take in the streaked glass.

The thought of that insatiable cunt, swollen and oozing fresh slick beneath the blanket as though it detects his presence even whilst Hannibal himself remains unconscious, makes Will twitch. His eyes flick up to that almost innocent expression. The clean shaven jaw transporting Will back to the first time he'd forced himself on the Omega. Not long after the man had stepped into his home. His expensive garments left largely untouched as Will proceeded to strip him of his sanity. His cock ploughing every inch of those tight virgin walls. Spines raking an Omega's flesh for the very first time. Breaths deepening, he is suddenly tempted to just-

A movement draws his eyes down to the pale shape resting on the floor by the sofa bed. Ghost regards him with half open eyes. /So you're his guardian now?/ Will arches an eyebrow. /What do you think I'm going to do?/

Awareness of Will's movement in the house, his feet on the stairs, dimly penetrates Hannibal's sleeping mind.

There's no urgency to these things. No danger. No reason to stir himself from the depths of sleep when Will might no more than be using the bathroom down the hall, though even the thought of him makes his cunt twinge.

It's the rush of hormones that shortly twists him alert as Will's scent permeates the room fresh and musky and thick.

He doesn't react to the fact consciousness returns with sudden violence except with a gradual inhalation that muddies his head more than clears it.

Lying heavily on his side, he rolls his shoulder back to look down his blanketed body at the object of several days' desire and frustration. Arousal throbs through him — big, slow pulses through wet, exertion-stiff thighs.

He should be waking up to Will already on top of him, wrenching him into that position of total subjugation that enamors the Alpha but leaves Will too much power to refuse to satisfy him. But he should already have been bred however often Will's hard, be running with his spent come instead of merely slick.

Will's shadowy figure isn't holding rope, it's absence touching his heat-murky mind with good humor.

He's almost sure there isn't any left, besides the length he took some pleasure destroying, untwisting into its component strands and then tossing it all into the clutter before going to shave off what was slowly becoming a beard. He sought after anything else that looked as obnoxious, but not finding anything as offensive he turned again to his sore body's own increasingly pressing relief.

"Have you come to tell me something incredibly or just moderately unwelcome?" he asks.

He aches with a need to be touched.

It took some effort, dividing the bodies. And yet. Interacting with Hannibal restores much of his spent energy. He can't deny it, as much as he prefers to come across standoffish. They have chemistry, whether he likes it or not. And after hours of inhaling odours heralding the process of decomposition, this room smells really damn good just now. /He/ smells really damn good.

"You tell me," he utters, regarding that mild countenance through half drawn eyes. /I prefer him clean shaven./ "I'm about to dig a hole," he continues to say, voice dropping to a low, faintly suggestive murmur. His gaze travels from that smooth jawline down to the soft looking down on the part of the man's chest that lies exposed above the blanket.

He can make him out in the moonlight, if barely, but can't trust the senses he's always before relied on. Might have convinced himself Will's jaw lowered just-so. That the Alpha, who last

night he was teasing in this room and who swallowed the smooth flesh of his dick before that, hasn't become cold to him after provoking attack in the hallway.

At the same time surreality colors his senses, again, pornographic images of other Omegas are recalled to mind, terrified but presenting themselves, their bodies trembling, slick drooling from the small, tight holes of their cunts.

He can hear his own voice in his memory becoming intimate with /Please/ as something more than a demand. But even with his torn and sweating skin alive with need he can't reconcile that image with his own deadly body.

And Will wants to dig a hole.

He knows better than the seductive caress of that voice, despite visceral pleasure.

"You promised a pleasurable release from this body when I've had enough of it all. I have to warn you I don't intend to retire, yet," he teases, voice deepening and warming.

He could do it. Fuck and kill the Chesapeake Ripper. Another body for the cellar.

"Retire from what, precisely?" he murmurs, eyes meeting the other's. He wonders if he could ever get a confession out of the man.

The pleasure of Will's close attention spreads warm under his skin to bleed into the fever, stoking it higher, provoking his cunt.

He remembers the same eyes matched with his as Will jammed the bottle through the parting neck of the last Alpha, the razor edge of glass severing flesh and artery.

Imagines mental tracings of future acts in a way his mind shunts away from, body insisting on its immediate demands.

He won't twist his body into lewd and enticing positions, but he relaxes his shoulder back further upon exhalation. Bares more of his broad chest, conscious of it only late.

"…have you dug other holes, before?" he counterposes languidly.

Eyes narrowing faintly, Will takes one step into the room.

"...had you heard of me before you offered to drive me home?" he asks in return, voice quiet and low.

His own focus tightens at the promise of Will's approach, body thrilling with intoxicating warmth.

It rarely halts his tongue.

"No. I'm disappointed I hadn't. I might have become curious about you sooner.

"I'm from Baltimore. An hour away. You know my name, and I haven't lied to you about anything else."

He takes another step forward.

"You know how to harvest human organs," he utters, voice dropping an octave as he holds that hooded gaze. "For what purpose, other than feeding my dog..."

He feels suddenly, and even through his heat, acutely alone.

He incrementally flexes the hand wounded by Will's barbs, not as a threat but to feel the small, mean aches.

His tone cools.

"I should be overjoyed that you finally care what I have to say."

His eyes hold Will's, the Omega confident, uncowed in his reprisal.

Despite the weight of his accusation, he takes another step towards the bed.

"Answer the question," he commands calmly.

For everything else he might choose, his power of choice removes itself.

It's reasonable to answer.

"I know how to remove animal organs out of culinary interest."

"Your culinary interest extends to human anatomy," he states as he approaches the bedside. Looks down at the Omega. "Does it not?" he adds coolly with a lofting of his brows.

He doesn't flinch as his mind reconciles itself to himself, despite the return of the surreal suspicion he'll be erased by his own heat.

He wants to tell Will.

Weighs words unspoken on his parted lips, unable to say if it's what he wants or Will wants and less so now that the Alpha stands close, his skin imagining the feeling of Will's moving over it.

Hasn't he wanted the man to play the confident for days? (Has he?)

—he refuses to tolerate further indecision.

"Yes."

A point of pride.

For a moment, he just stands there, watching down at that face. His eyes falling half closed as he considers the coincidence. Of the chances of their paths crossing under some ill fated star. And yet, the only ones befalling an ill fate thus far are those unlucky enough to have come into their lives.

Remembering and feeling suddenly indebted to the Omega for saving his life, Will regards Hannibal's admission as an exchange. A chance to truly share something he never intended to. Never thought he would even want to.

"I've dug other holes before," he states tonelessly. Eyes never leaving the other's.

Recognition flickers across his expression, his mind seizing on the evocative idea that the Alpha standing over him in the darkened room, square jaw and crooked nose defined by deep shadows, moonlight bright on his skin, won't have to be tricked into repeating the viciousness he displayed in front of him.

Wouldn't have to be tricked into passing human flesh through his lips.

These illicit pleasures could be freely shared.

But right now, he's soaked with his own sweat, hair matted to his forehead, the shorts peeled off earlier only for the blanket to cloy to him, now. He's lying in his own slick, sofa bed mattress wet, and if he could run down a victim, he would fuck it.

Would fuck Will, now, and still lies unused as his mind begins to unspool.

Instead of speaking, he shuts his eyes. Will remains immediate in his senses, his scent roiling through his body, searing blank what it touches and raising it to fevered life.

The drowsy weight of himself and the lingering sense of the unreal prevent him from taking action, a diver that no longer remembers which way is up, suspended in the pleasure of the thought of Will.

The room is a stark contrast to the cellar. Its air heavy with fleshly temptation. Taking him miles away from the stench of desecration lying just two floors beneath them. His unfinished business. But right now, he wants to put his hand on something whole. Watch the way facial muscles twitch because he is alive and therefore susceptible. /He is susceptible./

Knee planting on the mattress, he leans down to grab the blanket. With some force, he whips it off the Omega before the man can attempt to stop him. The dislodged dildo falls heavily onto the floor together with the blanket, and the sound of claws against wood reminds him of the dog's forgotten presence.

/That's right,/ a voice from deep down sneers. /There is only room for one Alpha here./

Looming closer, his eyes roam all over the naked body beneath him, eating up every inch of perspiring skin. Without warning, his hand shoots out to grasp Hannibal's penis. His own jerking within his trousers as he squeezes the smooth appendage and tugs on it to feel the resistance. Flesh beautifully taut and beating with blood.

Hands grabbing and pushing up those long legs, they brusquely pin back slippery thighs to better present the Omega's jutting cock. So pink and bare and /utterly defenceless/. Head snapping down suddenly, he takes the whole length back into his mouth - his nails digging into the wet skin of inner thighs as he begins to suck. The precum cleansing his tastebuds of the cellar's blood thick air. The modest girth throbbing so deliciously with life against his teeth that he can't help but slowly close his jaws. Ears waiting eagerly for Hannibal's cry of pain.

He's dragged from that suspended place into the reality Will imposes as the blanket's thrown wet off his legs, as his still-sore cock is pulled roughly, soft, wounded skin stretched tight over blood-rigid flesh.

The world winnows to a pulse of pain and pleasure spreading through his flinching abdomen, the whole of him still in the embrace of the scent coercing him into a being meant to open his thighs to an Alpha, no matter what use he'd choose to put himself to.

His thighs are forced apart, muscles tired from humping out orgasms against hard objects aching with the stretch, but no monstrous, barbed dick plows into his body. He's submersed in a hot mouth, rolls his hips down into the bed seeking to stoke his cunt—

The cruel, bruising crush of teeth, hard ridges buried in a resisting cock, shocks the senses.

Brought to sudden, fierce awareness of his presence, mind reeling to make sense of the deafening volume of the pain, he shouts, hand shooting to fist in Will's hair not by choice but

by reflex, the excited dog beside the bed barking twice. Claws clatter on wood as Ghost scrambles nervously back and forth and his whole body shudders.

The outburst is unexpected music to his ears, even with the canine accompaniment. Makes him look up whilst his mouth is still attached. Searching for the shock, pain, fear that could be pinching that face in acknowledgement of his touch.

The hand wrenching his hair has better instinct than to pull, though the Omega himself's sliding senses have slipped like a fault, leaving a second tremor to pass through his body.

He doesn't know fear, but pain twists his flushed features, fresh sweat beading on and rolling down his skin. His nostrils flare with his pitched breath, his eyes shut but not tightly as he explores the terrible pain shooting through a cock that feels like streaks of blinding white, a pain that lances deep into his abdomen in long, skinny needles.

Even with reality thin, supple and fluid as a sheen of oil on water, the physical fact of the Alpha impedes retaliatory violence.

Speaks straight to the craving part of him that seeks abuse.

Watching Hannibal's pained expression makes his own cock stir. He is attracted to it. The colour in those high cheekbones. The thought of the Chesapeake Ripper lying vulnerable on his old sofa bed, about to be ripped open himself. And there's nothing the man can do - his biology won't allow otherwise. With a low pleasured groan, Will slowly eases the pressure. Sucks softly instead on the Omega's still erect dick as he waits for those hooded eyes to open.

The pain dims from its bright, piercing height even as blood rushes back into expanding skin and small, burst capillaries. It beats like a drum, pain radiating through his cock with each contraction of his heart even as he becomes aware of Will's mouth on his agonized skin. The strong pleasure at the sensitive head emerges through the retreating pain.

Another roll of his hips down into the slick sloppy mattress, the puckered mouth of his wanting cunt moving against itself.

He exhales. His fist loosens — not entirely. With reality, with his sense debilitated but reintact, comes the knowledge the unkind mouth that engulfs him could inflict it's teeth on him again. Could, if the Alpha between his legs had the will, unman him.

He's equal parts fascinated and acutely aware he has no capacity to help himself as his half-glassy brown eyes drift open, black in the dark.

At that same moment, at liberty to hurt himself, his fist clutches tight. He twists Will's hair against his scalp.

He was ready to continue his torment as soon as he had the man's full attention. Hannibal's retaliation only gives him added reason to be cruel. Eyes narrowing against the sharp pain of his scalp, he digs his nails deeper into the smooth flesh of the Omega's thighs and bites down harder than before.

Again the incredible pain cuts through every other perception, pure and bright.

He doesn't restrain his throat, head snapping back to press into the pillow as he barks a second shout — the dog answering in loud accompaniment, in fear for him in a way he can't be.

He can't restrain his throat, the heat again stripping his mind naked and animal.

His body lapses back into trembling, as if in laxity it could escape the pain of crushed flesh. The pain keep screaming, as in silence his cunt gushes slick, instinct twinning the assault with an Alpha's promise of penetration.

He sees Hannibal baring his neck, and like an animal who has spotted a tastier meal, Will drops the man's cock. Lets the still rigid appendage slip from his lips as he rears up, arms bracing either side of that dishevelled head digging into the pillow whilst his body slides atop the wet one below. /So hot.../ His arousal, ready to cut itself free from the severely distended material of his shorts, half crushes the Omega's when he arches his spine to bear down hard. /You've evaded being caught.../ Pinning his captive down with his hips as he brings his face close to that sweating throat. /And still.../ Stares through his lashes at that throbbing jugular with nostrils aflare from the sweet scent of him. /Your body betrays you./ And grabs it with his teeth.

Hand falling away when Will releases him to leave him throbbing, crippled again, his body unable to make sense of the scope of the damage, light or grievous. But it seizes on the delicious fact of Will climbing him, exults as the Alpha drives into him — not into his cunt, yet with a catastrophic wave of suffering.

The same teeth that inflicted it drive sharp into his cut and bruised flesh, pincering his crushed windpipe, sharply centering memories of struggling for stolen air and gouts of blood from the open necks of the dying.

His consciousness exists as a single streak of sensation so intense it vanishes the dimensions of his body, drowning out the dog and his own ragged breath. A hurricane loud absence. A

single pure note.

/Fuck him,/ a voice hisses. /Then kill him./ His hand leaves the bed to reach between their bodies. /Kill the Chesapeake Ripper./ A quick blind fumble and it's out. Sharp spines digging into both their stomachs. Biting down harder, he shoves his hands against Hannibal's thighs.

Pins them open. /Fuck the Chesapeake Ripper./ And snaps his hips. The simple motion drives the spiked head of his cock straight through those blood thick walls - the spines on his shaft gliding with ease upon entry. Buried abruptly in Hannibal's hot, tight sex, Will lets out a renewed energy and determination to fuck the Omega's hole raw.

A choked, guttural exclamation as Will's barbs scour him. That narrow streak of awareness violently expanding as he's torn. The small fresh pains in his abdomen quickly disappearing into the torrent of sensory provocation. His brutalized cock still it's own font of hurt. The ripped and mending flesh on the back of his bared neck compacted together flickering into and beyond sense. And still his gut rekindled, immediately brought to a furnace roar as the Alpha takes possession.

He seizes under and around him, jerking uselessly against the hands pinning him to the bed with total disregard for the strain inflicted, his neck held fast by teeth that tear.

It's the most intense pleasure of his life, identical to incapacitating affliction. His hands have found Will's body, nails dragging through the folds of the t-shirt clung tight to it. He's seized with the impression he's being reamed out, the organs crudely shoved aside for the sake of his Alpha's cock now strewn down the bed.

He lives the helpless and shuddering place of his breed, the monster that's pushed inside an Alphas where it's hot and slick, through the soft flesh of its vulnerable organs, and held its beating heart in its hand totally subsumed by its heat.

Feeling the dig of nails through his sweat saturated tee, he gropes blindly for the other's wrists. Catches them. Pins them to either side of the pillow the same time he sinks his teeth deeper into the Omega's throat. The breached skin muffling the animalistic groan escaping his throat as his hips begin to withdraw.

A hot wash of blood wells from the thin, torn skin of his neck, the air suddenly saturated with the sharp tang of iron.

His clutches spasmodically at this slow withdrawal, impaling itself on the wicked barbs and twitching away to convulse tightly again — a fulfillment he's known before, but barely.

He has no desire to fight and no desire to flee. Can't stop his greedy hips from bucking to drag himself against the penetrating spines, though the consuming pain has begun to rob his long legs of their coordinated strength.

He gives his own groan, senseless but for his carnal need, as the heat-accentuated pain ripping through his abdomen tears apart the little left of his human mind.

The taste of him. The way his wanton body moves. So unlike an Omega. /A killer/. These things both anger and excite Will. Brings out the meanness. Squeezing Hannibal's wrists, he sucks hard at the broken skin until the blood rolls over his tongue, then rears suddenly with a gasp for air. Looming over the other, he stares down at Hannibal with heavily drawn eyes. His bloody lips parting to a shuddering sigh.

"They couldn't catch you," he hisses before grabbing him brusquely by the arms. "But all it takes is a good hard breeding," he grunts, half throwing the other onto his front, then his own weight upon the man's back with enough force to wind him. "And you're begging to catch," he growls behind his ear. Before Hannibal can regain his breath, Will catches him in a headlock.

Bicep bunching against his throat as he attempts to strangle the Omega the same time he grasps himself by the base with his free hand and forces his monstrous cock back inside.

The words are difficult to hold on to, simple to understand.

Man or monster, he's no longer necessary to the Alpha's goals. Only his body, pressed flat beneath Will's muscular weight. Suffocating, now. Penetrable beyond help, engulfing his Alpha without resistance but with a profusion of slick, that no matter how brutally the barbs claw it Will can thrust to his release.

Impossibly better than the first time, out of heat, the sensations dull. And the escalation has his cunt still clutching and sucking, even with his legs strewn useless and the rest of his trembling mass worth little more.

Nothing left of his mind but the knowledge of Will's body brutalizing him and the agony forking through his viscera, so immense it stings on his skin, pain more total than lesser pleasures can ever be easily awakened in flesh earlier torn.

At first, he almost fails to comprehend how something can feel this good. Then, as the air fills with the wet sound of slick and ragged panting, he remembers. He has never known the body of an Omega in heat. Yet the empath in him that should be putting a halt to his actions is incapacitated with pleasure, leaving the blackest part free to flex. With the next slam into that trembling body, he lets out a growl new to even his own ears, and that of Ghost's. Hears the

Shepherd bark in alarm as he sinks his teeth with another growl into the torn nape before him. And falls to rutting Hannibal brutally into the mattress.

So focused on chasing his climax, Will pays no attention to the dog jumping up against the bed, not even when it paws and scratches at his arm. If it does so out of concern for the suffocating Omega, it will have to do more than that for its master to stop. Hips bucking like a thing possessed, Will stabs his cock repeatedly into the Chesapeake Ripper. Plunges his spines deeper and yanks out harder each time until, tongue running with fresh blood from Hannibal's nape, he half chokes, half groans his release, eyes rolling back with the euphoria of pumping his seed, spurt after spurt, deep inside the other.

His inner world smears, gradations of pain blurring together, his whole heavy body marked by Will's aggression and his cunt an open wound, it's flesh torn raw.

Air remains scarce, stolen only when Will's arm flexes to deepen his leverage and force their bodies still closer. His crushed inhalations wheeze through an abused trachea. Blood flows in stops and starts, impeded by his Alpha's muscles, his consciousness tenuous.

He recognizes the intent behind teeth seizing him by his disfigured, swollen nape. Pleasure bleeds into the pain — all of it, in its way, pleasure — as his animal brain recognizes the promise of reward. He makes no sound. Can barely flex against the bed, all his muscle useless except for Will's flesh to slap against it, to bear his Alpha's spite.

His pleasure builds even as Will's ferocity rips streaks of dark fire through the same flesh and his awareness comes and goes. He needs— He knows—

While Will crashes against him, arrhythmic with the intensity of his orgasm, the Omega reaches his own release, convulsing around him to meet the massive stretch of the cock inside him, rippling along it, soft flesh recklessly impaling itself, worse wear than it's meant for, body exulting with blasphemous joy.

After the exertion of dealing with bodies dead and alive, Will falls asleep almost immediately after ejaculating. His dick still inside Hannibal.

The ebb in hormones as the tide of his heat recedes leaves Hannibal with renewed clarity, lying beneath his Alpha, breathing raggedly over the arm relaxed beneath his neck.

In the first moments, he thinks of nothing but the act itself, sane mind combing an ocean of sensation. He ignores the blood and hurt of the immediate present to remember fresh blood and worse pain, his mind circling the reality that the cock still thick inside him bathed his guts in its spend.

It’s not impossible that he caught already, a germ of life suspended in the Alpha’s precum when he was inside him before now. The chances are against him catching now, days after he was first fertile. Yet he’s gripped by the possibility it might take only one hard breeding, when he’s waited a lifetime to catch.

His cunt flinches again, spurring a flood of fresh pain — both from the barbs, now, and all the damage they’ve done already — and an acute, resurging arousal. He realizes Will hasn’t moved. His awareness expands a little further to take in the slow, sleepy breathing at his ear and can’t help but recognize the weight of the dog sinking the edge of the bed and the same creature’s thin, pitiful whining.

He summons his voice to his throat and discovers it wheezy, barely carrying before he lets Will’s incomplete name fall off with a sigh. He could die like this, if his throat swells further.

He can’t disentangle what brings a sudden swell of warmth in his chest. Keeps his focus on the fact that the mind he’s briefly won will disappear if the apparently unconscious Alpha continues enjoying the warmth within him.

As he maneuvers himself despite the weakness of grievously taxed muscles and the weight of his partner, he’s reacquainted with a brief but strong sense of reality that he can compartmentalize the splitting pain rending his gut apart. No matter that it stokes the arousal higher, he declines to respond long enough for Will’s softening cock to slide from the depths of him, leaving him to turn beneath a malleable Will, those spines dragging over his skin leaving scrapes that seem meaningless compared to the total damage.

When he’s lax, too, lying strewn along the Alpha, still hungry for air and one hand extended beneath and past Will to soothe the unseen dog, he permits himself to recognize his body is irrecoverable. If he demands Will make good on his offer of shelter, even if he stays here a month, he’ll still wear pink, healing wounds. Scar tissue will mark his nape.

…and he feels that warmth again, unfamiliar and untrustworthy. Despite how sure he thinks he is that he’d been fond of Will already, no matter the strong pleasure he feels knowing Will’s violence gouged into his body, his firm grip on reality slips at the possibility he could become sentimental just to be bred.

A shame and a waste, to have Will all but limp half atop and half beside him but for every muscle to have been wrung out from, corded flesh still wracked with small, intermittent tremors.

He slides his hand over his Alpha’s hip. Allows himself to grasp for that flesh at the same time he presses his face against him, laps the sweat from him for a few slow, exploratory licks.

Gives reign to his bodily fatigue, now, conforming his shape to his Alpha’s, still except for the thumb idling circles against the dog’s velvet ear pinched against his crooked index finger.

He dreams of body parts. Pale and raw. Buried amongst them is Hannibal. Will can scent his sex through the stench of blood. Can see, when he pushes a severed head out the way, the source of the flood as the man lies on his back upon the bed of dead Alphas. Lean thighs open. Smooth cock jutting up against his stomach. His long fingers reaching down to feed the hole that gushes more violently the deeper those digits push.

Looking up, he meets that heavy lidded gaze. Holds it as the man picks up an arm. Brings it to his lips. The tongue that slips out is pink and lewd beneath the fangs, and withdraws back into the black cavern of his mouth a gleaming red. Next thing he knows, he's buried to the hilt inside the Omega and rubbing the blood between their tongues the same time their sweat slick bodies glide against one another.

The pleasure builds as the pressure builds. A hot presence nudging persistently against him until his eyes slip open in the dim of the room and he finds himself lying atop Hannibal. His skin sensitive to the touch of lips on his neck and groping fingers on his body.

One thought returns to his waking brain. A question: I didn't kill him?

He regrets now what he didn't before, escaping the cock that had remained thick within him. He found little rest with Will's weight on top of him and the scent of semen pungent in the air. And when his hormones dragged him to full consciousness, he found Will at rest, still. Incapable of grousing at, restraining or abandoning him.

He explored him with slow touches, at first, Will's muscles far outstripping those of any Omega Hannibal shared pleasure with. With slow kisses, caressing the salt of his sweat off his skin.

And then, despite the ramping fluidity of his mind, a horrible little thought crept in.

He's forgotten about subtlety, or leaving Will unconscious to be freely molested, the only rudder steering him the fact that every muscle of his body is sore and his cunt plumped with swollen flesh. The pain his cock's been left with maddens in its acuteness, and his skin everywhere has been cut and bruised, a sore tapestry stretched taut over the rest.

It matters little if he humps Will's monstrous cock with small, greedy pushes and feels little tears fleck the skin of his belly it lies along. Negligible worse wear.

/I didn't kill him./ Pushing up on his arms and away from the body moving against this own, Will stares down through narrowed eyes at Hannibal. Blinks hard to rid the remaining dregs of sleep and wraps his hands around the man's throat. /I didn't kill the Chesapeake Ripper./

The real danger of his Alpha ripples through his heat soaked mind. He can breathe freely, now, but couldn't earlier. Will no longer be breathing with enough abuse, even if Will

chooses to stop before his body stills.

He's married the feeling of these warm hands with their work rough palms pressed against his feverish skin with pleasure and release. Except the violence on Will's face has nothing to do with sex.

He knows better than to speak.

He's curious.

"Have you always wanted to feel a body you coerced to take you suffocate under your hands?"

His jaw flexes at the question. As does his cock. He can feel the spines running along the underside of his shaft grazing against the other's smaller yet solid appendage.

"Have you always wanted to taste those you murder?" he counters, voice hushed and low.

The warmth that moves through him brings itself into focus, contrasted to the throb of his arousal.

The intimacy he wants is this homicidal sympathy, even if his body shifts on the slick drenched mattress to open its legs with blind, organic optimism.

"I lived with an implacable yearning. I realized what I craved when I first held a body in my arms."

Will doesn't know what to do with such honesty. His hands clench spasmodically around the man's throat with the instinct of swatting a biting mosquito. Until he realises Hannibal has no shame in being a mosquito. A freedom he has never experienced himself until now, to a degree, in his breeding of a serial killer. And his grip grows slack again as he frowns at that calm countenance beneath him.

"How many," he utters. /How many have you really killed./

He's never strung together as many honest sentences as he has in this house, remote from consequences.

Except he still can't say if this specific strain of honesty is innate to him or Will's words— /answer the question/ — reverberating forward through time, continuing to carve him to their shape.

He finds no reason not to speak, knowing he can't know if his reason has been excised, thrilling with a risk that's led to nothing but reward.

"Three hundred twenty eight. Under several monikers, across Europe and here in the United States, over the past twenty-six years."

His tongue and lips caress the words. He takes pride in this phenomenal number, too. A pride that bleeds into his intense arousal, floods as heat through his body.

As familiar memories of violent deaths filter through his heat ravaged mind, it latches on to the immediate past.

"Three hundred thirty, now."

For a moment, Will simply stares at the man. Stunned by the figure. And when his hands clench again on that throat, it is with conflicted reverence, especially when he considers the latest additions made under his roof. Their disparate tallies crossing.

"Give me one reason I shouldn't put an end to your carnage," he murmurs, feeling strangely empowered as he stares down at the haphazard mat of hair falling across hooded eyes. His cunt the chink in his armour. Revealed only now, after twenty-six years. /Why?/

He lets the breath drift from him to feel it moving under those hands, for the simple, reactive pleasure of feeling the air move under those hands.

He craves his consciousness winking in and out and the tremendous capacity for pleasure of a survival-excited body. Le grand mort, promising tempestuous climaxes, trumpets and clashing cymbals, if its obliterating touch can be endured.

"Do what you want," he urges with hushed sensuality, meeting his eyes in the dark.

If what his Alpha's wants is his death, he'll have to fight if he can, regardless of exhausted limbs recovering from heedless convulsions and a hungry cunt inhabiting his whole abdomen, every throb of his heart forcing new blood into flesh swollen with animal desire and swollen to defend itself and heal its tears.

Eyes narrowing into dissatisfied slits, Will starts to squeeze down on Hannibal's throat. His lips pressing together as he begins to strangle the man in earnest. /That's not a reason./

He has air, and a sudden impetus to drive his fist into Will's stomach, and again, blows on flesh that land loud, the power of his arm diminished but tremendous and spurring only hands seizing tighter on the abused column of his throat.

The third blow is a hook driving itself into barbs that rip the thin skin of the knuckle. The body above him's deadly assault bears down undeterred.

But that same now-bruised organ has membranes stretched over caverns of blood that rip apart when the swollen-stiff flesh buckles, and Hannibal seizes him with every intention as his throat heaves raggedly and his knee drives into his Alpha's hip.

/Sonuva-/ He lets go of Hannibal's throat and plants his fists into the mattress, leaning upon them whilst glaring down at the other.

"So you /can/ say no," he scoffs contemptuously, breaths heavy as they recover. He aches from where the other had struck him.

Hurts more from the humiliation of an Omega having him by the balls - mass murderer or no.

He maintains his grasp and the first pressure of a catastrophic twist of the wrist as he heaves in air down an untrustworthy throat.

"With enough forewarning," he agrees, hoarse again, his now-slack body still open to Will, cunt insistent strangulation has been a constant prelude and companion to penetration.

He gauges the Alpha through the haze of his heat, searching for threat — or weakness to the pain, to disappoint his libido and please his sadism — before relaxing his grip.

His eyes narrow twitchingly at the threatening grip, yet he wills a calm demeanour in the face of pain, even one that's new to him. Resists sneering at that mild countenance, though enough disdain can be heard slipping from his lips in a low, husky drawl. Defiant and hateful.

"...and what will you do when all the rich Alpha cocks in the world can do no more than scratch the itch of foreplay?"

The reprehensible traitor thought that caught him up by surprise in his study of Will's relaxed face seeps dark into his conscious mind, a poison halting him in pause.

It isn't Will's business, and the suspended beat of tension smoothes into his own intentionally mild disdain.

"Forgive me. I didn't realize 'foreplay' was a term in your vocabulary."

He lofts his brows. Indifferent, it would appear, to the hand that has yet to remove itself.

“I suppose it’s reserved for those with time to waste,” he says simply. “Or maybe you’ve overestimated your performance in other hobbies.”

His body wants nothing more than Will driving the heavy organ in his hand inside his slobbering cunt.

But he has spite.

Feels the barbs skewer his flesh as he grips and twists.

Lips pressing together, he barely manages to stifle the grunt of pain this time. /Touched a nerve, did I?/

“Does it feel nice...?” he utters lowly, breathing in the fresh scent of blood. “My cock in your hand?”

It’s an abominable thought, too easily taken root in his continuously impaired confidence of reality.

That whatever potential he’s imagined in the Alpha’s vulnerable moments, Will might incapable of sentimental affection.

That Alphas, as a breed, might be incapable.

That Mischa, in reality, had been.

The barbs buried in his skin unsheathe from the holes they’ve pierced to leave blood welling freely to his palm as he releases the organ — not half so tortured as his own.

He shifts his arm and reaches up, smearing streaks black in the darkness through Will’s stubble, across his moonlight pale cheek.

Abandons the outcome to chance as his hand closes behind Will’s head, pulls Will down and pushes his body up to close his lips on his.

His back was up and he was ready to attack, should his words continue to provoke. He knew it was reckless. Why, after all, would anyone keep pushing on the enemy’s hand when their finger is on the trigger of a gun pointing at your own body? But he wanted to fight. To put the Omega in his place, no matter his reputation. No matter that he’d saved Will’s life.

He doesn’t owe him anything, he tells himself. One good deed makes no difference in a sea of blood. In fact, the world would owe /him/ for ridding it of a mass murderer. And yet… The

pain is real. And pleasure. There's no mistaking he feels alive with him. This is fact. But not enough to explain where they go from here. From his /not/ killing the Chesapeake Ripper and their potential progeny.

If they kill one another, they will be doing the world a favour. /If they live.../ These are all thoughts swarming a brain not entirely immune to the power of an Omega's heat. Or were. Until Hannibal chose not to cause him permanent damage.

Their lips connect for the fraction of a second before Will's hands are on the man's chest, shoving him down against the bed. He's lying low this time, as though to keep the other from springing on him again, his body atop and half pinning Hannibal to the mattress as he stares down at him with a scowl. His eyes dart restlessly over those sharp features the once, and they barely have time to acknowledge the Omega's response before he suddenly crushes together their mouths.

The immediate and total disappointment of his back hitting the bed is as much as he expected, worse as an expectation fulfilled than a surprise his addled mind would race to understand. In this moment, with Will's full weight set against him he resents being in this house, resents an Alpha dismantling his mind, leaving it paranoid and both himself and his past in flux.

Next his scowling Alpha's mouth covers his with ferocity. His pulse jumps into his lower lip, to the flesh Will's teeth mangled when he sought blood in the excitement of wringing an orgasm from the first small, sharp wound to his now-bruised and scratched cock.

But it's not Will's teeth seizing on him.

Isn't yet.

He can't waste an opportunity on the anticipation of his Alpha making the hard switch to his first nature. Body liquid with desire, as his lips coax against Will's, he lets his bigger body move under the Alpha in a long writhe, flesh pressed to flesh, sore abdomen flinching, pain spreading from within.

He remembers fighting him in the hallway, determined not to be fucked on his face like a slab of raw meat. Has been fucked on his face again, since, to fulfillment. It's not that he hates his lot when Will's driving inside him, disabling his coordinated strength and ripping his walls, shaping him into pure, incapacitating sensation. But it would be a curse to learn he's made too wrong even for this irregular Alpha. That he might have desires utterly incompatible with playmates of his own breed and yet others entirely incompatible with Will.

It's empowering, having the capacity to reduce the Chesapeake Ripper to a ripple of desire. And although Will can't succinctly explain the kiss, he nevertheless acknowledges the dark pull between them. The push, however, is the desire to take control of the situation.

Take matters into his hands as he closes them once more around the Omega's throat. /Give me one reason.../ Squeezes down on that windpipe the same time he lifts his head to stare down at the other. /One reason.../

He's swept up by his inflamed body as Will's lips caress his own, a dizzying surge of conflicting impulses. The Omega of him rent with its need for self-obliteration, the dissolution of any capacity to desire, and the man he is practiced in reciprocal pleasures, demanding a connection his disoriented mind can no longer be sure nature allows.

In the intensity of his desires, his mind unfetters, the creature of raw want surging to the fore, already charged by seeking lips and hands and thrusting hips against Will's body in the night.

So that when the hands close around his throat, the disorientation of overwhelming need convinces him for seconds that indulging this compelled submission will win him Will's thrusting body, again.

He lurches into action late, mind latched to only a fragment of memory, with a huge pressure on his injured trachea and a hoarse, strangled inhalation moaning wet through his windpipe as uneven as steel dragged over concrete. And he shoves his hands against Will's chest, but lacks direction, purpose fragmented as his nails dig in, half pleading for relief for what's been transformed by Will's teeth and dick into a driving pain consuming his cock and his cunt.

Every breath hauls over ragged terrain as his whole body thrashes around Will.

The sharp and now familiar clatter of nails on a hardwood floor patters in his dimming ears.

As Hannibal begins to struggle, Will tightens his grip. Presses his lips together as he leans up and bears down hard. His eyes never leaving those that grow increasingly lucid as realisation dawns on the Omega still influenced by his heat to think this is merely their twisted preliminary to his being bred. He still can be. Immediately after death. It's a dark thought, but a thought nonetheless that exposes Will's capacity for things that should not be spoken of.

/So why kill him?/ The furrow in his brow deepens.

Occupied with his own internal debates and the task of throttling the man beneath him, Will takes no notice of the Shepherd until it is barking loud and jumping up against the bed.

"Down," he grunts, but the dog answers by pawing at him in protest. Undeterred by its claws scratching up his arm, Will does not relent, and it's only when teeth sink into his bicep does he break eye contact with Hannibal to glare at Ghost.

"Off," he growls.

Muzzle holding fast, Ghost stares at him unblinkingly.

/What is this?/

“Bad boy!” Will barks angrily. “Off!”

/You think he’s your friend because he fed you some human?/ As Ghost bites down hard enough to break the skin and set loose the first warm rivulets to run down his arm, Will removes a hand from Hannibal’s throat to cover over that determined stare.

“Off, Ghost!”

The relief from the pressure isn’t so significant a relief as before, breath rattling in his swollen throat. One of his own hands leaves Will’s chest to clutch to it, disoriented mind grasping for context, as if the internal injury could be warded against by his own touch.

The hand braced against Will’s chest pushes harder, but to brace and to orient himself, mind reeling to reclaim its sense like fingertips scrabbling on an intractable surface.

He can’t recognize his own helplessness as sweat rolls in drops off his excited body, mind flickering through an incomprehensible ocean of imperatives, brow flickering with his shifting perceptions, eyes alternatingly open and shut but mind turned inward and his throat always rasping under Will’s and his own hand.

He pushes the Shepherd back, but it doesn’t give up, barking loudly at Will.

“What?” he barks back. /You want to help him? Help the Chesapeake Ripper?/ Ghost continues to protest, jumping again, trying to bite him, and that’s enough of an answer for Will.

“What’s got into you?” he growls, letting go of Hannibal to climb off the bed and wrestle the Shepherd out of the room.

Little more clarity finds him with Will’s weight off him and his hand off his throat, his body left craving, arousal a living creature under his heavily afflicted skin.

A sliver of knowledge roots itself in unnourishing soil, the wrongness of his breathing, the fact his own flesh may become suffocating — a crisis no one now here could exercise power over.

His uselessly powerful body belies the urgency, its thighs still spread with instinctive obscenity, the long legs a sprawl.

The imperative to defend himself lies remote, as slippery as his cunt, eluding seizure, there one moment and gone again.

Fighting to drag the dog downstairs and into the kitchen, Will is reminded of the unfinished business in the cellar. Or rather, the garden. Though he has yet to pick up the shovel. Standing by the work top, his eyes fall on the knife stand.

/It would be faster that way... But messier./ The dark cogs turn inside his skull. /Unless I put him back in the bath./ He senses eyes on him, and looks down to see Ghost watching him as though he can hear Will's thoughts.

"This?" he utters, pointing at his bleeding bicep. "Bad dog," he says beratingly before leaning over to grab one of the knives. Ghost whimpers at the sight of it being pulled free, but Will strides out of the kitchen and pulls the door to before the Shepherd can follow.

He hears him bark, but remains indifferent as he makes his way back up to the room, confident Hannibal won't have acknowledged the warning call. Pacing slowly down the corridor, he stands at the open doorway. His eyes falling on the body still occupying the sofa bed.

He knows what the footsteps on the hall floor scrubbed clean of their victims blood mean. That he should have been on his feet. Should have found a weapon. Didn't, lying still gingerly touching his trachea, blood from his barb-pierced skin on his fingertips.

Not because, sane, he might not dispatch of his Alpha but because he isn't, all the marks torn into his body a record of ownership and the stale smell of semen on the air, sunk into the wet of the mattress.

He wants Will to drive inside him and leave himself again, his cunt tight for him in the wake of its injury. Finds eliminating the possibility beyond his febrile power.

He understands what this is. What offense he's committed. He doubts it's killing strange Alphas.

He shuts his eyes. Doesn't trust his voice to carry, if he can still speak.

Approaching Hannibal, he climbs back onto the bed. Glances briefly at the other's sex gleaming wetly in the moonlight slipping in through the curtains before moving forward on his knees. Sitting atop the Omega, Will brings the knife up. Waits for that dark gaze to focus on the blade.

"Is this it...?" he murmurs, voice low and faintly taunting. "For the Chesapeake Ripper?" He touches the flat of the blade to his clean shaven jawline.

He likes the moniker on Will's lips. Wonders if Will's read the same articles he reads after the act, and how many pictures of his shamed victims his Alpha's can call to mind.

His eyes slide to the Alpha, damningly calm despite the cool of the steel.

/It's your fantasy, isn't it? To eviscerate an Omega without guilt. And I make it easy, because I'm not pathetic/ the sense left to him speaks.

But his voice starts, creaks, and falls off his lips.

He's caught in pause, weighing the risk of forcing the air through against the risk of the blade, too much of him ravenously distracted by the musk of Will.

The despicable grows like a bleed in the brain. Years of pretending he isn't rotten to the core like the rest of them. Dissipated by his first taste of a virgin cunt. /Where are you going, Will?/ The perfect one, it seems, to satisfy his needs as both empath and monster. A gift. /Nowhere, ma./ Breathing through his mouth means he can taste him. Makes the saliva well. The blood pump. Eyes lidding, his breaths grow increasingly slow and heavy as he strokes the flat of the blade across the other's throat. /Stay away from them, Will./ Closing his eyes, he swallows and licks his lips. /But ma.../

"It's /them/ who should stay away from /me/," he half hisses, eyes slipping open into dark slits as he moves back on Hannibal. Frees himself with his other hand.

And turns the sharp edge upon the Omega's throat as he pushes with an almost pained groan back into his clenched fist of a cunt.

A flicker in the dark that could have been a smile on his lips, then a hoarse and wordless exclamation as the Alpha's enormous cock shoves his resisting body wide, his stomach seizing around him as inhibition flees his muscles.

He feels the cutting edge of the knife. His lip flinches in a sneer. Yet he wants this sensation nothing like pleasure that he craves as fiercely, the anguish of abuse of flesh already stripped raw.

His head tips back, throat exposed, body hauling down air, a horrible sound like something torn. As the pain uncurls inside him, moving through organs and into bare skin, his hard used muscles are already surrendering to shudders. He isn't afforded the strength to buck against his Alpha, coordination in collapse.

Though his body still pours slick over Will, he's dehydrated, besides, the tough skin made that much more vulnerable.

Having pushed as far as he can go, he immediately begins to withdraw and half growls his pleasure when that body seems to tighten even further around the assault. He hears the wet sound of Hannibal's hole being worked. Can see, as he stares down at that bared and battered throat, how close the skin comes to nicking itself against the blade of the knife. And slams

his hips into the Omega's hard enough to shunt the man's entire body forward. Repeats it until Hannibal rocks helplessly under his brutal pace and the springs in the sofa bed begin to creak beneath the weight of his forceful thrusts. His eyes on the point where taut skin meets sharp metal just a touch too hard, releasing the first trickle of blood.

Holding the knife out of the way, he dips his head down to lap up the rivulet before fastening his lips over the shallow cut and proceeding to suck on the wound. His cock still busy scoring over the very first set of wounds left inside the Omega's swollen flesh with his merciless spines.

Mind loosed by the scrape of Will through his abused flesh, he forgets himself and the danger, frayed grunts and shouts torn from his body and a false death rattle in his wounded, heaving breath.

What he thought he knew of agony is remade by the barbs tearing down inflamed skin. By his intense awareness of the wounds inflicted on his body over days as he convulses while his Alpha moves cruel through him.

It's what he's meant for, this abuse, made larger and stronger than most of his breed and given the ability to crave affliction. Both predator and prey, fit to bear a fierce animal from the seed spent inside him.

He jerks and seizes, driven bodily toward the sofa back rising above him, fingers spasming against the mattress without traction.

He feels Will's lips latch to his cut skin and deep, unutterable satisfaction within a body meant to nourish another's. Not in this way and not with this vital fluid, yet though he's fevered it's like a fever breaking to be freed to be fed upon, save for the incisions to his shoulder his Alpha spared Hannibal's own rending teeth.

Leaning up, Will licks his lips as he stares down at that face racked with torment. Those dark eyes unfocused. His open lips parched. A picture of suffering that he can add to. Hooking his arms under Hannibal's knees, he pins those long legs to the damp mattress.

With the other's feet in the air, Will straightens his own legs behind him and braces his hands against the bed to either side of the man's knees. Trapping the Omega thus beneath him, he pushes up on his hands. Watches that lost expression as he starts ramming into that defenceless cunt from a height, each slam of his hips driving his spiked head deeper than he has ever been and rendering the drawing of his sword that much more devastating after each sheathing.

With each stab, he feels Hannibal seizing up even further until, rearing suddenly, he snatches the other's ankles. Rams his entire slick splattered length the deepest it will go, and feels his cock almost doubling in size to push apart those spasming walls and fill the Omega to bursting with his seed.

In this violence his gut's made tender. The deep, resonate ache that existed in him turns to a high-strung pain immediate and severe. The acute hurt of urgent injury that demands a body protect itself, forces it to curl around and cradle the rupture.

There's no cradling his afflicted abdomen, legs forced wide by the weight of the Alpha on top of him that drives relentlessly forward to rake new damage on skin once made inaccessible by the buffer of thick buttocks while the smaller barbs of the shaft multiply the abrasian already suffered, tuning Hannibal's grunting to a keener, wounded sound.

Body made so exquisitely sensitive, when his Alpha slams forward he can feel the cock skewering him pumping inside him, the huge shaft rippling with contractions. The comparatively small motions inside him stroke flesh that answers with its own powerful contractions, greedy and eager and skewering itself on Will's spines while waves of injury and pleasure radiate outward to consume the air-starved, tremor-wracked Omega.

The sound of Hannibal's elevated suffering, the sensation of Hannibal's cunt squeezing on his spines and desperately milking the last of his explosive ejaculate despite injury to itself - it's enough to keep him hard even after coming.

Panting heavily as another bead of sweat rolls down his chest, he stares down at the man through heavy lidded eyes. His barbless dick somehow still full as opposed to flaccid with pain. His ankles still trapped within his bruising grip. Dropping them, Will grabs and pushes Hannibal over onto his stomach - hand shooting out to grab the tossed tresses at the top of his head so he can tug that face to the side, away from the pillow before it's pinned side-on against its rumpled surface.

Knowledge of Hannibal's true identity has in effect silenced Will's inner empath. Allowed him to abandon all sense of guilt and blame, and in doing so, revoke his offer of helping to keep the other from incarceration. He doesn't have to think when he's breeding the man. Let his brain empty itself of all emotion and his body follow the natural course.

Once the red fog has closed around his conscience, there is not much else that can be done except wait for it to subside. Consequences nothing but shed garments picked off the floor and shook before wearing the following day. But it's not the following day.

With Hannibal lying limply upon the mattress, Will tugs those wet legs open again before shoving his cock back into his cunt. The violent movement counter-productively forcing his previous load to squirt erratically out of the Omega's hole as he snatches Hannibal's waist between his hands and falls immediately to pounding, the room loud again with his beastly snorting and grunting as fresh sweat pours down his back.

He's bestowed a clarity as the ruling hormones recede like the tide, a mind aware of more than the piercing barbs of his Alpha clawing his gut.

The fact he's still breathing wrong, still suffering for air, despite his airway swelling short of sealing off. The muscles still largely outside his control, still limp to the hurt streaking his injured abdomen and lean legs weak from the erratic, exhausting tremors and spasms wrenching his muscles beneath the skin, besides. The uncanny weight of his unspent dick, rarely left aroused alone, still craving orgasm despite the release he achieved, isolated and fleshy in its bruised pain and high arousal with his consciousness no longer sunken to his stomach.

That Will has him on his stomach again, a flash of spite he has no means to spend.

He searches memories for snatches of the sight of Will over him through the panoply of sensations that fed into him in an undifferentiated torrent. Are still feeding into him, mind wrenched by a strong contraction that drags his wet flesh close against the cock pounding him toward a second, building slippage of sanity.

Listens to the squelch of slick and come and the collisions that jar his heavy body cracking skin on skin through the night air.

As he spends longer in each terrible sensation, as his Omegan mind untethers him from the acuity briefly won, he's obsessed suddenly by the recognition of his flesh stretched unbearably wide and taut, entrance torn by a thousand cruel nicks, with the knowledge the Alpha smears himself through him with every thrust, intends to leave himself again, and that the anguished flesh coerced under the brutality of his assault may in weeks distend with his child.

He empties himself again with a loud, almost pained shout. Slumps against the damp back beneath him with his dick still buried, his arms cinching tight around the other. Eyes closed.

"Don't move," he says lowly, sleepily. Sated. Kitchen knife lying forgotten on the bedside table.

Bright warning flares fire in Hannibal's mind and jutter away. He doesn't know if he'll keep his breath, can't know if the Alpha will still choose to end his life, has had the experience he sought and should plunge the knife into the Alpha buried hip deep inside him's flesh and pour him out on the bed in the same way—

He doesn't have authority over his muscles, and could easily lose a fight.

He remembers Will's lips on his, momentarily reciprocating, the affection he's felt for him and that it would be premature to reject the same violence he desires to shape on account of fleeting aggravation.

Thoughts that might or might not be his own while his parched body lies still underneath Will's except for its struggle to breathe.

His mind reels, seeking the refuge of a familiar, now unattainable confidence while his hips twitch against the mattress, stabbing thrills of pain through his body at the slight stab of the spines warmed within his body. His dick presses unspent to the soggy bed.

Don't move. And it makes sense not to contest Will until his recovery.

Though he's testing the words, seeking leeway, spinning excuses to relieve himself into the bed once the breath against his skin evens out, he loses hold of the knowledge the knife lies near, filled and hurting, his Alpha's claim tattooed into his skin, broken flesh and bruises.

He could do this all day. The raw animal in him that just wants to fuck and fill the Omega beneath him with his seed while the cold, logical part of his brain reminds him of the kitchen knife. Of an end point. But right now, his very core, stripped down to a white hot pulsating live wire, isn't finished with Hannibal. His body feeling too alive to be wrestled back into the straitjacket of composure. The miserable garb of the empath currently lying discarded in some dusty corner of his consciousness.

As he lies there, body wrapped around the only Omega he has ever bred, he is, in that very moment, undeniably comfortable. So much so, that he sinks into a deep sleep and dreams of waking up and coming downstairs to find Hannibal dressed in his three piece, feeding Ghost. Somehow, it matters not to him that the meat being spooned into the bowl is undoubtedly human. Only that when the man straightens up, he looks over at Will, and smiles. The sound of knocking, distant at first, then growing increasingly loud, makes them look towards the front door. Will knows it's the police. And when he looks back at Hannibal, the man is wearing his flannel shirt. The pattern accentuating the swell of his belly. /Do it,/ the man says calmly as the loud rapping continues, and Will is conscious of the weight of the knife suddenly in his hand.

He opens his eyes. Past Hannibal's shoulder, a bar of sunlight illuminates the clutter of the room. He grows conscious of the warmth of the other's body. The shape of him within his arms. The image of the pregnant Omega from his dreams begins to return to him, yet barely manages to hint at the ghostly presence of a life beating within another when it is scattered by the unmistakable sound of knocking. /Police./ Pulling off the other, he grabs the knife instinctively from the bedside table before he even knows what the plan is. /Killing or protecting the Chesapeake Ripper?/ Climbing off the mattress, he heads towards the door, pausing on his way to look back over his shoulder at the Omega still lying on his front.

"Don't move," he says again, voice hushed and low as he stares warningly at the man before facing the front and stepping slowly out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

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